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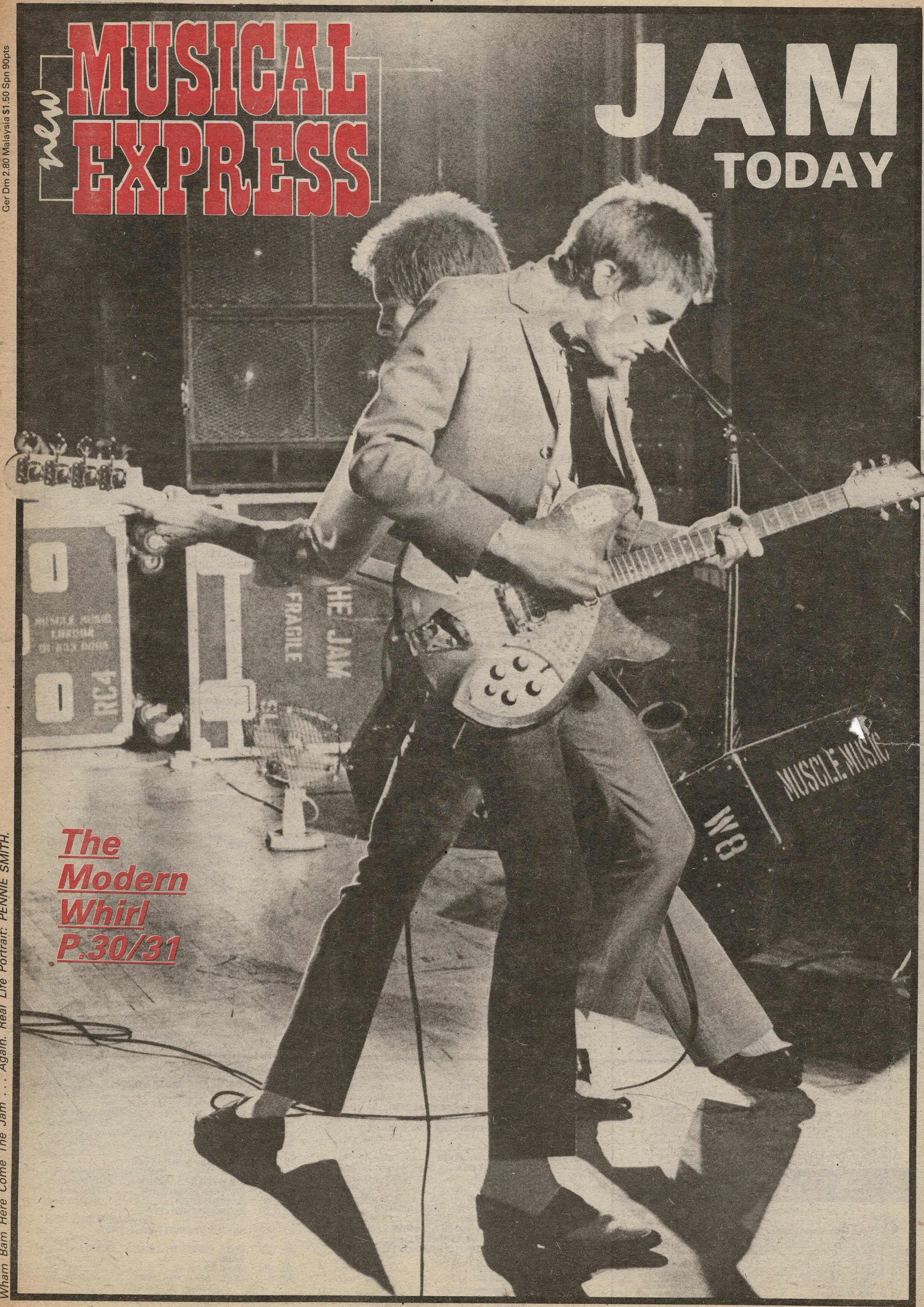
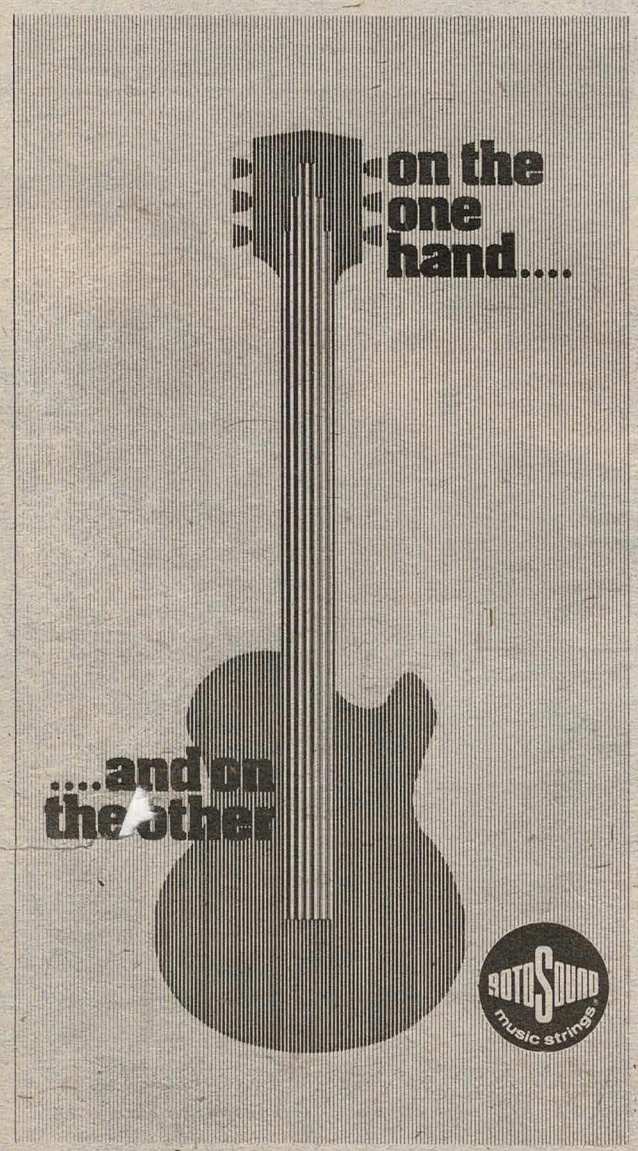
JAM TODAY



The Modern Whirl P.30/31

Wham Bam Here Come The Jam . . . Again. Real Life Portrait: PENNIE SMITH.



CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending November 4, 1978

This Week	Last			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**SUMMER NIGHTS**	John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	7	1
2	(2)	**RASPUTIN**	Boney M (Atlantic Hansa)	6	2
3	(5)	**MACARTHUR PARK**	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	3	3
4	(7)	**RAT TRAP**	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	3	4
5	(4)	**SANDY**	John Travolta (Midsong/Polydor)	5	4
6	(3)	**LUCKY STARS**	Dean Friedman (Lifesong)	7	3
7	(17)	**PUBLIC IMAGE**	Public Image Ltd (Virgin)	2	7
8	(9)	**SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	4	6
9	(12)	**BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE**	Jacksons (Epic)	6	9
10	(19)	**DARLIN'**	Frankie Miller (Chrysalis)	3	10
11	(8)	**I CAN'T STOP LOVIN' YOU**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	6	5
12	(6)	**LOVE DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE**	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	7	2
13	(15)	**HAVE YOU EVER FALLEN IN LOVE**	Buzzcocks (UA)	6	13
14	(10)	**HURRY UP HARRY**	Sham 69 (Polydor)	3	10
15	(13)	**NOW THAT WE FOUND LOVE**	Third World (Island)	7	9
16	(14)	**TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP**	Crystal Gayle (UA)	7	11
17	(—)	**BICYCLE RACE / FAT BOTTOMED GIRLS**	Queen (EMI)	1	17
18	(18)	**DOWN IN THE TUBE STATION AT MIDNIGHT**	Jam (Polydor)	3	18
19	(24)	**GIVIN' UP GIVIN' IN**	Three Degrees (Ariola)	3	19
20	(23)	**INSTANT REPLAY**	Dan Heartman (Sky)	2	20
21	(27)	**BRANDY**	O'Jays (Philadelphia)	3	21
22	(—)	**HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU**	Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	1	22
23	(21)	**MEXICAN GIRL**	Smokie (Rak)	4	16
24	(—)	**PART TIME LOVE**	Elton John (Rocket)	1	24
25	(20)	**BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE**	Mick Jackson (Atlantic)	2	20
26	(29)	**GET IT WHILE YOU CAN**	Olympic Runners (Polydor)	3	26
27	(26)	**DIPPETY DAY**	Father Abraham & The Smurfs (Decca)	2	26
28	(—)	**SILVER MACHINE**	Hawkwind (United Artists)	1	28
29	(11)	**GREASE**	Frankie Valli (RSO)	10	3
30	(—)	**RADIO RADIO**	Elvis Costello (Radar)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

ONLY YOU (Close The Door) — Teddy Prendergrass (Philadelphia); FOOL (If You Think It's Over) — Chris Rea (Magnet); TEENAGE KICKS — Undertones (Sire); PRANCE ON — Eddie Henderson (Capitol).

ALBUMS

Week ending November 4, 1978

This Week	Last			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**GREASE**	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	17	1
2	(3)	**NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS**	Boney M (Int/Hansa)	16	1
3	(3)	**BIG WHEELS OF MOTOWN**	Various (Motown)	6	2
4	(2)	**WAR OF THE WORLDS**	Jeff Wayne (CBS)	18	2
5	(14)	**BROTHERHOOD OF MAN**	Brotherhood Of Man (K-Tel)	4	5
6	(9)	**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER**	Various (RSO)	28	1
7	(5)	**IMAGES**	Don Williams (K-Tel)	14	2
8	(17)	**PARALLEL LINES**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	7	7
9	(13)	**STAGE**	David Bowie (RCA)	5	8
10	(—)	**EMOTIONS**	Various (K-Tel)	1	10
11	(8)	**ROSE ROYCE STRIKES AGAIN**	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	5	8
12	(15)	**OUT OF THE BLUE**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	46	3
13	(6)	**CLASSIC ROCK**	London Symphony Orchestra (K-Tel)	13	6
14	(30)	**TONIC FOR THE TROOPS**	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	12	7
15	(25)	**LEO SAYER**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	8	14
16	(7)	**BLOODY TOURISTS**	10 c.c. (Mercury)	7	3
17	(20)	**TORMATO**	Yes (Atlantic)	6	9
18	(18)	**BURSTING OUT**	Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)	3	18
19	(—)	**SOME ENCHANTED EVENING**	Blue Oyster Cult (CBS)	1	19
20	(12)	**LOVE BITES**	Buzzcocks (United Artists)	4	12
21	(24)	**TO THE LIMIT**	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	3	21
22	(—)	**GO 2**	XTC (Virgin)	1	22
23	(11)	**LIVE & MORE**	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	3	11
24	(—)	**25th ANNIVERSARY ALBUM**	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)	1	24
25	(—)	**MANHATTAN TRANSFER LIVE**	Manhattan Transfer (WEA)	1	25
26	(—)	**MOVING TARGETS**	Penetration (Virgin)	1	26
27	(10)	**NEVER SAY DIE**	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)	4	10
28	(—)	**A SINGLE MAN**	Elton John (Rocket Records)	1	28
29	(—)	**EVEN NOW**	Barry Manilow (Arista)	1	29
30	(—)	**IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT**	Status Quo (Phonogram)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

COMES A TIME — Neil Young (Reprise); WAVELENGTH — Van Morrison (WEA); EXPRESSIONS — Don Williams (CBS); INNER SECRETS — Santana (CBS).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending November 4, 1978

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	**HOT CHILD IN THE CITY**	Nick Gilder
2	(3)	**MAC ARTHUR PARK**	Donna Summer
3	(2)	**KISS YOU ALL OVER**	Exile
4	(4)	**YOU NEEDED ME**	Anne Murray
5	(5)	**WHENEVER I CALL YOU "FRIEND"**	Kenny Loggins
6	(13)	**DOUBLE VISION**	Foreigner
7	(7)	**BEAST OF BURDEN**	Rolling Stones
8	(12)	**HOW MUCH I FEEL**	Ambrosia
9	(9)	**WHO ARE YOU**	The Who
10	(10)	**YOU NEVER DONE IT LIKE THAT**	Captain & Tennille
11	(14)	**READY TO TAKE A CHANCE AGAIN**	Barry Manilow
12	(6)	**REMINISCING**	Little River Band
13	(8)	**RIGHT DOWN THE LINE**	Gerry Rafferty
14	(18)	**I JUST WANNA STOP**	Gino Vannelli
15	(21)	**SHARING THE NIGHT TOGETHER**	Dr Hook
16	(17)	**TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP**	Crystal Gayle
17	(20)	**I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE (DISCO ROUND)**	Alicia Bridges
18	(19)	**GET OFF**	Foxy
19	(15)	**BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE**	Taste Of Honey
20	(11)	**BACK IN THE USA**	Linda Ronstadt
21	(22)	**IT'S A LAUGH**	Daryl Hall & John Oates
22	(24)	**SWEET LIFE**	Paul Davis
23	(28)	**ALIVE AGAIN**	Chicago
24	(27)	**BLUE COLLAR MAN (LONG NIGHTS)**	Styx
25	(—)	**TIME PASSAGES**	Al Stewart
26	(29)	**ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE**	Funkadelic
27	(23)	**SHE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN**	Billy Joel
28	(—)	**DON'T WANT TO LIVE WITHOUT IT**	Pablo Cruise
29	(—)	**STRAIGHT ON**	Heart
30	(—)	**PRISONER OF YOUR LOVE**	Player

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending November 4, 1978

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	**GREASE**	Various Artists
2	(2)	**LIVING IN THE U.S.A.**	Linda Ronstadt
3	(5)	**LIVE AND MORE**	Donna Summer
4	(3)	**WHO ARE YOU**	The Who
5	(4)	**DON'T LOOK BACK**	Boston
6	(6)	**DOUBLE VISION**	Foreigner
7	(8)	**PIECES OF EIGHT**	Styx
8	(9)	**SOME GIRLS**	Rolling Stones
9	(11)	**DOG & BUTTERFLY**	Heart
10	(21)	**52nd STREET**	Billy Joel
11	(7)	**TWIN SONS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS**	Dan Fogelberg & Tim Weisberg
12	(15)	**HOT STREETS**	Chicago
13	(14)	**TORMATO**	Yes
14	(10)	**NIGHTWATCH**	Kenny Loggins
15	(17)	**ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE**	Funkadelic
16	(12)	**THE STRANGER**	Billy Joel
17	(13)	**STRANGER IN TOWN**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
18	(22)	**TIME PASSAGES**	Al Stewart
19	(19)	**IS IT STILL GOOD TO YA**	Ashford & Simpson
20	(25)	**COMES A TIME**	Neil Young
21	(16)	**MIXED EMOTIONS**	Exile
22	(20)	**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER**	Bee Gees & Various Artists
23	(24)	**CHILDREN OF SANCHEZ**	Chuck Mangione
24	(28)	**BROTHER TO BROTHER**	Gino Vannelli
25	(18)	**NATURAL HIGH**	Commodores
26	(27)	**ALONG THE RED LEDGE**	Daryl Hall & John Oates
27	(23)	**SKYNYRD'S FIRST AND . . . LAST**	Lynyrd Skynyrd
28	(26)	**SGT. PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND**	Various Artists
29	(29)	**WORLDS AWAY**	Pablo Cruise
30	(—)	**LET'S KEEP IT THAT WAY**	Anne Murray

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

FIVE YEARS AGO

Weekending October 30, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
2	1	PUPPY SONG/DAY DREAMER	David Cassidy (Bell)
5	2	SORROW	David Bowie (RCA)
1	3	EYE LEVEL	Simon Park Orchestra (Columbia)
6	4	GOODBYE YELLOW BRICK ROAD	Elton John (DJM)
8	5	CAROLINE	Status Quo (Vertigo)
3	6	MY FRIEND STAN	Slade (Polydor)
11	7	FOR THE GOOD TIMES	Perry Como (RCA)
7	8	A HARD RAIN'S GONNA FALL	Bryan Ferry (Island)
9	9	LAUGHING GNOME	David Bowie (Deram)
4	10	NUTBUSH CITY LIMITS	Ike & Tina Turner (United Artists)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending October 30, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	THOSE WERE THE DAYS	Mary Hopkin (Apple)
6	2	WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM MY FRIENDS	Joe Cocker (Regal Zonophone)
9	3	THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY	Hugo Montenegro (RCA)
2	4	LITTLE ARROWS	Leapy Lee (MCA)
11	5	ONLY ONE WOMAN	Marbles (Polydor)
5	6	MY LITTLE LADY	Tremeloes (CBS)
7	7	LISTEN TO ME	Hollies (Polydor)
3	8	JESAMINE	Casuals (Decca)
20	9	THIS OLD HEART OF MINE	Isley Brothers (Tamla Motown)
8	10	LES BICYLETTES DE BELSIZE	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending November 1, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE	Gerry and the Pacemakers (Columbia)
3	2	SHE LOVES YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	3	DO YOU LOVE ME	Brian Poole and the Tremeloes (Decca)
5	4	I	Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
6	5	BLUE BAYOU	Roy Orbison (London)
13	6	SUGAR AND SPICE	Searchers (Pye)
4	7	THEN HE KISSED ME	Crystals (London)
10	9	MEMPHIS TENNESSEE	Chuck Berry (Pye Int)
8	10	THE FIRST TIME	Adam Faith (Parlophone)

NEWS DESK

Muddy in Clapton's concerts

MUDDY WATERS, the near-legendary blues giant, returns to Britain later this month with his seven-piece band to appear as special guest on Eric Clapton's previously-reported British tour. It opens at Glasgow Apollo and takes in nine major concerts, closing at London Hammersmith Odeon on December 5 and 6.

And because the two London shows are already completely sold out, Waters will additionally headline his own concert in the capital — it's at the Rainbow Theatre on December 8, and tickets go on sale this Saturday priced £3.75, £3 and £2.50. He is also guesting in Clapton's European tour during the first half of this month.

● Promoter Harvey Goldsmith, who is staging the Clapton and Waters shows, announces that his four Olivia Newton-John concerts have now sold out. So she'll now be playing an extra date at London Rainbow on December 3, and tickets (priced £6, £5, £4, and £3) are on sale now.

Pere Ubu's secret gig

PERE UBU have organised a special mystery gig "somewhere in Greater London" for November 16, and the venue will not be announced beforehand. Tickets cost £2, which includes a coach journey to the secret location, leaving the West End at 7pm and returning by midnight at the latest. Guest artists are The Red Crayola, and tickets (which must be purchased in advance) may be obtained by post from Final Solution, c/o Chrysalis Records, 12 Stratford Place, London W1N 9AF (cheques and POs to "Chrysalis Records Ltd").

THE PLEASERS, who wound up their latest batch of provincial gigs last Saturday, have slotted in a couple of London shows this weekend — they're at Kensington Nashville tomorrow (Friday) and Saturday. Tomorrow also sees the release of their new Arista single "A Girl I Know".

Rod's tour set

DETAILS OF Rod Stewart's eagerly-awaited December tour of Britain have at last been confirmed. He's headlining 12 major concerts at five of the largest venues in the country — and in fact, it will be his biggest U.K. tour in terms of the number of people who will see him perform.

The dates are Manchester Belle Vue (December 2, 3 and 5), Leicester Granby Hall (8 and 9), Brighton New Conference Centre (11, 12 and 13), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (16) and London Olympia (21, 22 and 23).

It's significant that the tour does not include any shows in this native Scotland. This is because it was booked before the fate of the Glasgow Apollo was known and, at the time, there were no other suitable venues.

But there are two consolations for his followers North of the Border. Firstly, one of his Manchester concerts is to be filmed by BBC Scotland, who will subsequently televise it in two one-hour parts, on Saturdays, December 9 and 16 (both at 11pm) — and it's also being shown at the same time by RTE in Ireland, as a sop for his non-apperance over there. Secondly, negotiations are under way for Stewart to play an open-air concert at a large venue in Scotland next summer, though details won't be announced for some time.

Tickets for the concerts are available by post only, except at Leicester where the box-office opens to personal callers next Monday (6) with admission all at the one price of £5. Elsewhere, mail orders are also being accepted from next Monday, and details are:

MANCHESTER: Tickets £6, £5, £4 and £3. Write to Belle Vue, Hyde Road, Manchester.
BRIGHTON: Tickets £6 and £5. Write to Ticket Booking Office, The Brighton Centre, Brighton, Sussex. Cheques to "Brighton Borough Council".
BIRMINGHAM: All tickets at £5. Write to BHMF, P.O. Box 4LQ, London W1A 4LQ. Cheques to "BHMF".
LONDON: Tickets £6, £5, £4 and £3, plus a limited number of gallery box seats at £10, £8, £6 and £5. Write to BHMF Concerts, c/o Olympia, Hammersmith Road, London W.11. Cheques to "BHMF".

It's also stressed that on all postal applications a stamped self-addressed envelope, no smaller than 7½" × 4", should be enclosed.

Release of the new Stewart album "Blondes Have More Fun" is finally set for November 17 release by Riva Records. Tracks are *Da' Ya' Think I'm Sexy, Dirty Weekend, Ain't Love A Bitch, The Best Days Of My Life, Is That The Thanks I Get?, Attractive Female Wanted, Blondes (Have More Fun), Last Summer, Standing In The Shadows Of Love* and *Scarred and Scared.*

All are new numbers penned by Stewart in conjunction with various members of his band, except "Standing In The Shadows Of Love" which is the Holland-Dozier-Holland standard . Riva say advance sales already guarantee that the album ships gold. The opening track "Da' Ya' Think I'm Sexy?" is issued as a single on November 10.

Rod's band featured on the album are Carmen Appice (drums), Billy Peek, Gary Grainger and Jim Cregan (all guitars) and Phil Chen (bass). They will also be backing him on tour together with new keyboards man Kevin Savigar.

NEWS WAVES

THE REZILLOS — who, as reported last week, begin a 35-date British tour later this month — are playing two special warm-up dates at London Marquee Club on November 12 and 13. They'll be supported (as on the tour) by Irish band The Undertones, and advance tickets are now available priced £1.75, while on the doors they'll be £2. Two of their dates announced last week have been transposed — they now play Birmingham Town Hall on November 29 and Coventry Warwick University on December 4, instead of vice versa.

THE JOLT, now a four-piece, have arranged a series of ten dates to introduce their new guitarist Kevin Key. They play London Islington Hope & Anchor (November 12), Durham University (17), Manchester The Venue (18), Newcastle Canteen Club (22), Grangemouth Town Hall (23), Hamilton College of Education (24), Glasgow University St. Margaret's Hall (25), Dundee Samantha's (26), Plymouth Woods Centre (28) and Exeter Routes (29). They then go into the studios to record their new Polydor single.

THE VALVES, one of Scotland's leading new breed of bands, are in London during the coming week. They play Covent Garden Rock Garden (tonight, Thursday), Kensington Nashville with The Pleasers (Friday), Islington Hope & Anchor (Saturday), Camden Music Machine with Punishment of Luxury (next Tuesday) and Acton White Hart (Wednesday).

Magazine —longest tour yet

MAGAZINE set out later this month on the longest British tour they have ever undertaken, playing a total of 19 dates, of which 16 have so far been confirmed.

Gigs set are at Portsmouth Locarno (November 21), two shows nightly at London Victoria The Venue (23 and 24), Manchester University (25), Plymouth Metro (27), Bristol Locarno (28), Liverpool Mountford Hall (29), Lancaster University (30), Newcastle University (December 1), Middlesbrough Town Hall (3), Sheffield University (4), Birmingham Barbarella's (6), Coventry Locarno (7), Hanley Victoria Hall (8), Aylesbury Friars (9) and Cardiff Top Rank (10).

Remaining three dates will be announced next week. At the London gigs, Magazine appear without a support act, but elsewhere special guests are Neo — whose new single "Trans-Sister" is released by Jet Records on November 10.

Following the tour, Magazine — who now have John Doyle as their new drummer — start recording their second album and follow-up to "Real Life", for release early in the New Year.

COBHAM CANCELS

BILLY COBHAM has cancelled his British tour later this month. It was to have opened on November 9 and taken in eight major concerts, including an appearance at London Hammersmith Odeon (14). He was also scheduled to appear on BBC-2's "Whistle Test" next Tuesday.

Two reasons have been given for calling off his visit — in the first place, two members of his band left last week at the end of an extensive U.S. tour; and secondly, Cobham is suffering from exhaustion as a result of that arduous tour, and has been ordered by his doctors to rest. Promoters MAM say they are now hoping to reschedule the tour for the New Year, but meanwhile ticket-holders must apply for cash refunds.

HARLEY RETURN

STEVE HARLEY returns to London before Christmas to form a band of British musicians. After rehearsals, he'll start recording an album in February — and when it's finished, he'll go on the road with the new outfit. His new single "Someone's Coming" is being issued later this month.

HARDLY GREAT, MORE A MEDIUM FESTIVAL!

THE GREAT British Music Festival at London's giant Wembley Arena, starting at the end of this month, has now developed into a sort of middle-sized music festival! Promoter Mel Bush originally planned a full week of concerts at the venue but, due to the unavailability of any more headliners, he's now decided to settle for just the three days he's already set up. As reported, billtoppers include The Jam, Generation X and Slade (November 29); Lindisfarne, Frankie Miller and John Miles (30); and David Essex, The Rich Kids and The Real Thing (December 2).

IT'S PURE HELL!

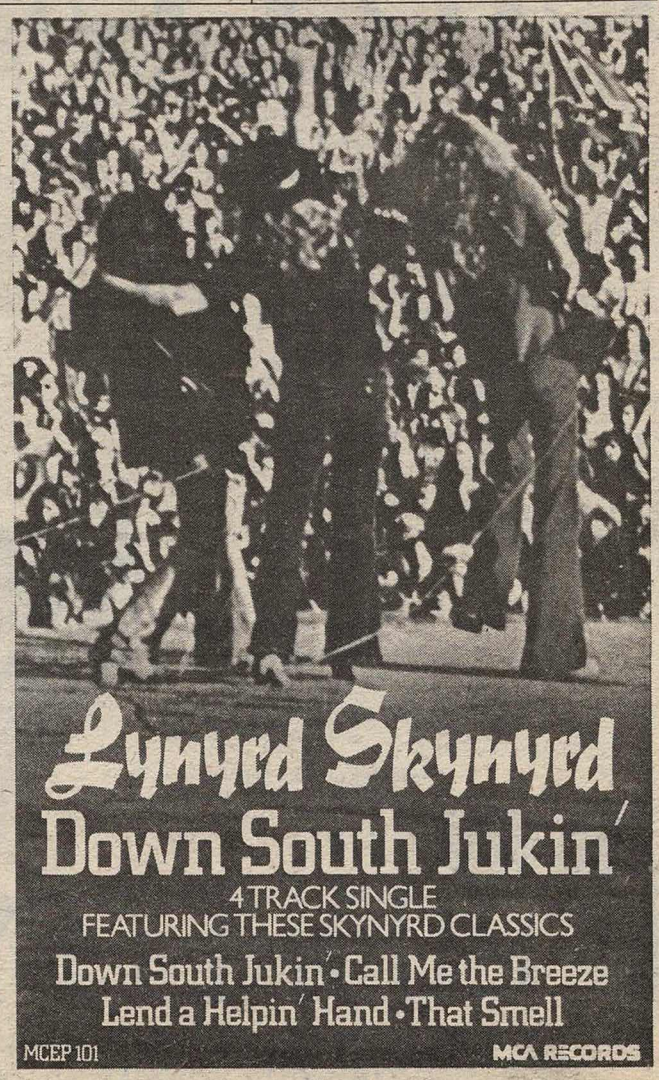
PURE HELL, the black New York punk band, arrive in Britain in a fortnight's time to promote their debut single — their version of the 1966 Nancy Sinatra hit "These Boots Are Made For Walkin'" — which comes out on November 10. They've so far been lined up for headlining gigs at Birmingham Babarella's (November 15), London Camden Music Machine (16), Manchester Mayflower Club (17) and Liverpool Eric's (18), with the likelihood of more to follow.

Currently touring Holland, the band's personnel is Kenny 'Stinker' Gordon (vocals), Preston 'Chip' Morris (lead guitar), Kerry 'Lenny' Boles (bass) and Michael 'Spider' Sanders (drums) — and they're believed to be the world's only black punk outfit. Before leaving the States, they played a gig at New York Max's Kansas City with Sid Vicious (prior to his present troubles) with whom they're here pictured backstage along with ex-Heartbreaker Jerry Nolan.

Sham in London

SHAM 69 have now added two London concerts to their "Guy Fawkes Memory" tour itinerary, which opened in Edinburgh yesterday (Wednesday). They are at the Electric Ballroom in Camden Town on Thursday and Friday, November 30 and December 1. The tour finishes two days later with the second of a brace of concerts at Canterbury Odeon. Sham are supported in London, as on the rest of their dates, by the CIMARONS — and the two bands are pictured here holding up the traffic in London's Oxford Street last weekend, when they staged a pre-tour march along the middle of the road (for some reason)!

SORE THROAT are to support X-Ray Spex in their concerts at London Hammersmith Odeon (November 27) and Manchester Apollo (29), which are part of their U.K. tour reported last week. Sore Throat also have gigs in their own right at London College of Printing (tonight, Thursday), Newton Abbot Seale Hayne College (November 10), London Camden Music Machine (22) and Sheffield Limit (24). They soon start recording their new Albion single "Off The Hook", one of their stage numbers, under the supervision of X-Ray's producer Falcon Stewart.



Jagger filming in Jamaica, and

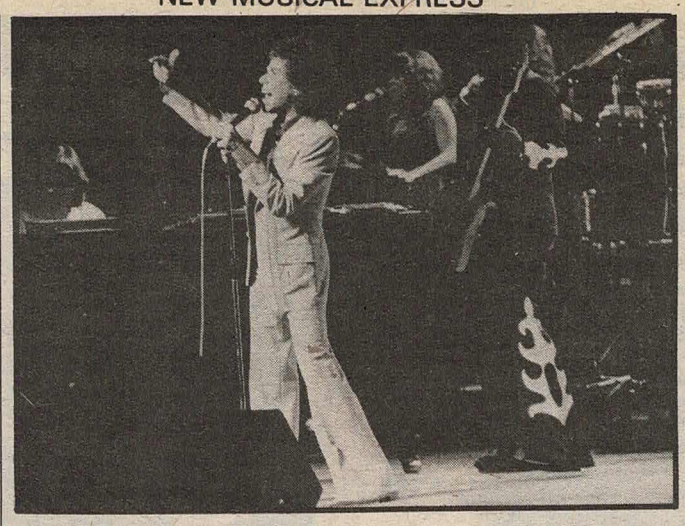
TOSH TOUR IS NOW DEFINITE

PETER TOSH has apparently recovered from his injuries rather sooner than expected and will, after all, be undertaking a British and European tour — though three weeks later than originally planned. His injuries were reportedly sustained when in police custody in Jamaica, after he'd been picked up allegedly for smoking pot, and it was at first thought that he wouldn't be fit enough to tour until the New Year.

His first U.K. commitment is an appearance in BBC-2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on November 14, and he then plays Manchester Apollo two days later (16). Tosh subsequently leaves for a string of gigs on the Continent, returning here later in the month to play a few more dates. London Rainbow has been pencilled in for November 23 and 24, but these are still subject to change, depending on his European schedule. And a few more dates will be arranged as soon as his timetable has been clarified.

Meanwhile, Mick Jagger flew to Jamaica this week to make a short film with Tosh, to promote his current single "(You Gotta Walk) Don't Look Back" — on which Jagger sings. And the new Tosh album "Bush Doctor", featuring Keith Richards guesting on two tracks, is issued by EMI this weekend.

● Before leaving London, Jagger commented on the outcome of Keith Richards' trial last week, when he was placed on probation and ordered to give a benefit concert in Canada in aid of blind children. Said Jagger: "I think the judge was very fair though, under the circumstances, I felt it would have been more appropriate to do the show for drugs rehabilitation." He added that, with the Stones planning a New Year tour of Australia followed by British dates, the Canadian concert is unlikely to take place before the spring.



Now Sayer adds Glasgow season

LEO SAYER — currently headlining a nationwide tour, and already set for a Chrismas season at Manchester Apollo where he stars for six nights from Boxing Day — is to play another season engagement early in the New Year. He appears at Glasgow Apollo for four nights — from Wednesday, January 3, to Saturday, January 6, inclusive — and special guests are The Dooleys. Sayer also has a new single released by Chrysalis on November 10 — it's his version of the old Buddy Holly hit "Raining In My Heart".

● THE THREE DEGREES play their only British concerts this year on Sunday December 3, at Croydon Fairfield hall (5.30 and 8.30pm). Tickets are £6, £5 and £4.

OFF THE RECORD

Darts' new single is "Don't Let It Fade Away", issued by Magnet this weekend. And later this month K-Tel issue an album called "The Amazing Darts", a compilation drawn from their first two albums, plus several B-sides of singles.

● **Todd Rundgren**—who, as previously reported, plays London Victoria The Venue from December 15 to 21 inclusive — has his new Bearsville album "Back To The Bars" issued on December 1. Guests on the LP include Stevie Nicks, Spencer Davis, Hall & Oates and Rick Derringer. It's preceded on November 11 by his single "All The Children Sing".

● A new **Neil Young** single "Four Strong Winds", taken from his current album "Comes A Time", is released by Reprise on November 17.

● **Jethro Tull's** new single, issued by Chrysalis this weekend, couples "A Stitch In Time" (a brand new studio track) and "Sweat Dream" (taken from their current live album "Bursting Out"). The release includes a limited edition of 15,000 copies pressed in white vinyl.

● The second **Kate Bush** album "Lionheart", is scheduled for November 10 release by EMI. All the titles are self-penned including "Hammer Horror" — which is also her new single, out this weekend.

● The next **Elvis Presley** album "Legendary Performances Vol. 3" will be issued in the States in picture disc form — that is, with his picture imprinted in the grooves. RCA say that British release, planned for the New Year, will be on normal black-vinyl — but they will be importing copies of the American picture disc for sale here.

● Midlands-based label Shoestring Records have signed Smethwick band **Sussed,** and release their debut single this weekend. It comprises three A-sides — "I Like You", "The Perv" and "Tango".

● The first disco single from Different Records is "Blue Danube Boogie" by **Richard Austrian,** issued on November 10 with a limited 15,000 run of 12-inch pressings. It's taken from his upcoming album, due in December, featuring disco treatments of other Strauss waltzes. Same date also sees the release of reggae band **Immigrant's** first single "One World" on which they're joined by the ZAPU Choir.

● **Third World's** new single and the follow-up to their Top Ten hit "Now That We Found Love" is released by Island on November 10, titled "Cool Meditation". Island also announce that they are to distribute the New Yorld label ZE Records in Britain, the first two singles being "Hard Day At The Office" by **The Reasons** and "Disco Clone" by **Christina,** both out this weekend — and a 12-inch version of the Christina single follows on November 10.

Kiki: single album, tour

KIKI DEE, who's been living in Los Angeles for the past year, returns to the recording scene this weekend with the release of her new Rocket Records single "Stay With Me Baby" — available in both seven-inch and 12-inch form. It's a track from her upcoming album, her first for nearly two years, which is planned for New Year release. And to promote the album, Kiki will be touring Britain in early 1979 with her new band who include Davey Johnstone (guitar), Dennis Conway (drums) and Bias Boshell (piano). Meanwhile she sets out on a six-week U.S. tour this week.

● Pye release a three-track **Ronnie Hawkins** single on November 10, the day before he headlines a day-long rock'n'roll event at London Harlesden Roxy Theatre. Titles are "40 Days", "Southern Love" and "Who Do You Love". The latter song is also performed by Hawkins in the movie "The Last Waltz", but the single version is his original recording on which he's joined by Band members Rick Danko, Robbie Robertson, Richard Mnual and Levon Helm.

● Arista are releasing a five-LP boxed set of all the recordings made for the Savoy label by near-legendary jazz saxist **Charlie Parker** — titled "The Complete Savoy Studio Sessions", they all date from over 30 years ago. This follows last week's news that Warners are putting outa six-album set of Parker's material on the Dial label, all roughly the same vintage.

● Liverpool band **The Resistance** have signed a long-term management and production deal with Tim Hinckley, and they go into the studios with him this week to record a single, which they plan to release on their own label in early December.

● Contrary to reports, **Patrik Fitzgerald** has signed with Polydor Records, not CBS. He'll be releasing his first work on the label early in the New Year.

Ex-Hawks play one-off

SEVERAL ex-members of Hawkwind are getting together for a one-off gig at London Camden Electric Ballroom tonight (Thursday). The line-up is expected to be Nik Turner, Alan Powell, Dick Mick, Simon King, Hugh Lloyd-Langton and Lemmy, with the possibility of Del Dettmar flying in from Canada specially for the show.

Main absentee is Simon House, who's currently touring Australia with David Bowie. The idea was the brainchild of Lemmy, who has a day off from his touring schedule with Motorhead, and it comes at a time when the reissued Hawkwind single "Silver Machine" looks like being a hit for the second time.

Boys of the Lough, Albion Band touring

BOYS OF THE LOUGH, currently completing a tour of Ireland, begin a 14-date British concert series in the middle of this month. They visit Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (November 16), Liverpool Mountford Hall (17), Edinburgh Usher Hall (18), Brighton Sussex University (21), London Queen Elizabeth Hall (22), Dumfries Theatre Royal (23), Bristol University (24), Glasgow Theatre Royal (25), Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre (26), Inverness Eden Court Theatre (28), Dundee Bonar Hall (30), Aberdeen Music Hall (December 1), Burnley Thomson Centre (3) and Rotherham Civic Hall (7). The London and Rotherham concerts are being recorded, by Capital Radio and Radio Sheffield respectively, for subsequent broadcast. The band, whose new live album "Wish You Were Here" (recorded on their recent tour of the Scottish Highlands) has just been issued, are supported on all dates by Cyril Tawney.

THE ALBION BAND are going out on a late autumn concert tour, mainly on the college circuit, but also taking in a few selected public venues. More dates are still being finalised and will be announced shortly, but the 14 confirmed so far are Hull University (November 16, Sheffield Crucible Theatre (17), Loughborough University (18), London Victoria The Venue (19), Exeter Routes (20), Malvern Winter Gardens (21), Poole Arts Centre (23), Oxford Polytechnic (24), Bristol University (December 1), Sheffield Polytechnic (3) and Dudley Technical College (8).

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ZUKIE GIG IN LONDON

CONTROVERSIAL Jamaican toaster Tapper Zukie headlines a one-off concert at London Rainbow Theatre on Saturday, December 16. And another top reggae artist Dillinger appears at the same venue three weeks beforehand — on Saturday, November 25. The two gigs are presented by Outlaw Concerts, and tickets for both are on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. There's a possibility that Zukie may play one or two other gigs around this period, although nothing is yet confirmed.

GILLAN ADDS MORE

GILLAN, the concise and official name for the re-vamped Ian Gillan band, have added a few more dates to the three reported last week — including two in London. They are Aberdeen Ruffles (November 7), Dublin University College (11), Belfast Queen's University (12), London St. Mary's College (17) and London Camden Music Machine (December 7). Additionally, venues for gigs in Swansea (November 16), Plymouth (December 5) and Exeter (6) have still to be finalised, and further dates are being lined up.

BOYCE TOUR EXTRA

MAX BOYCE continues his autumn tour with December dates at Leicester De Montfort Hall (5), Sheffield City Hall (6), Brighton Centre (8), Southampton Gaumont (9), Bristol Hippodrome (10), Taunton Odeon (11), Reading Hexagon Theatre (12) and London Wimbledon Theatre (15 and 16). Tickets are on sale now at all these venues. And this weekend EMI release a new Boyce single titled "There Were Many Babies Born."

JAPAN NIP ON

JAPAN go on the road later this month to promote their new Ariola album "Obscure Alternatives". They'll be playing 15 dates in all, but only five have so far been confirmed. These are Batley Crumpets (November 17), Manchester Mayflower Club (18), Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (19), Birmingham Barbarella'a (24) and London Strand Lyceum Ballroom (26). Details of the remaining gigs follow in a week or two.

SKELLERN CONCERT

PETER SKELLERN makes his first-ever appearance at the London Palladium, when he headlines a concert there next Wednesday (8). He's supported by the Grimethorpe Colliery Band, who are featured with him on his latest album "Skellern" and new single "Love Is The Sweetest Thing" (a revival of Ray Noble's 1932 composition). It's believed to be the first time a brass band has ever played the Palladium.

STRAIGHT 8's TEN

STRAIGHT 8, whose single "Modern Times" is released this week by Eel Pie Records, preview their upcoming album — tentatively titled "No Noise From Here" and produced by Pete Townshend — by way of a string of London gigs this month. They play Camden Music Machine (tomorrow, Friday), Marquee (5 and 26), Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle (10), Fulham Golden Lion (14 and 28), Islington Hope & Anchor (16), Camden Dingwalls (17) and Hammersmith Swan (23 and 30).

Supercharging

SUPERCHARGE are set for another string of dates during the next few weeks, taking in Middlesbrough Town Hall (tomorrow, Friday), Bedford College of Education (Saturday), Birmingham Aston University (November 10), Nottingham Boat Club (11), Wolverhampton Lafayette (17), Derby Bishop Lonsdale College (24), Batley Crumpets (25), Wigan Bluto's (29), Birmingham Barbarella's (December 1), London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (2), Chippenham RAF Station (7) and London Chelsea College (9).

Stranglers: students escalate campus ban

STUDENTS throughout Britain are reportedly up in arms over The Stranglers' treatment of their audiences at Guildford Surrey University last month, when they walked off stage soon after starting to film a BBC-2 "Rock Goes To College" programme. As reported two weeks ago, the Guildford students have banned the group from any further concerts at that university, and have written to all other student unions asking them to support the ban. A spokesman said this week that the letter has met with "a very favourable and positive response".

The Stranglers sought to justify cutting short the concert and swearing at the audience — so ruining the TV show, which had to be scrapped — by blaming the students for mishandling their allocation of free tickets. It was alleged that many tickets were sold at inflated prices to members of the public, and that some were being touted outside the university.

The band say that tickets should have been distributed equally, and free of charge, between students and the public — and the failure to do so prompted their involuntary walk-out.

But the band's assertions have now been challenged by the Guildford Students Union, who insist that they complied with regulations laid down by the BBC, with whom they had a contract. In an official statement, the union puts the blame squarely on the band's shoulders, by claiming that The Stranglers' management released a large number of unauthorised stage passes in Guildford. It adds: "This action was unethical and irresponsible, since it could seriously have threatened the security of the university hall."

● Jean Jacques Burnel is currently busy recording a solo album titled "Euroman", planned for release in the New Year.

Tavares in this month

TAVARES return to Britain later this month for a 13-concert tour, culminating in a major London appearance. Dates confirmed this week are Croydon Fairfield Hall (November 26), Portsmouth Guildhall (27), Manchester Ashton Tameside Theatre (28), Southport New Theatre (29), Withernsea Grand Pavilion (30), Middlesbrough Town Hall (December 1), Chester Deeside Leisure Centre (2), Stoke Jollees (3), Leicester De Montfort Hall (4), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (6), Poole Arts Centre (7), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (8) and London Hammersmith Odeon (10). A new single will be issued by Capitol to tie in with their visit, though at press-time tapes had not arrived from America, so titles are not yet known.

IAN MATTHEWS DUE

IAN MATTHEWS begins a European tour in Belgium on November 18, arriving in Britain early next month. First dates to be confirmed for this country are Birmingham Barbarella's (December 4), Manchester Mayflower Club (5) and London Camden Dingwalls (6 and 7), but several more are still being finalised. As a prelude to his visit, Rockburgh Records are releasing his new single "King Of The Night" this weekend.

PLANXTY RE-FORM

PLANXTY — the Irish folk band who were formed in 1972, but broke up three years ago — have re-formed and are already rehearsing new material in preparation for their comeback next year. They retain their original line-up of Christy Moore, Liam O'Flynn, Donal Lunny and Andy Irvine, but have now been augmented by Bothy Band flautist Matt Molloy. They'll be undertaking a reunion tour next April, including an appearance at London Hammersmith Odeon on Easter Monday.

STUDIO 54 SWITCH

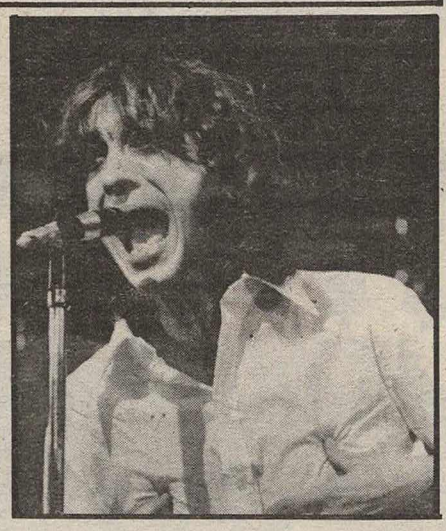
STUDIO 54, the London version of the top New York disco, won't be opening this year after all. And when it does finally materialise, it won't be at the New Victoria Theatre, as originally planned. It looked as though all was progressing smoothly at the New Vic, but the Greater London Council has apparently been inundated with objections to the scheme. So rather than risk a council rejection, the backers have withdrawn from that venue, and now hope to open at an alternative London venue in mid-1979.

NEW MILLER VENUE

FRANKIE MILLER'S new-look Full House Band have added another gig to their extensive British tour, reported last week — It's at Norwich East Anglia University on November 8, and this now becomes the opening date of the itinerary. It's also stressed that Meal Ticket guitarist Steve Simpson, who's playing with Miller throughout the tour, is only a temporary member of Full House. He remains a member of Meal Ticket, who'll be touring soon after Full House finish.

LIONS IN FEBRUARY

BRITISH LIONS, just back from a ten-week visit to America where they toured with Blue Oyster Cult, are lining up a major British tour to start at the beginning of February. They are currently in the studios recording their second album, as yet untitled, and the U.K. dates will follow the release of the LP at the end of January.



OTWAY TV SPECIAL

JOHN OTWAY is featured in a 45-minute ATV-Midlands documentary calles "Star dust Man; The John Otway Story" tomorrow (Friday) at 10.30 pm, filmed mainly at his free open-air concert before 12,000 people in Aylesbury Market Square earlier this year. But if you don't live in the ATV area, BBC-2 offers Robert Palmer and Elkie Brooks in Leo Sayer's show, followed by the Climax Blues Band in "Rock Goes To College" from Birmingham Polytechnic.

Rods gigs off

EDDIE & THE HOT RODS have cancelled their six-concert tour of Scotland and the North of England. It was to have started in Newcastle next Monday and taken in gigs in Aberdeen, Glasgow, Dundee, Edinburgh and Preston. But it's been scrapped due to the illness of band members which, in turn, has delayed recording sessions for their new album. These dates will now be incorporated into the Rods' full British tour, which is being set up for early in the New Year, to coincide with the LP's release.

STRAITS SHOW OFF

DIRE STRAITS have been forced to cancel their appearance at London Strand King's College next Tuesday (7) because of what they describe as "an inadequate power supply and other considerations". This means there is now no London gig in their 16-venue tour, which opened yesterday (Wednesday). Support act on all dates is Lee Fardon & The Legionaires, whose new EP "Fast At 17" has just been released by Arista. Instead of London, the tour now takes in Colchester Institute of Higher Education on November 7.

Martyn: extra baker's dozen

JOHN MARTYN has added another 13 concerts to his British tour itinerary, for which initial dates were reported last week. The tour, which opens next Wednesday (8), now comprises a total of 22 gigs and the latest to be confirmed are Bristol University (November 10), Southampton Guildhall (12), Plymouth Polytechnic (16), Birmingham Town Hall (21), Newcastle University (23), Sheffield University (24), Keele University (29), Glasgow Pavilion (30), Edinburgh Odeon (December 1), Aberdeen Capitol (2), Durham University (4), Manchester University (6) and Huddersfield Polytechnic (7).

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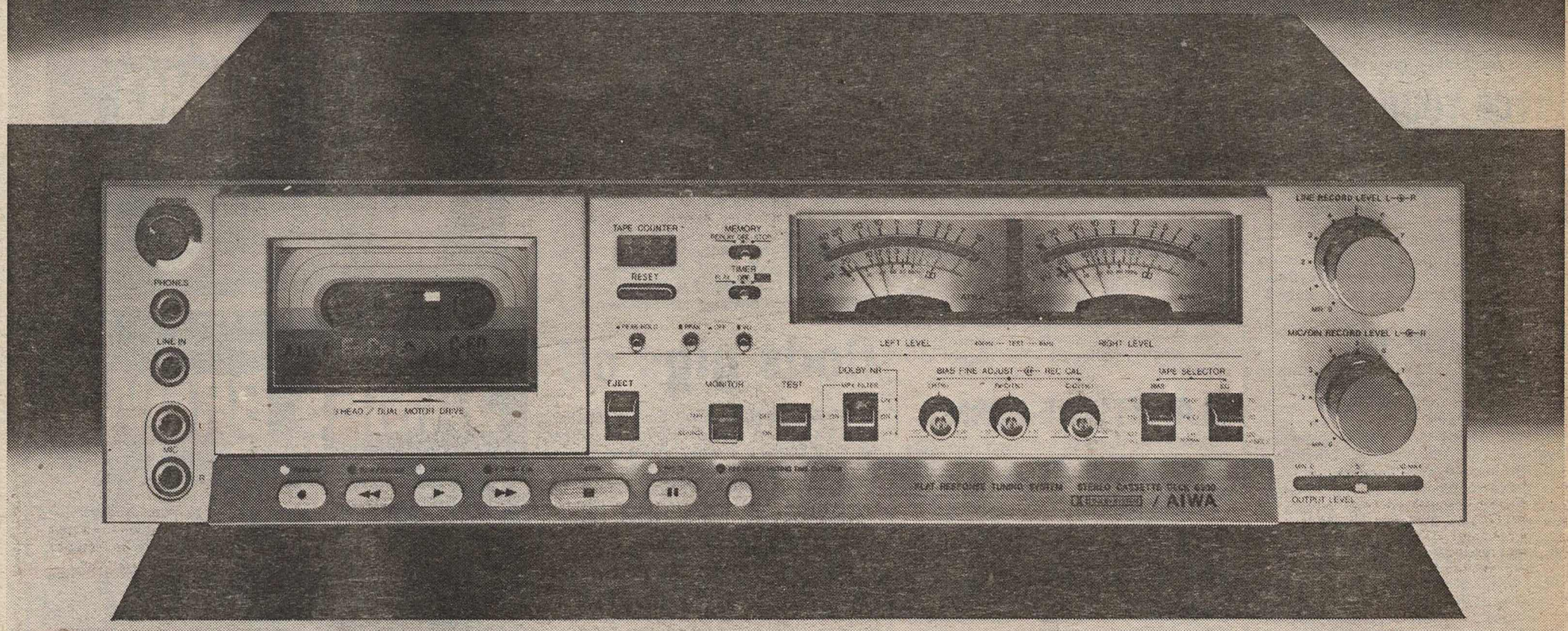

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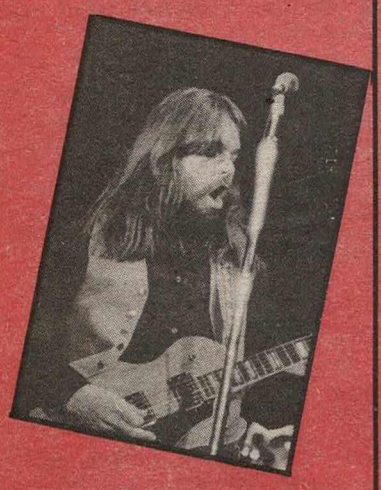
Gettin' Down In The Heart Of Texas

A guided tour Lone Star State beer, Lone Star State audiences 'n' BOB SEGER. Smilin' Bob should come first really 'cause he goes down a bomb. MONTY SMITH also goes down a bomb — but that was just the beer.

THE HALL is modern and spacious, the steeply tiered seats going all the way up to the gods. An electronic scoreboard hangs like a giant, futuristic Habitat chandelier from the domed ceiling, but the San Antonio Spurs aren't playing basketball in the arena tonight.

The 8000 people inside this Texan convention centre are giving the six musicians on stage a reception way beyond that deserved by the predictably insipid performance.

The band in question are Toby Beau, and as luck would have it, I don't have to write a word about them. I'm just intrigued by the audience's willingness to lap up their every Eagle-like lick. Still, they're a local band and they *are* supporting one of America's singular rock and roll worthies in Bob Seger, so I guess the San Antonians want Toby Beau to feel at home.



Berks, I think, as they're rewarded with an encore. Not so much of the band as of the shaggy, bedenimmed audience — but it's *their* seven and a half bucks. Besides, they must realise Seger hasn't arrived yet, and even another half-assed banjo tune is preferable to bumping into someone you'd rather not see when the houselights are up.

San Antonio is not *that* big a town.

It's vaguely Mediterranean, on a twisting river, with oversize palm trees and curious groupings of architecture; termite-ridden old wooden mansions near the garish splendours of hamburger drive-ins and rundown taco bars, the equivalent of our 'greasy spoons'. The Alamo's around here somewhere, but it's probably neon-lit by now.

The population is predominantly Chicano ("And even *they're* 60 per cent Indian," a young barman told me, disgustedly) and there's also a large military base nearby. Hard rock and heavy metal is what they go for and the three biggest sellers in San Antonio record stores are Rush, Kiss and . . . er, Budgie — really. They don't sell a bean outside Southern Texas, but they sure are big knobs there.

And Bob Seger's pretty damn popular, too.

I REALISE the reception for Toby Beau's beatific bumph verged, in fact, on torpor when the Silver Bullet Band are greeted with a sustained roar of approval.

Seger, tresses flowing over his black shirt and ubiquitous waistcoat, immediately assumes complete command of centre stage, much trimmer than I'd imagined him and deceptively unprepossessing in blue cords and training shoes. His favoured stance is one foot on the front-stage monitors, mike stand held at an intimidatingly phallic angle.

As he hurls himself into Frankie Miller's barrelhouse rabble-rouser "Ain't Got No Money", I notice for the first time the high proportion of young Texan ladies in the audience, most of whom have legs going all the way up to their bottoms and are not exactly unattractive to men.

The funny thing is, it's *them* who are mouthing along to the words. How about that, cock-rock knockers?

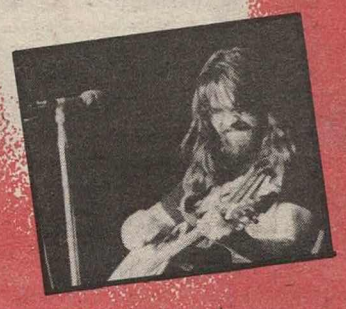
As has been said many times before, The Silver Bullet Band are *tight* — tight as Charlie Murray when it's his turn to buy a round. It doesn't matter that they're a motley crew — bassist Chris Campbell in subdued Nudie-suit, guitarist Drew Abbott topping his Keegan frizz with a beret, horn man Alto Reed in a well poncey blue satin suit and shin-high bootees, with Robyn Robbins and Dave Teegarden hiding anonymously behind keyboards and drums respectively — because they all grunt and grind like good 'uns.

They do most of the "Night Moves" and "Stranger In Town" albums in with the older favourites like "Ramblin' Gamblin' Man", "Turn The Page" and "Beautiful Loser", and two foxey ladies take the drum riser for dead-on ooh-ahs during the appropriate numbers — they shake good maraccas, too.

Slick? No way. Seger's too gutsy for that, but if delivering a powerhouse professional show is a crime then yeah, he's a guilty man.

The one concession to the bread-and-circus fans is when Alton, during the climactic, third encore, is suddenly spotlighted precariously balanced on an upper tier way to the side, somehow avoiding the clutches of admirers as he blows searing sax across the auditorium. That's one way of taking it to the people, I suppose.

The lights are up, the band line across the stage for the final curtain calls *(a la* the back cover of "Stranger") and a grinning Seger bounds off stage embracing drummer Teegarden. Later, he's going to tell me it was a shitty show.



LATER IS much later, because the next stop is Dallas, the town where Lee Harvey Oswald had a couple of big hits 15 years ago.

Fifteen years. About the time it's taken for America to realise that Bob Seger isn't a third-rate old war horse who churns out second-hand riffs, but an urban rocker who writes strong, personal songs about growing up, turning up and screwing up which are the equal of his major current influence, Bruce Springsteen, and better than anything else emanating from the States.

Seger may aim a bit lower than Bruce, but that only makes the punch more effective.

Granted, is was Springsteen's "Jungleland" that inspired Seger to his grandest moment so far, the achingly nostalgic "Night Moves" song, but he remains a man closer to Chuck Berry than to Phil Spector.

He's a fierce as John Fogerty, with as good a grasp of quintessential rock language, and it must irk him that his lyrics are often belittled in this country purely because they're so utterly indigenous to America, the squalid icons of mid-West Michigan in particular.

Americans really do talk a different language, you know, and it annoys me when otherwise intelligent English people contemptuously dismiss, say, a fundamentally *important* and moving film like *Sometimes A Great Notion* just because they *think* they understand the lingo and consider Ken Kesey's story to be some half-baked paean to reactionary individualism, just because of the cracker accents.

Similarly, Seger suffers from a certain amount of condescension because his songs strike straight at the heart of American rock and roll, and although they don't exactly require sub-titles to make sense outside of Detroit, their finer points, brashly delivered, will go flying over the heads of kids from London to Lanark.

Because they don't live in America, they weren't brought up there and America's a shithouse anyway, right?

Well, don't confuse fat with stupid. Don't confuse tourists with Texans. Don't confuse Bob Seger's "Heavy Music" with Ted Nugent's heavy metal.

WHEN I'M introduced to Seger, I don't recognise him. Sitting in San Antonio airport waiting for the Dallas flight, his hair is tucked beneath a floppy tan cap and his mirror shades make his almost perpetual beaming appear quite unnatural.

He's far too effusive with his greeting: "Yeah, sure, do the interview later, yeah, right, great."

Jesus, I wonder, is he *really* the affable bozo he's always made out to be? Did he turn down a *Rolling Stone* interview beause he actually *does* believe he's a boring man?

He sits in front of me on the plane, promising not to lean his seat back. He scans a newspaper, concentrating on the sports pages, so I hand him a couple of *NME's*. He's intrigued by the fact that Frankie Miller's got a hit with "Darlin'" and is soon engrossed in Tony Parsons' Springsteen piece.

'Can I hold on to these?" he asks. "The print's so small. People in England must go blind reading this stuff. We're used to Dick and Jane print over here."

Dallas airport is a huge, sprawling conurbation and downtown is just as hopelessly widespread, with acres of construction work and blobs of shanty-town shacks and gleaming new skyscrapers here and there. Nick

■ *Continues over*

■ From previous page

Lowe could never have written "Heart Of The City" in Dallas - there isn't one.

The site of Kennedy's assassination is soulless, too, Dealey Plaza being no big deal, just an anonymous stretch of road flanked by two dog-poop sized bits of grass. They want to forget all about that anyway, it's history, and they even play it low-key in the JFK Memorial Museum over the road from the Texas School Book Depository.

But you can pick up a cute cruet there, John's face on one cellar and Jackie's on the other. For three bucks, I couldn't resist, but why is *she* the salt?

I seek refuge in the first bar, escaping the sauna-strength heat which has played havoc with my leper-like complexion. Ronnie Milsap's on the radio, singing *"The girl who waits on tables used to wait for me at home"*, and already I'm missing San Antonio. Especially the barman who could recite whole sections of Monty Python's Piranha Brothers sketch in passable English accents, and the tasty Tex-Mex food (except guacamole, an avocado confection that looks like someone's thrown up into a chapati).

To further win me over, that bar's bogs bore Bonzo Dog graffiti — nothing incredibly witty, in fact merely the words 'Bonzo Dog', but it's the thought that counts.

Assuaging myself with Coors beer I was at least safe in the knowledge that I would be visiting the toilets for at least four bowel evacuations that day — what *do* they put in the stuff?

Kosmo Vinyl told me what happened to him once in a Texan bar. His sartorial elegance went no further than Alaskan red brothel creepers and white-flecked Elvis suit, but this big beery trucker leant over and said to him, "You're dressed like a niggah, boy."

Kosmo just tucked into his chile and milk. I didn't meet anyone with a neck redder than my own and I only attracted well-meaning basket cases.

"You've come *all* this way just to see Bob Seger?" said a lady seated at the bar, obviously taking me for some kind of well-off, eccentric male groupie. I suppose, slumped against the counter, I didn't much look like I was working and seeing as she thought Bob was some kind of kin of Pete Seeger, I didn't bother to explain.

Max Bell, bless him, had also given me a bum steer about Texas. "You can't even smoke cigarettes in the auditoria," he'd said. "The police hit you on the head. And the kids seem a little restrained."

WELL, MAX must've been talking about a Poco gig or something, because the nauseating stench of sweet weed hung heavy in the acrid air inside the Dallas convention centre. I hadn't eaten since breakfast, so I withdrew, leaving the audience to continue puffing and wildly cheering each number before, after and *during* its performance.

The cops weren't as dumb as they looked, since they were standing just inside the exit tunnels, which offered optimum sound and vision.

The show was pretty much the same as in San Antonio but I'm jet-lagged and plain shagged, and can't make out whether it's great or merely good.

The cops remain resolutely blase, rubbing their eyes and stifling yawns though they never go for their guns. I go to the toilet, wondering whether I dare risk another Coors.

Backstage, after the predictably rapturous reception, Seger sits on a dresser and meets all-comers, mainly Capitol liggers, with that same peculiar "aw shucks" grin and loose-limbed handshake. He's obviously a shy man and I can but Squirm for him.

"I hate backstage things like that," he says an hour or so later in his hotel room. "It's a really stupid situation to be in — what can you say to someone in two minutes? But that's part of the business and it's just human nature for people to act that way. I don't know why people want to meet me unless it's to tell their friends."

He preferred the days when the band just went on stage, did their bit and scarpered. "But then you get the thing of 'He thinks he's too *cool* to meet anyone.' You can't win. So what you do is grin and go through with it. And when it's done you go off and get on with your life."

Seger's life has changed dramatically since the double "Live Bullet" album broke big in 1976, eventually — woops — going platinum the following year. "Night Moves" and "Stranger In Town" have since followed suit, completing the set and setting him up.

But it's been a hard slog — 15 years on the road and 11 albums, supporting dorks like Kiss and having fine records like "7" lost in the shuffle — and if his life has changed his lifestyle hasn't; neither has his hairstyle.

He still lives near Detroit with his lady companion of longstanding, Jan Dinsdale. And he still prefers to unwind after a show by reading till he drops off, rolling one up or roaming the streets — nothing barmy.

Even now he's got on that cap, he's barefoot and wearing a red tracksuit. His face is a touch too round to be menacing and scowling is obviously foreign to his well-ordered features, but he's crowding six foot, gruff-voiced, and you can believe the stories you've heard about his dodgy adolescent escapades on the streets of Ann Arbor.

You know the deal — deprived roughneck from broken home forms garage band in 1963 and, fuelled by bull-headed stamina and a firm belief in the work ethic, makes it on his own terms after a mere decade and a half.

So Christ knows what he's got to grin about half the time; and he's also got the vaguely disconcerting habit of laughing rather too heartily at the end of some sentences, even when no joke is immediately apparent. Perhaps he's over-compensating for his shyness but, whatever, for an obviously intensely *private* man he bends over backwards to make the public Bob Seger eminently approachable — he really *is* as likeable as you're led to believe, and almost embarrassingly self-effacing. I mention his lack of flash.

"Well, I *have* gone a little overboard lately. I bought a Ferrari, which I've always wanted though I always said I wouldn't get one because they weren't practical. But coming from my background I couldn't help but want, at one time in my life, to own the ultimate car. I don't go into it too much. I sure don't dress good."

The laugh is warranted.

"Drew is probably the wisest guy in this band and when our success started happening, the money rolling in and everything, he said, 'Just remember, don't be possessed by your possessions.' So we all sorta follow that. Some of the guys are really car crazy but me personally, I don't know, ostentation just doesn't appeal to me."

BUT DOES it bother him that he's had to wait so long for success when bands like Foreigner or Boston click virtually overnight?

"That's not really true. Those guys came from dues-paying groups. True, when they made their first record they clicked, but they'd been playing in bars for eight years, too. They earned it."

Seger's first and biggest influence was James Brown, even though he was brought up in the shadow of Motown.

"I was a greaser, an all-night hoodlum, and we tuned into the southern R&B stations late at night. We'd pick up on James Brown and Wilson Pickett, and when we formed our own bands we were anti-commercial; we'd play a lot of that music. It just had more power, more aggression than the Motown stuff. And it was good for my voice too. I learned to sing real hard."

So good for his voice that the annual US Rock Awards, based in LA, magnanimously nominated Seger in the Best New Male Vocalist category . . . in 1976.

"They did the same to Gary Wright that year, and obviously that's pretty stupid too. The Silver Bullet Band nomination wasn't *so* far off — we were only three years old at that time. But, yeah, it was a little crazy."

There's no trace of bitterness in his voice, more a touch of resigned humour, but even so *I'm* delighted that the prunes who run the Awards can't get a sponsor for broadcasting this year. American media is gooey enough as it is, of course, West Coast drivel dominating FM radio and tired old country-rock outfits faves for the toob on bores like the *Midnight Special*.

Two weird ones: Joni Mitchell's fragile dissonance is consigned to MOR stations while La Ronstadt is plugged mercilessly on 'rock' programmes; and those loveable Bay City Rollers front a Saturday morning TV show called *Superstar* in which they mime on sub-Monkee soundstages and one of them sports a torn T-shirt held together by — gasp — safety pins. Not a hair out of place, not a dry seat in the studio.

Seger reluctantly concedes his influence on the British new wave ("Maybe it was '7', which was pretty high-powered"), and I tell him how important les punques were in at least shaking up complacent Blighty BOFs.

"I think we need that here, too. The radio's gotten so mellow. It's like what Woody Allen said in *Annie Hall*, 'If I get too mellow, I ripen and rot.' I like some of it. It's not the kind of stuff I take home to listen to. But I've been with rock and roll since '55, and it may be new wave to the young kids, but it's difficult to get excited about something I've heard before, many years ago.

"It *is* good in that it's getting a lot of young people up on stage, getting some *youth* in the business. Whether it's new or not, I don't know."

The weird thing is, it was the old songs I missed in the two shows I saw, bully-boy bowel-bursters like "Get Out Of Denver", "Katmundu" and the Bo Diddley stuff.

"You know, we do a lot of 'Night Moves' and 'Stranger', we're getting tired and maybe it's time we used some *old* blood. I heard a Bo Diddley song on the radio after the show tonight and I thought maybe it's time to work him back in there. We hadn't done 'Come To Poppa' in six months and that's when it's good, when they're fun to do, when you bring them out after they've been resting for a while. It's good to put a different song in because it gives you a fresh perspective on the whole set, and that's kinda important when you play as much as we do."

He's laughing, but this guy has played all over the pitch several times. He's taking it easy this year, mind, by being on the road just six months instead of the usual eight. Doesn't he ever worry about the physical and mental debilitation such schedules are wont to induce.

"I take pretty good care of myself physically. I'm one of theose lucky people who never get sick. Smoke too many cigarettes, but they're the low tar ones. If I'm not on the road, I'll jog. I eat less when I'm off the road. Really, I'm the exception to the rule, I get skinnier when I'm *off* the road, 'cos I need a lotta energy when I get up on stage.

"Course, I am 33, but I just don't feel that way. I think touring keeps you young. It's a little bit of that dream — you're going up on stage and the people are going Yay! I don't know, I've been doing this 15 years, man, and I'm still the same! I'm the same as I was at 16, 'cept I got 15 years experience."

But it does drive a lot of musicians completely bonkers, doesn't it?

"The worst part is right here, in the hotel room. Here in Dallas it's not so bad — I'm doing an interview, so my mind is occupied. But when I'm in Johnson City, Tennessee, and everything's closed, and it's four or five in the morning — that's probably the hardest part of touring.

That's where 'Turn The Page' came from — that incredible loneliness. I don't want to call the lady 'cos I know she's sleeping, so you just tough it out.

"There's always drugs. They're always there, and if you fall into that then you can get into *real* bad trouble. But, hell, when you're sitting with six guys, what are you gonna do? You can only talk about things so long. So you gotta avoid drugs, so that you *can* go to sleep when you eventually do.

"The travelling is boring because you've done it for years. The same airports, the same towns, the same hotels — this is the third time I've stayed in his hotel. I can tell you right where everything is, and that's when it gets scarey.

"But that's just *those* 20 hours of the day. The soundcheck can be fun and the show is *always* fun, because it's what you look forward to doing. It's the only time I'm sweating, like a working person should, and that's sorta important to me."

Yet he wasn't happy with his performance in San Antonio. "I just had a mediocre night. I had another one tonight. I feel off-centre. I don't know what's the matter with me — end of tour, or something."

But the audience reaction was well up to scratch, wasn't it?

"Oh, you do a show for five years, I guess it should go down well if it's paced right. And the band's playing good. I'm just one member of the band, you know, and I feel bummed at myself. I started doing exercises today and it helped a little bit tonight. It's still not where I want it to be yet."

Over the years, have you ever seriously lost faith in your ability, because you did quit for a while in '69, didn't you?

"Six weeks in college, that's all it was. But it was more being fed up with the band I was with at that time. We'd had 'Gamblin' Man', been right up at the top, then right at the bottom again and I just said 'Screw it!'

"This is the first band I've had that is really behind me, instead of all that 'How about we do one of *my* songs?' 'But your songs are shitty!' 'But I want some money, too!' — you know. But, yeah, I've had a lot of times when I've had self-doubts. You can't go through 15 years and not. But in the past five or six years I haven't had what you'd call a dry period. I don't believe in 'em. I don't believe in inspiration, either.

"You take out a blank sheet of paper and it's tough, because that's what you start with every time. It's a battle to start out, and it can be nerve-wracking, but you gotta develop the discipline to summon it up. I think it gets harder as the years go on, too, because you know the short cuts. You're trying to avoid 'em but sometimes you must slide into 'em."

SEGER WRITES reams of songs for each up-coming album, upwards of 50. He finishes every song he starts because he may happen upon one good line in the last verse. "Till It Shines", for instance, is made up of fragments from discarded songs.

"I must have seven or eight hundred songs on tape, *done*. I've forgotten 'em, too. When we have long breaks I go back to listen to 'em and I just crack up at some of the shit I used to write."

The fact that his lyrics are undervalued in Europe doesn't really bother him. "I sorta expect that. They were gonna send us to France and Germany and — well, frankly, I thought our lyrics meant more, that they had more to do with our music than evidently they do.

"I could see a group like Genesis or Yes being any place because they go through so many musical changes and the lyrics don't really mean anything. Our music is a lot more primitive, I don't know. . . "

He pauses, before guffawing — "Well, less *pretentious!*"

"But our lyrics are very Americanised and how many people could relate to 'Night Moves' in England? I don't think they can, because they've probably never experienced that drive-in mentality of cruising for burgers."

He's toying with my half-empty beer glass — bugger, he's just polished it off, the swine — and is clearly uncomfortable, again, when confronted with his work.

"I think the lyrics are good," he continues, after the only significant gap in the conversation. "Sometimes they're great, I've got to be honest. Maybe they only mean that to me. It's not something you worry about.

"God, I hate to say that rock lyrics are anything approaching art, because they're not, but there are some lyrics that are worth remembering for, say, ten minutes rather than not even worth listening to. I think rock music *could* develop into some really good communicative deal, but it's nowhere near art — nothing like a good novel or even a good film."

SEGER WATCHES a lot of movies and the "Stranger" album is clearly a departure for him in that most of the songs are stories, with strong narratives and discernible characters.

"I try to work like a movie director or a screenwriter, bring in some colour, throw 'em a curve, and I guess it shows. A lot of the new movies are shitty but there's been some real classics, and I tape 'em off TV. Something like Kubrick's *Dr Strangelove* I'll watch ten times and think 'God, he was saying so many things here.' And you try to get those kind of pictures into words, stimulate someone's imagination.

"Like 'The Famous Final Scene', that's totally celluloid. It came from watching a relationship that was breaking up and during that period of about three months I was jotting the shit down."

He has utilised actual film titles on occasion ("Ship Of Fools", "Fire Down Below"), always coincidentally, he says, but never so strangely as with "Night Moves", which he wrote before the Arthur Penn-Gene Hackman movie had opened. It's such a singular coupling of words, I thought it odd that they'd been applied to two such disparate subjects.

"It doesn't seem weird to me on the song, but it does seem weird on the movie. I don't get the connection - it's just a detective story."

But the Hackman character inhabited a twilight word.

"Well, yeah, just because he was a detective. But to me, the title said when you're growing up and you're just getting your role together, which everyone is at 17, you're looking for someone to emulate — John Wayne, Clint Eastwood, or whatever."

Doesn't everybody do that for the rest of their lives, though, role-playing?

"I don't think everybody does. I think the more stable people see the fallacy of all that. Maybe on stage or in public life they might, but when they go home I think they put it away. You can't be *on* all the time, is what I'm trying to say. I think that's one of the problems a lot of rockstars come against — they think they've got to be as *cool* as they were on stage, and that's a very dangerous pitfall. Hell, when you job's done, be yourself.

"I'm lucky — when I put my hair under my hat I can walk pretty much anywhere. I don't want to be *that* well known. I love being able to cruise through towns and airports and just be me. If you lose that ability to observe then it's more than unfortunate. Because not only do you pick up a lot of ideas for songs but you learn a lot about life too. It's something I'd hate to lose."

And you don't like being observed?

"No. I've never been comfortable with that. I don't think anybody likes that."

AS WE'RE sitting in Dallas, I remark on the existence of an LA shock-rock outfit called Dead Kennedys.

"Really? Must be a punk band," says Seger, disinterestedly.

"Typical. I don't think they'll play too well in Hyannis Port." As far as I can ascertain. This was the only actual joke Seger cracked.

What was he doing when Kennedy was shot? "That's the question everybody can answer. I was going to rehearsal. What were you doing?"

I was watching *Harry Worth*, and the Beeb cut transmission halfway through.

"I was on my way to this rehearsal amd — bam! — it came over the radio. And Ann Arbor stopped dead in its tracks. We were going to rehearse, we had a gig that night, but we though 'Screw this' and just sat around staring at the TV. We played in the bar that night and there wasn't anybody there. Nobody came."

Do you follow politics?

"You have to in this country, 'cos you're bombarded with it. I vote but I don't get involved in it."

You didn't vote for Nixon, though, did you?

"No. Thank goodness." He chuckles. I've met quite a few Americans but no one who actually voted for Richard Nixon.

"Oh, a lot of people voted for him, but no one's admitting it anymore. I *almost* voted for Nixon because during the last coupla weeks of the campaign George McGovern was saying 'Nixon is really corrupt' and I thought that was some kind of cheap-shot mud-slinging, you know? And McGovern was right."

SEGER'S ON RECORD in *Time* magazine as saying he was going to slow down, become more 'sophisticated'. Is that right?

"It'd be nice. But I think it's gonna be a very gradual process because we still love to tour and we still love to rock and roll. But you gotta realise, inside your head, that it can't go on forever.

"Right now we're appealing to some people my age, but mostly to the younger concert-goers. And it's going to reach a point where they won't want to see us anymore — it's inevitable. So when that point is reached I would like to get into something a little less hectic, a little less crazy. I still want to keep playing. Maybe the theatres, some real good blues. I don't think I'll ever be a jazz cat, I'm not that good a musician. But to be able to do my songs, to do some really esoteric shit, because I haven't got to fill the canyons, you know."

It won't happen for a while — like the man said — and besides, you've got eleven albums to catch up on yet.

"I gotta admit one thing," says Seger, as he leaves to join his bassist in some serious trouble. "I lied — I voted for Nixon." We both laugh this time, long and hard. Like John Kennedy said in 1962: "If we are faithful to our past, we cannot be fearful of our future."

Too right — Bob Seger set that to music and called it "Rock And Roll NEVER Forgets".

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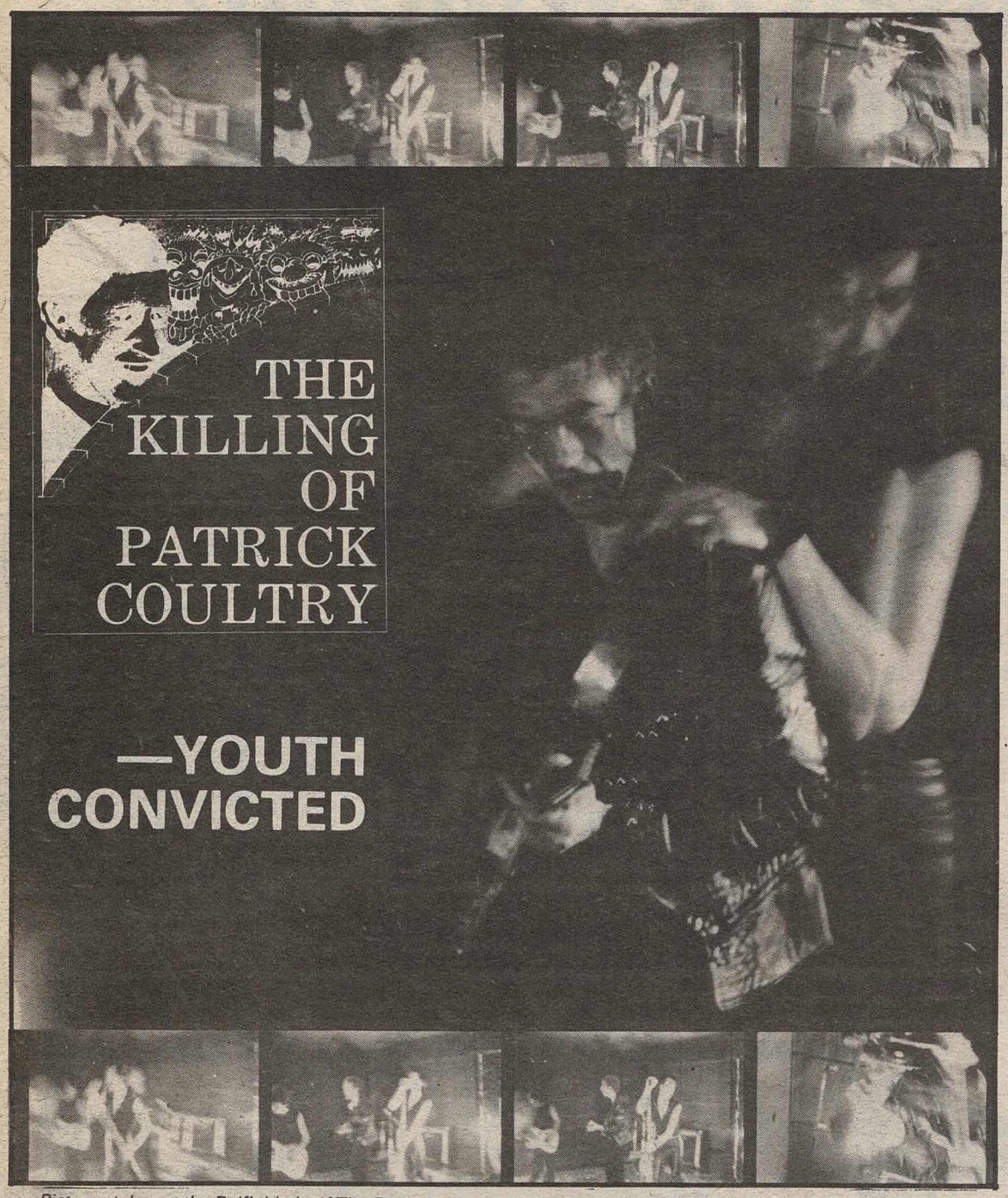


Pictures taken at the Belfield gig of The Radiators From Space, who maintained calm after the death of Coultry.

READERS OF *Thrills* will recall the murder of 19-year-old student Patrick Coutry, who was stabbed to death with a kitchen knife at a rock gig held in Belfield, University College Dublin on Saturday, June 25 1977.

Last week Coultry's killer, one Mark Halpin, aged 17, was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to two years imprisonment after a trial that lasted four days.

Chief witness in the trial was a girl student who had been present at the concert, headlined by The Radiators From Space and The Undertones.

After the fight in which Coultry was killed, she heard someone remark to Halpin: "A guy back there has been stabbed."

He replied: "Yes, I did it."

Mark Halpin, who comes from a middle class background — his father is a prominent official on the Eire Electricity Board — was described in court as an intelligent youth with no previous criminal record.

He was said to be drunk at the concert, and claimed that someone had given him a drag on a "roll-up cigarette".

His character witnesses assured the court that he was contrite, and he repeatedly apologised for the stabbing of Coultry and expressed regret at the distress brought upon Coultry's family. There was no evidence that Halpin was psychologically unbalanced.

The Coultry affair cast a dark shadow over the punk scene in Southern Ireland. Understandably, Belfield were reluctant to stage similar concerts and there were insurance problems for visiting English bands such as The Clash and The Stranglers for at least a year afterwards.

Niall Stokes, editor of Dublin-based fortnightly rock paper *Hot Press* told *Thrills* that violence at gigs in the South is not common. Press coverage of the Coultry event, he claimed, placed the local scene in an unfair light.

Like other observers of the Halpin trial, Stokes expressed surprise at the lightness of Halpin's sentence. In Eire, as in the UK, a two year sentence may turn out to be far shorter. On the same night that Coultry died, a man raped a Dublin girl — admittedly also at gunpoint — and received a spell of 15 years.

MAX BELL

THRILLS

JONES, HEADON, STRUMMER and SIMONON voice their feelings. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES.

RHODES TO FREEDOM

BERNARD RHODES, the Silent Enigma of Punk, has won the first round of his legal battle to retain the legal managership of top pop group The Clash.

After receiving notification from the band's lawyers the Saturday before last (Oct. 21) that his services as manager were no longer required, Rhodes last week obtained a high court order directing all The Clash's earnings to be paid straight to him.

Rhodes claims he has an agreement with the band entitling him to 20 per cent of their earnings. He has given the court an undertaking to account for all monies received on The Clash's behalf, and remit 80 per cent to them within a week.

After the court decision, taken on Tuesday by Justice Oliver in the Chancery Division, Rhodes said he still hoped to continue managing The Clash. At the moment their affairs are being handled by rock journalist Caroline Coon, who lives with Clash bassist Paul Simonon, and a team of CBS lawyers and accountants.

"I can't tell what my chances are of working with the group again," Rhodes told *Thrills*, "but if they want me to get them out of the mess they're in, I'm quite prepared to do it."

When asked what 'mess' he was referring to, Bernard became uncharacteristically silent.

THE SOURING of the relationship between Mr Rhodes and Messrs Strummer, Jones, Simonon and Headon has been a music business talking point for a couple of months now.

One of the main bones of contention was the cancelling of a date at the Roxy Theatre in Harlesden on September 9. Rhodes issued a statement saying the group were taking 'industrial action'; they on the other hand claimed the gig had been set up behind their backs while they were working on their "Give 'Em Enough Rope" album in the States. Rhodes' talk of 'industrial action', they say, was completely unfounded.

"I've been doing this for 17 years," Bernard retorted this week, unleashuing a Rhodesian stream-of-consciousness into which *Thrills* attempted to insert the occasional question. "Do you think I'd arrange a gig without a bad's knowledge?"

So what about this 'industrial action' line?

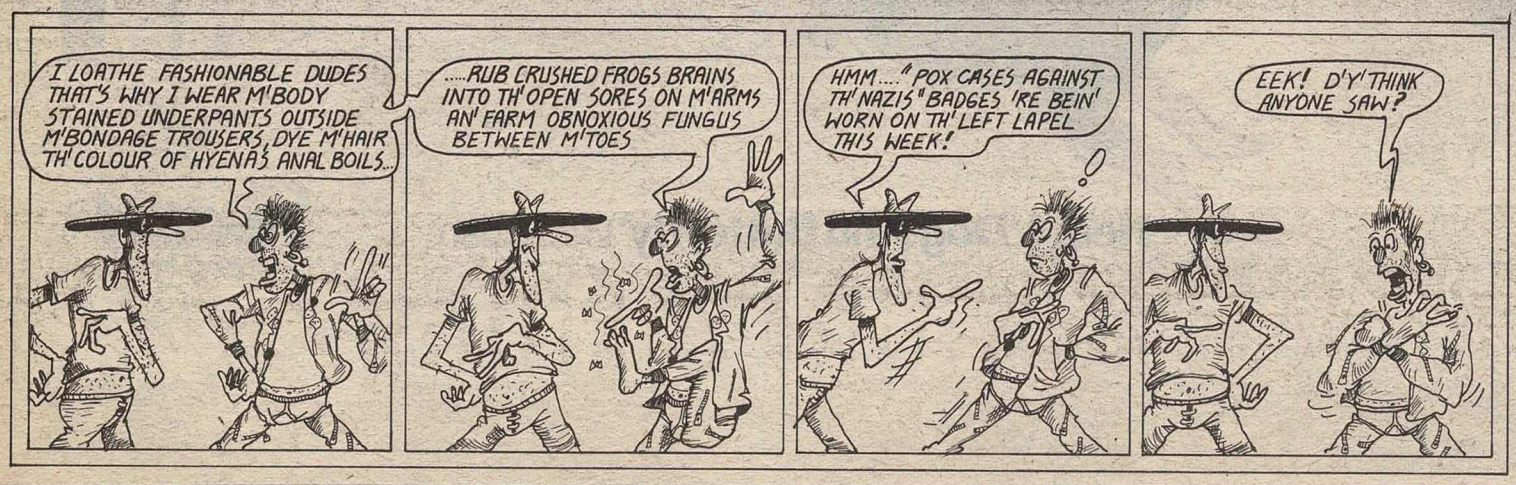
"They weren't going to be here anyway," he replied, "so I thought I might as well draw the fans' attention to something else. At the time bands were on strike at the Marquee and I thought this should be raised."

But weren't they recording the album at the time?

"The album was supposed to have taken five weeks at Basing Street (Island Records' London studio). You've got to remember that McLaren and I built the audience up. I wouldn't take liberties with the audience.

● *Continues next page*

The Lone Groover — BENYON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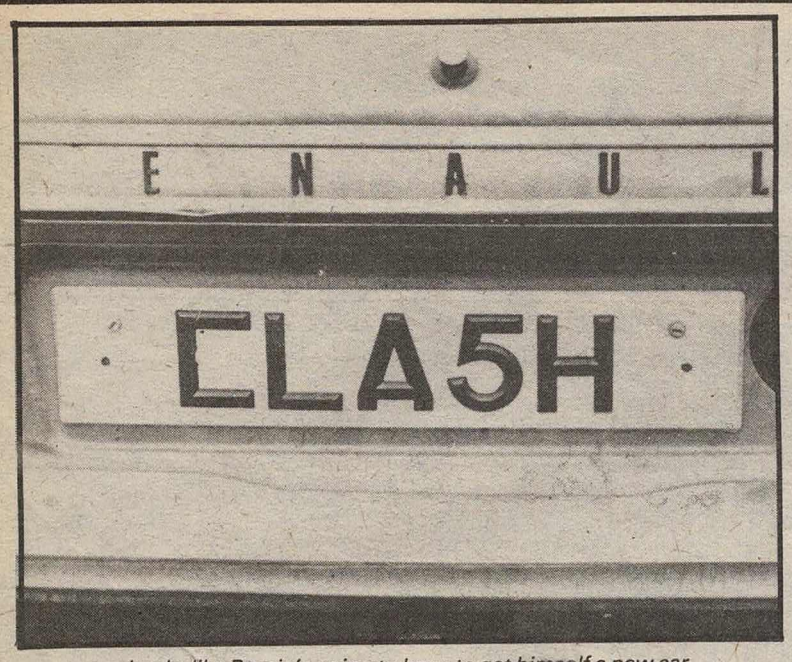


Looks like Bernie's going to have to get himself a new car. . .

● *From previous page*

"All this nonsense about managers as rip-off artists is not on. That's the old, not the new. It went out years ago. It's like managers' lib if you like. You can't have a general rule that all managers are bastards and all groups are wonderful."

So how much was he paying The Clash a week?

"I don't want to talk figures."

It's been said that the contract you had with The Clash was, from their point of view, very tight?

"They had a lawyer look it over. I'm basically an artist. I have to be a manager through circumstances."

The question of your wanting to replace Mick Jones with Steve Jones has been raised . . .

"I've been accused of certain things I'm not guilty of. I was an observer. I didn't want to boot Keith Levine out of the group. The Clash became popular because of a direction and because we worked as a team. I was the team-leader. I had no opinion. I don't play in the group."

What are his feelings on Sandy Pearlman producing The Clash?

"I don't care who produces so long as it only takes six or seven weeks. I'm not saying he's good or bad. I'm only good at doing certain things; I'm not very good at labouring ideas."

ALTHOUGH THE advance The Clash received from CBS has never been revealed, it's generally taken to be somewhere in the region of at least £50,000, since Polydor Records had all but clinched The Clash with an advance of £25,000 plus free recording when Rhodes suddenly upped and signed his group with CBS.

Prior to working with The Clash, Rhodes had worked alongside 'Talcy' Malcolm McLaren, first becoming involved with McLaren's Let It Rock shop and later designing T-shirts *(Or so he says — Ed.)* for the shop once it had transmogrifies into Sex. The two had met four years before, Rhodes told *Thrills* he can't remember how, but whatever the circumstances, the two struck up a friendship.

"At the time we were the only two people who could talk about mad things and act on them," said Rhodes.

Before his link-up with McLaren, he'd run a Renault garage in Camden, North London. Rhodes had previously been involved in the music business, but he says he had quit in favour of the motor trade because "everyone was getting into growing brown rice plants at the time".

His disgust with the music business had reached its nadir when flat-mate Micky Finn was trounced from T.Rex. Rhodes also claims that at 17 he used to share a flat with the late Graham Bond, the R&B musician who threw himself under a tube train at Finsbury Park in May 1974. Another former Rhodes flat-mate is Led Zeppelin/Bad Company tour manager Richard Coles.

RHODES CURRENTLY manages The Specials, The Subway Sect and The Black Arabs. The latter who, according to The Clash, play disco versions of Pistols songs (Rhodes says they do "jazzy versions" of punk songs) are a group of black teenagers from Harlesden. Rhodes suggested the name to them.

He say's he's finding it difficult getting them work, but refuses to play London's famed Marquee Club "because he doesn't want to contribute to that situation". He once said he wouldn't let The Clash play clubs like the 100 Club because they didn't have any air-conditioning.

One record company executive who's had dealings with Rhodes remarks: "He's a difficult bloke to deal with. He's very paranoid. He's always into money, although he pretends not to be. People find it difficult to relate to Bernie."

Nonetheless, Bernie is adamant that The Clash will have to try. His contract with them runs until December 1.

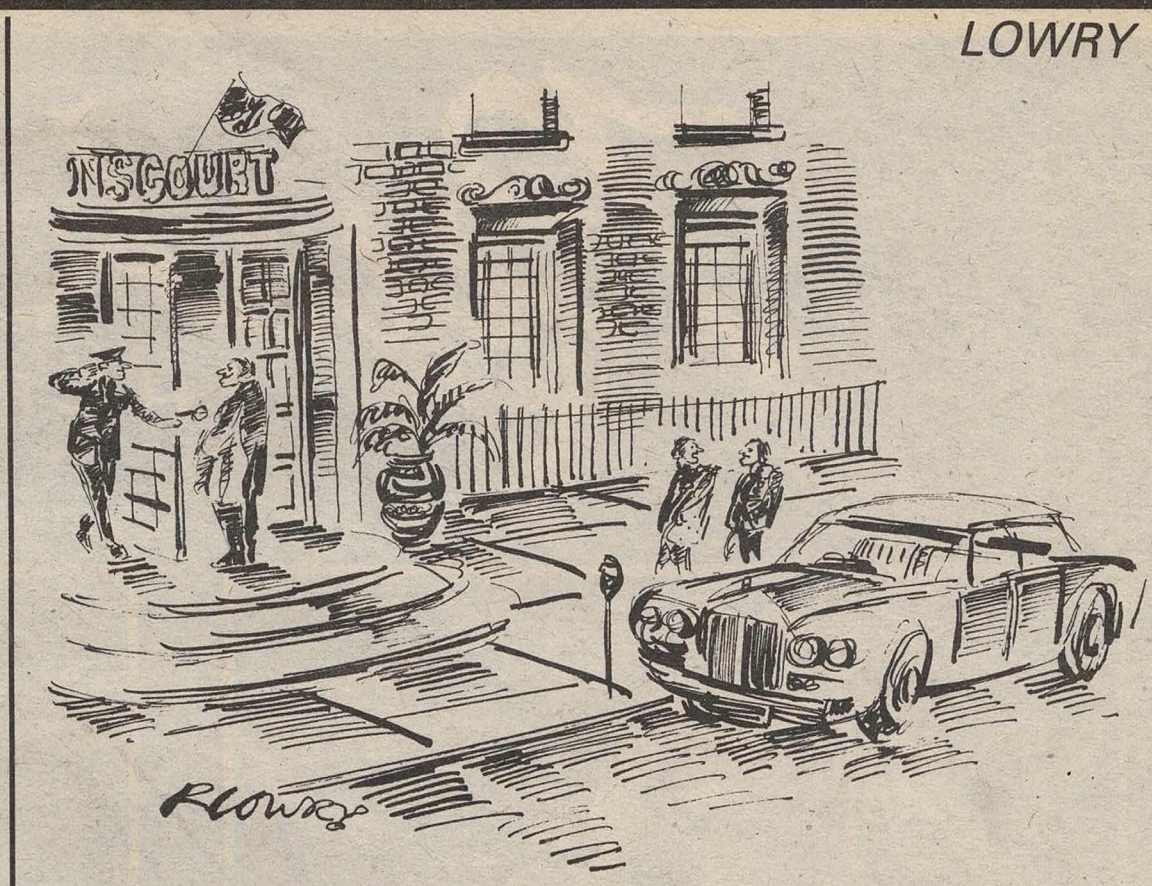
"I'm not legally sacked," he states, adding that he was 'absolutely stunned' when he first heard that The Clash wanted to break with him.

"My job is not to freeze their assets but to get on with the job. Our dispute is over a point of discipline. In order for them to be successful they need to carry on working.

"It's my job to continue working with The Clash."

STEVE CLARKE

THRILLS



"He's a famous Labour peer, ennobled for selling out his socialist principles."

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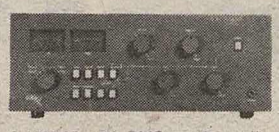
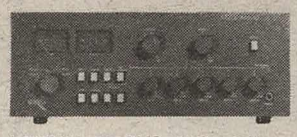
6 AMPLIFIERS

A 4200 15 watts RMS per channel.* low cost model with all essential controls.



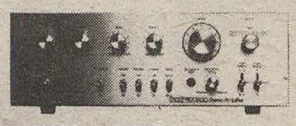
A 4400 25 watts RMS per channel.* Power meters, Tape Response control, Tape Dubbing.



A 4600 25 watts RMS per channel.* As A 4400, but with 5-band graphic equaliser (SEC system).

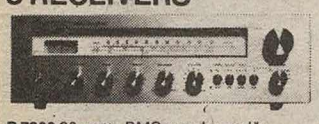
A 7200 30 watts RMS per channel.* High quality, low price "no frills" model.

A 7400 50 watts RMS per channel.* Comprehensive tape facilities, microphone input and mixer.

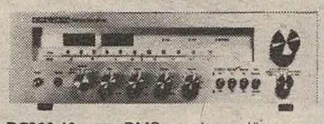


A 7600 75 watts RMS per channel.* 7 inputs, comprehensive tape facilities, microphone input.

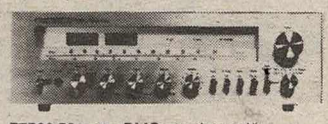
3 RECEIVERS



R 7200 30 watts RMS per channel,* MW/LW/FM-stereo. 3 wavebands, 2.2μV FM sensitivity, tuning meter.



R 7300 40 watts RMS per channel,* MW/FM-stereo. 2.0 μV FM sensitivity, signal-strength and tuning meters.



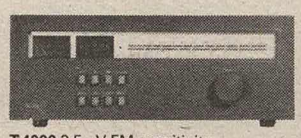
R7500 50 watts RMS per channel,* MW/FM-stereo. 1.9 μV FM sensitivity, tuning meters, two tape inputs.

1 CASSETTE DECK

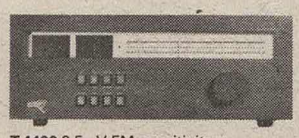
C 7800 Front-loading, Dolby® noise-reduction. Timer start, peak LED, 3-position bias and equalisation switches.

4 TUNERS

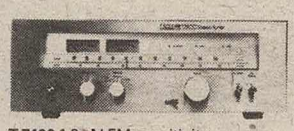
T 4200 5 μV FM sensitivity, MW/LW/FM-stereo. AFC, signal meter, adjustable output.



T 4000 2.5 μV FM sensitivity, MW/FM-stereo. Distant Broadcast switch, tuning meters, adjustable output.

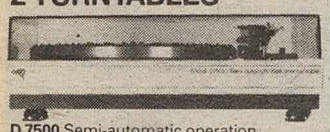


T 4400 2.5 μV FM sensitivity, MW/LW/FM-stereo. Distant Broadcast switch, tuning meters, adjustable output.



T 7400 1.9 μV FM sensitivity, MW/FM-stereo. Hi-Blend noise reduction, tuning meters, adjustable output.

2 TURNTABLES



D 7500 Semi-automatic operation, belt-driven. Auto-return, auto-stop, damped cue lever.

D 4500 Manually operated, belt-driven. S-shaped arm, pulley bias weight, damped cue lever.

3 CARTRIDGES

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P 750E Elliptical stylus, ready fitted in headshell. Tri-Pole Induced Magnet system, storage case.

P 450S Spherical stylus, ready fitted in headshell. High compliance, stylus guard, storage case.

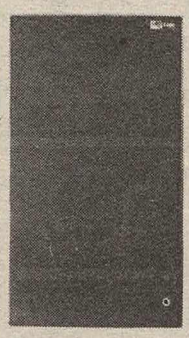
2 SYSTEM RACKS

F 4000 Black-ash finish rack for 4000 series equipment.

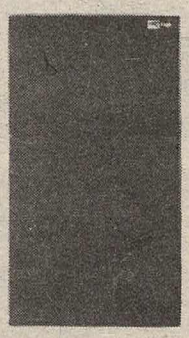
F 7000 Walnut wood effect finish rack for 7000 series amplifier-based systems.

4 PAIRS OF SPEAKERS

L 7800 70 watts RMS handling, 3-way system. 12-element crossover, Walnut finish, 8 inch bass unit.



L 7600 50 watts RMS handling, 2-way system. 8-element crossover, Walnut finish, 8 inch bass unit.



L 4400 40 watts RMS handling, 2-way system. 5-element crossover, Walnut finish, 8 inch bass unit.

L 4200 20 watts RMS handling, 2-way system. Bookshelf type, Walnut finish, 6½ inch bass unit.

*IEC rating (measured across 40-16000 Hz + 1dB @ less than 0.7% THD into an 8 ohm load, both channels driven).

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OY! 'OW COME THIS WHITEHOUSE LADY WANTS TO PUT A BLINKER ON US THEN?

PAUL DU NOYER listens to HOT GOSSIP and lives.

"CHECK OUT Hot Gossip," they asked me. "It'll do wonders for your libido."

Libido, eh? A swift glance at the dictionary and I agreed like a shot. To Country Cousin, therefore, a London Kings Road restaurant, to view them in cabaret.

And the troupe troop on — eight girls and two blokes, Hot Gossip are the sensual dance-act you'll recall from the *Kenny Everett Video Show*. Formed three years ago and the creation of choreographer Arlene Phillips, they shot to prominence via the good offices of publicist *par excellence*, Mrs Mary Whitehouse, by virtue (if that's the word) of their extremely rude routines.

But what are they really like in the, so to speak, flesh?

Essentially, they're a fetishist's jukebox, costume-changing by the minute — schoolgirls, chambermaids, SM or drag, just name your specialist subject, Magnus, they've got it covered.

Around the stage they writhe and grind, mostly to a spacey disco soundtrack. Add a light-show, a whip or two and just a touch of dry ice ... And, yes, they are *very* rude.

So here goes. One girl enters in a leotard and — erm, shouldn't somebody tell her? — the audience can see right through it. She's followed by another in riding hat, with crop, plus jodhpurs but — oh dear — nothing else in between.

Diligently, I fumble for my notebook. There's a sleaze-sequence to the sound of "Walk On The Wild Side", some Donna Summer and, as you'd expect, a routine around Hot Gossip's own record, "I Lost My Heart To A Starship Trooper", vocals taken by Sarah Brightman.

The girls are magazine-model in looks though, apparently, their work-rate makes coal-mining seem like relaxation in comparison. As for the blokes, they're sort of ... well, you don't see many like them in Bootle, I know that much.

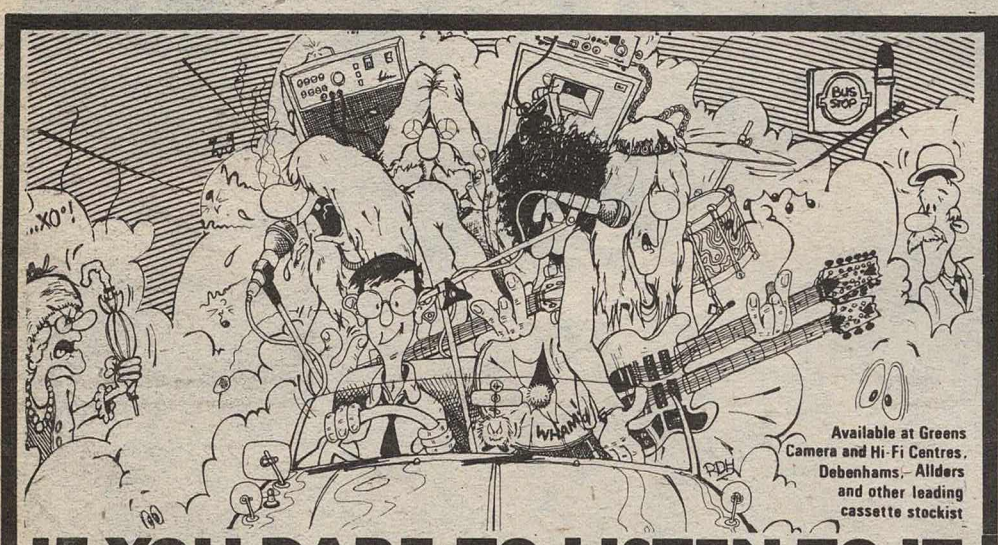
Close-ranged they've more impact than I remember from my last sighting when the troupe played with The Tubes at Knebworth (left me binoculars in me other mac, didn't I?). As Sarah told me later, they're keen to work again with rock acts in the future, though immediate plans revolve around further cabaret work and a forthcoming Kenny Everett Christmas Show. There should be more recordings as well although, to be honest, I won't be holding my breath on that score.

Live, Hot Gossip are slick and witty. They parody fantasies rather than enact them. With style.

THRILLS

Come on, own up time, these dancers are purely artistic, and if you see anything remotely salacious in their strutting then, boy, do we feel sorry for you, sunshine.

Porno pix by GEORGE 'F Stop' BODNAR



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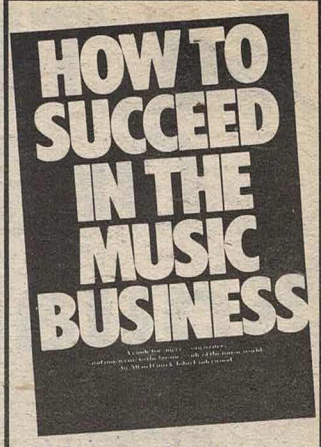

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1965

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Scouse-git casual-chic for power-popppers.

1967 *The Summer Of Love . . . and if your shaded granny's going to San Francisco, make sure she hedges her bets in a military-style tunic and cape (in case she's not sure what side she'll be on in the '68 Paris riots.)*

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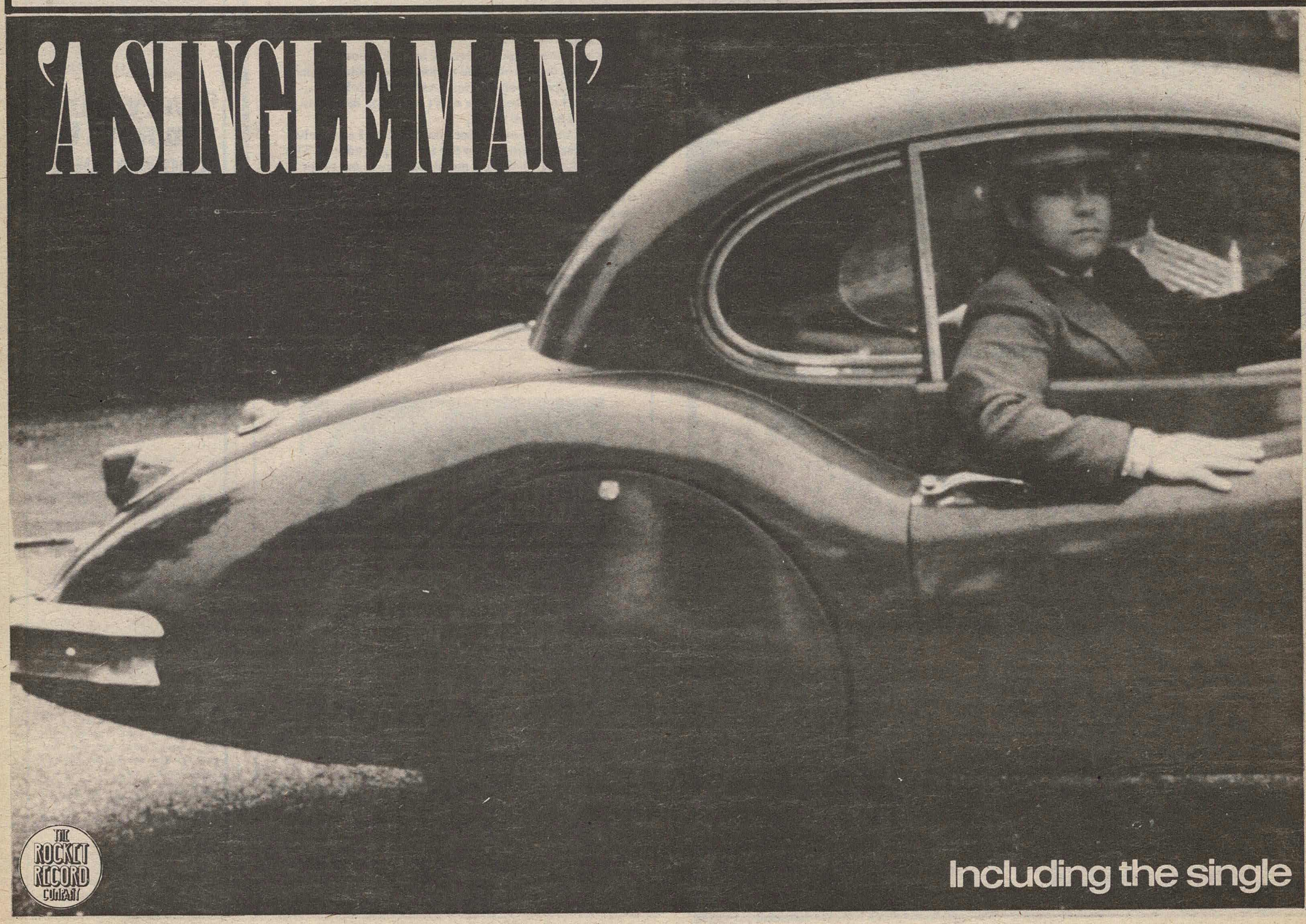

Be seen on the scene this season in strict military style gear in your actual genuine ex-government issue Great Coat! Maxi length, heavy dark blue serge, waisted with huge pockets, shoulder tabs, crested black buttons, fabulous lapels. It's got the lot. It's so way out it's right back in so how does that grab you unisex cats? You've got to wear one to be with it that's for sure! Send now. State height and chest (or bust!) measurement. Refund if it doesn't turn you on.

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1973

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1975

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1978

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1972

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1977

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ADAM & THE ANTS

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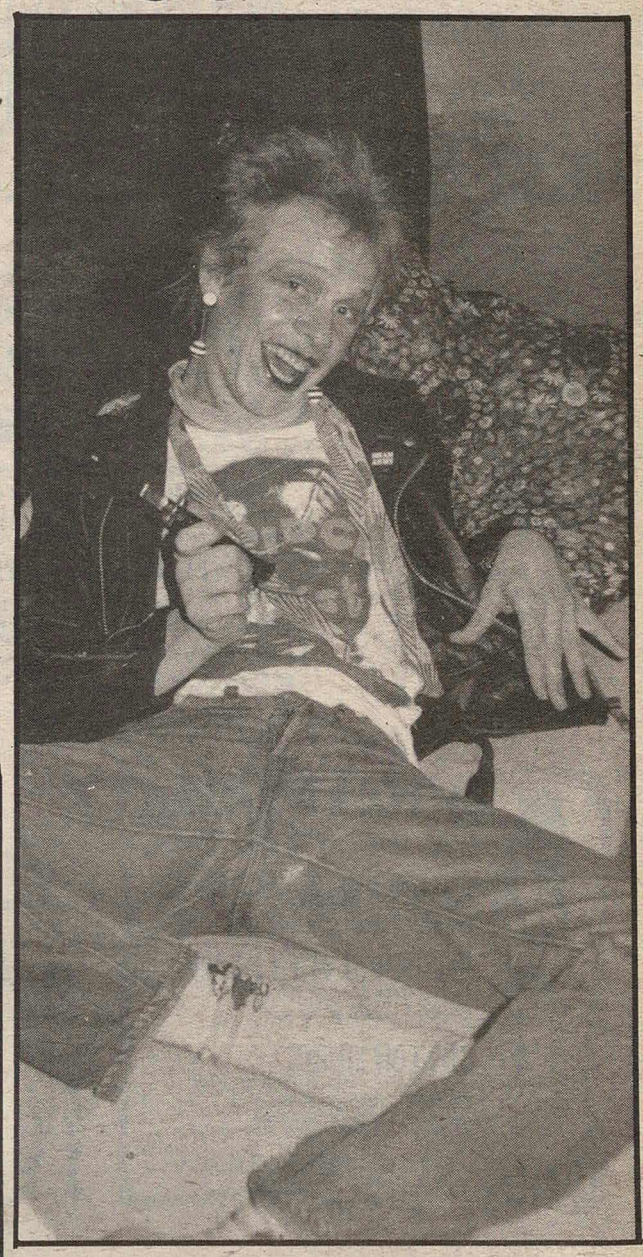
GAS fire, 4 burner with log effect £5. Kettering 790307 after 6 pm.

[illegible] good condition.

Kettering Evening Telegraph strikes again.

THRILLS

BLACKMAIL CORNER



Taking time out from shooting at Pakis with his flabby friend Steevin Joans — well, that's how *he* spelt it on a cheque he sent to Nick Kent recently — personality-plus Paul Cook often finds further relaxation in posing *au naturel* for friends and relatives (it upsets his dad, 'comedian' Peter, you see) after a night out on the town.

Before playing 'doctors *and* nurses' with himself, however, Paul lounges about on florid cushions and pouffes (as captured for posterior in Floada Film's foto above) showing off the make-up hints he's copped from Ms Wayne County, and displaying the familiar high-fashion styles favoured by the likes of 'Talcy' Malcy McLaren.

Should Pauly feel the inclination to come forth with a cheque in the region of, like, an economy return fare to Rio de Janiero, then we'll say — and reveal — no more.

Otherwise the fly that was on the wall that night might tell all, know what we mean, Paul?

MARY QUAINT

THRILLS

DAVE LEWIS

TOUR

Special Appearance at the Music Machine on Nov. 8th

2nd November	Bristol Granary
3rd	Marquee (Support Band Teaza)
4th	Birmingham University
5th	Finchley – The Torrington
8th	Music Machine (Support Band Teaza)
10th	Leeds Forde Green
11th	Bedford College of Education
16th	Swansea Circles Club
17th	Burton on Trent – 76 Club
23rd	Batley – Crumpets
24th	Dudley – Dudley
25th	Nottingham – The Boat Club
26th	Newbridge – Institute Hall
1st December	Manchester Mayflower
2nd	Birmingham Barbarellas
8th	DINGWALLS
9th	Hitchin College, Hitchin

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Brand New Single "Brand New Day"

Single 6007 195

Brand New Tour

As well as a brand new single & the largest UK tour for any major band this year, there is a brand new live double album "Magic in the air," released November 17th.

NOVEMBER
10th BRIDLINGTON SPA Royal Hall
11th LANCASTER University
12th BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome
13th OLDHAM Queen Elizabeth Hall
14th NOTTINGHAM Theatre Royal
15th MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall
16th GLASGOW Apollo Theatre
17th ABERDEEN Capitol
18th DUNDEE Caird Hall
20th EDINBURGH Odeon
21st MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall
22nd YORK University
23rd DERBY Assembly Rooms
25th LOUGHBOROUGH University
26th WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall
27th LEICESTER De Montfort Hall
28th BLACKBURN King Georges Hall
29th COVENTRY Theatre
30th LONDON Wembley Arena (Empire Pool)

DECEMBER
1st BRISTOL Colston Hall
2nd SWANSEA Brangwyn Hall
3rd CARDIFF Top Rank Suite
4th PRESTON Guildhall
5th LIVERPOOL Empire
6th BLACKPOOL Opera House
7th To be announced
9th LEEDS University
10th STOKE-ON-TRENT
11th PORTSMOUTH Guildhall
12th BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl
13th BRIGHTON Dome
14th PLYMOUTH Poly
15th BATH Pavilion
17th BRADFORD St. Georges Hall
18th SHEFFIELD City Hall
19th To be announced
20th NEWCASTLE City Hall
21st NEWCASTLE City Hall
22nd NEWCASTLE City Hall

November 8th Oxford Polytechnic (Rock Goes To College BBC2)

mercury

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XTC
November
2 LEEDS Polytechnic
3 SHEFFIELD University
4 NEWCASTLE University
5 REDCAR Cotham Bowl
7 BRISTOL Locarno
8 NOTTINGHAM Sherwood Rooms
9 BLACKPOOL Tiffany's
IO BIRMINGHAM Town Hall
II AYLESBURY Friars
I2 LONDON Electric Ballroom
I4 GLOUCESTER Tiffany's
I5 BRIGHTON Top Rank

New album Go2 out now on Virgin Records.
V2IO8

ON-TOUR

SKIDS
November
I4 NUNEATON 77 Club
I6 MANCHESTER Russell Club
I7 BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's
I8 LIVERPOOL Eric's
2I PLYMOUTH Metro
22 READING Bones
23 LEEDS Ford Green Hotel
24 EDINBURGH Clouds
December
IO LONDON Lyceum

Don't miss Skids I2" four track EP in red vinyl.VS232I2.
7" single in black vinyl.VS232.

Virgin

RENTAL & LEER AND THE SECRET OF SYNTHESIS

TWO SINGLES were released in mid-September by two Scottish friends who now live on either side of the Thames.

Robert Rental lives in Battersea, south of the river. His record, titled "Paralysis"/"A.C.C.", on the Regular label is two sides of blurred, nebulous music that uses sound, repetition and treated voice to create messy synthetic noise collages. "Paralysis" drifts and splutters, "A.C.C." is short and whimsical; near reference points are inevitably Can, Cluster, Froese.

Thomas Leer lives in Finsbury Park, north of the river. His record, "Private Plane"/"International", on the Oblique label was shrewdly chosen as Tony Parsons' last single of the week. "International" is a simply great record; beautifully structured, active and melodic. "Private Plane" is also neatly structured, with gorgeously subdued dynamics and a strong combination of sound effect and melody.

Both singles were recorded in the respective musicians' living rooms: 'living room electronic chamber music'. Each used bass, guitar, drum machine, voice, with the synthetic textures ingeniously created by a Stylophone. Leer, having some familiarity with the hired four-track tape equipment, helped with the production of Rental's record.

The construction of each record was the same. A first track was recorded, with the rest of the instruments and voice then systematically layered over each other, improvised to some extent; the finished product was seamless.

Considering the inexperience of Leer and Rental, and their limited recording and instrumental facilities, both records are remarkable achievements.

650 copies of each single were pressed for an overall cost of less than £150 each (covers xeroxed and labels hand stamped). They are being distributed by Rough Trade, who refused to take the original tapes onto their own label because they considered that the sound was 'too rough'. Already, those 650 are close to being sold. Leer and Rental were unsure whether to press up another batch. However public demand has forced them to act. Leer's record in particular has genuine commercial potential.

A new independent label called Company are doing the honours.

Both musicians are in their mid-twenties. Both have been trying since the beginning of the decade to make some sort of mark, separately and together making music, writing songs, making films, organising absurd experimental performances and moving down from and back up to Scotland in search of like-minded creative souls, inspiration and audiences.

They have that type of unorthodox, uneducated intelligence, a result of trial, error and experience, that means their theories and plans are individual and committed. Their closest contemporary would seem to be Mark Perry.

Prior to 1976 and The Sex Pistols, Leer and Rental's music bent towards the German electronic people — Can, Faust, Beefheart, Hamill, the Velvets and reggae. Their musical activities at the time reflected this. By 1977 the influence of the times urged them to form 'a straight punk group'. "The closest we ever got to a working unit". After gigging sporadically and chaotically they became frustrated. Shown the way by (among others) The Desperate Bicycles, they decided to make a record. To scratch their itches, to show people that they existed. Despite having done most of their musical experimenting together, they decided to make separate singles.

Leer: "When we decided to do it, well, we'd just picked up on The Residents and we thought, 'Good God, who are these guys? This is what we were doing three years ago!' I'm sure there were hundreds of other guys all over the country saying that, and here are these guys from San Fransisco actually making it . . . let's get a record out!

"At that time we'd both been working separately and we'd both accumulated lots of ideas, so when it came to the

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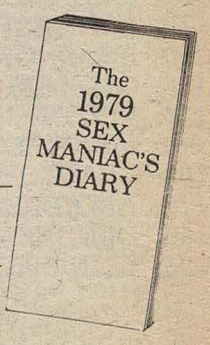

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LEER

RENTAL

LEER

crunch we both decided to do it alone. At first we were going to put them on the same label — Air Raid — but we even changed that at the end."

Rental: "We keep bouncing off each other. We say we're going to do something together then we bounce away. The records were made on the rebound."

Although the influences and approach are all but identical, the two records seem totally distinct. The broad split is between Rental's excitable romanticism and Leer's studied realism.

It seems to be a productive partnership. The next step is apparently for the two to come together again, to form a group with Liz Farrow on synthesizer and possibly a drummer. "A real drummer", insists Leer, fond of the drive of traditional rock music that he feels is missing from his record and most electronically flavoured rock. Although they admire groups like The Banshees, The Prefects and The Fall who use orthodox instruments to create unorthodox sounds, the plan is for the group to be heavily electronic.

Rental: "It'll be electronic, but there's a lot of shit involved there. People think of Pink Floyd, Dan Dare suits and synthesizers. But at the same time it's possibly the best field to work in, so many possibilities. Everything tends to reach back to Chuck Berry, which is okay, but electronics opens up so many other possibilities."

This brings us to the new 'synthesizer syndrome'. Rental and Leer fear a new breed of little Suicides, Cabaret Voltaires and Human Leagues popping up, to follow the clone Pistols, "twiddling away on synthesizers and making hack statements".

Leer's ambition is to experiment with sounds, retain rock's power and beat, to evolve, and to reach people.

"Already we've been put on a par with Cabaret Voltaire and The Human League and such — sort of, add another two forces to the list. Which is very nice, to be related to anyone, but at the same time I don't feel any affinity, except that possibly musical influences come from the same places. In terms of what I've created and what I intend to carry on creating, it doesn't seem to have that much in common with them."

So what is it all about? Perhaps trying to bridge the gap between the post 1945 avant-garde and the public, using 'rock'?

"Your average Joe doesn't want to know. Schoenburg, who the fuck's he? John Cage? YAWN, y'know, gimme something with with a beat, y'know, they don't care. The only people that really care are the rock intellectuals who are easily bored; these are the people who are getting into Cabaret Voltaire and the likes, people who are fed up with the norm. But the average Joe, he doesn't want anything new. He's quite happy getting the same tripe rammed down his throat.

"So how do you do it without putting people off? A lot of people have tried but failed. It's questionalble how many people Cabaraet Voltaire and Throbbing Gristle are actually getting to. How many frustrated industrial kids are there who actually *know* that they're frustrated and industrial?

"The only way to do it perhaps is to pick up on the escapist ploys and inject something into it, which I think is where bands like Kraftwerk are going to take off. But this music is really just reaching the intellect at the moment. It's not got as deep as where punk got. I mean, you had to be a pretty dumb kid not to get off on what the Pistols were saying. You could easily dismiss Throbbing Gristle or you could easily dismiss me — although I'm pretty poppy."

It is difficult to dismiss Leer and Rental, despite their own words. They are gritty, shrewd and enthusiastic musicians who can relate to both 'Joe Public' and 'The Rock Intellect'. The electronic pop of David Bowie, Donna Summer, Kraftwerk, et al, has been predominantly shallow and poorly balanced, but it has opened slightly a door which Leer and Rental hope to push wider with their balance of tradition and experimentation; melody and noise have ignited, and the pressure has already begun to reach them. If they can ride this, stay level-headed, and get to use better equipment and facilities, their potential is nothing less than staggering.

PAUL MORLEY

THRILLS

GLOBAL NUKE PROTEST

AN IMAGINATIVE plan to hold anti-nuclear demonstrations on the same day throughout the world have been proposed by leading campaigners in Europe.

Initial plans were laid at a meeting held in Basel on June 24-25 this year with all the North European countries present except, for some reason, Britain. They proposed that on June 3-4, 1979, demonstrations should be held in as many countries as possible with the aim of demonstrating the international scope of the problem by calling a halt to work on nuclear installations.

A network of contacts is being established; the next meeting is on December 2-3 and we'll keep you posted as things develop.

Meantime you can mark that date down in the 1979 issue of the successful Big Red Diary, whose theme this year is nuclear power. Editorial strength was provided by members of the Undercurrents collective, and the result is highly recommended.

In a fact-filled introductory section, useful information about the whole issue is nattily presented. As you run through the diary, strategically placed facts about macabre nuclear disasters, big protests and anniversary dates are supplemented by a wide and witty collection of graphics. A timely printpiece, it is also an optimistic sign that the issues of nuclear power are beginning to gain a stronger political edge.

The Big Red Diary 1979 is published by Pluto Press, £1.50, available direct from them at Unit 10, Spencer Court, 7 Chalcot Road, London NW1 8LH.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

Join a rock band, pose for sleazy pictures by FIN COSTELLO. The South's not all that's rising . . . (What? The band? Search us. Probably a bunch of schmucks like VAN HALEN.)

STEPHEN STILLS · THOROUGHFARE GAP

Stephen Stills breaks away from the pack with 'Thoroughfare Gap'
—a new album that really carries a kick.
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BUCKO boys (L-R): Pat Rafferty, Seb Wang, Archie Brown, Steve Brookes, Tony Wadsworth.

BUCK UP — YOU'RE IN THE YOUNG BUCK GENERATION!

"I COULDN'T believe it," says Seb Wang of his audition for The Young Bucks, "They didn't want to know if I could *play* the drums, but how hard I could *hit* them."

The reason for this, the group hasten to explain, was not because they were particularly loud, but because they were particularly broke. "We didn't have a big PA," says Pat Rafferty, "and we couldn't afford to mike up the drums. But we did need a drummer with a heavy snare drum beat, like on those Tamla records. If you listen to those, it's all *boomp boomp boomp boomp*. It's *so* good."

A love of the Tamla and Stax sounds of the mid-'60s is the one musical taste which is common to all the band. It's a sound which they incorporate into their own music, without being in any way a revivalist band. "We do two or three covers in a set of 18 songs," says Pat. "We're definitely *not* an R&B band."

The Doors, Dylan and Van Morrison are also (faintly) discernible influences on the Bucks, though their music is completely their own — a warm, soulful funtime rock which just feels *so* good.

One aspect of the band's music which is frequently overlooked is its political content. "Seen It All Before" casts a jaundiced eye on the reemergence of fascism, while both sides of their Blueport single — "Get Your Feet Back On The Ground" c/w "Cold Cold Morning" — display a closer acquaintance with real life than is customary for rock songs. The latter, incidentally, has traces of Dylan's "115th Dream" style in its lyrics.

Nor do the Bucks stop at words. They've done RAR gigs, plus benefits for a battered wives refuge, a children's home and the anti-Windscale movement.

Ecologist of the band is bassist Steve Brookes, who was doing a course on sewage disposal at Newcastle University before he joined The Young Bucks. "I was studying shit and piss," he says succinctly.

Co-founders Pat Rafferty (keyboards) and Tony Wadsworth (guitar) were also students at the university — they formed the band in 1975, and are the only original members to remain.

Steve joined about two years ago, before the band had played any gigs. Another student, Archie Brown, joined six months later, replacing sax player John Glyn, who went on to work with X-Ray Spex and Wreckless Eric. Now Archie, Pat and Tony write the songs, and share the singing between them.

The present line-up was completed when Seb Wang replaced Tim Wilder on drums about a year ago. A fact which, much to Seb's disgust, went mysteriously unnoted in the *NME Book Of Modern Music*.

Four months ago, the Bucks moved down to London for keeps, and they've been gigging solidly ever since. Now they're booked-up until Xmas, with residencies at the Kensington, the Rock Garden and the Brecknock, and a college tour is being planned for early spring. A&M, Arista, EMI, Polydor, RCA and others have shown interest in the band, which augurs well for their ambition to record an album with a major company.

"The dream's faded with things like Stiff," declares

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Tony. "We've had our own record company, and tried that. We want to be able to get down to making music without meeting financial obstacles at every turn.

"For a start, our gear's obsolete, so we need to buy new gear. Then we want to concentrate on an album. We'd like to get a recording contract for about £50,000, which sounds a lot, but really it would just be enough for us all to live on for about a year. And I don't see that's any submission of artistic integrity as long as we stand firm about what we want to do musically."

I look suitably dubious at this simple faith in the beneficence of record companies.

"Even with a £50,000 advance, we'd only be on £40 — £50 a week," puts in Archie, "which is a lot less than the average guy earns."

At present, it seems, the Bucks are just above starvation level, *and* working almost non-stop. On his rare days off, you'll likely find Pat Rafferty at Bakerloo underground, busking for his beer money.

"I don't know any other band that rehearses all day and then goes out and gigs at night. And we do that four or five days a week. We must be working 70 — 80 hours each week." Pat pauses. "But I wouldn't do anything else. I mean, I don't resent it, I love it."

The Young Bucks should be able to love it *and* eat well in the very near future.

GRAHAM LOCK

THRILLS

THE KILLER DISC!

Soccer thugs' new weapon of terror

From The Sun, Tuesday — presumably a reference to the large number of dead whales found floating belly up in the Atlantic after being exposed to Yes's last single.

This week's edition of Thrills was brought to you by courtesy of the makers of Slickee Ducktail Hair Lotion and the proprietors of the Taco Take-Away Cabaret Lounge, Clacton, in the heart of the Essex Riviera. From all of us to all of you — have a very good day and until next week, remember: don't put anything on your hair you wouldn't put on your chips!

THE END

STRANGLERS FANS!

Don't say we don't do anything for you beefy boys. Here on the ol' *NME* we've been racking our brains all week to come up with some special little enticement to make you buy next week's paper. So here it is: Name the Macho Dude above, and we'll send you a genuine mansize chest wig. No kidding. First correct answer wins. Post to: Name The Macho Dude, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1.

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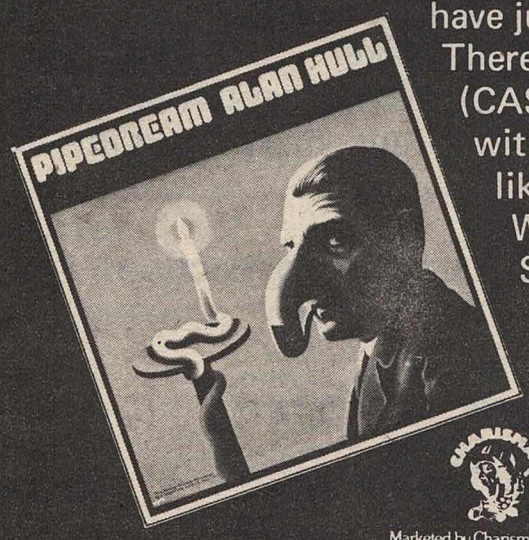
Remember the first time you ever heard Lindisfarne?

Lindisfarne are back together again, and every bit as good as you remember them.
For absolute proof of this, listen to two albums that have just been re-released.
There's Nicely Out of Tune (CAS 1025—Tape 7208560) with unforgettable numbers like Lady Eleanor, Clear White Light and We Can Swing Together.
And there's Alan Hull's superb solo album, Pipedream (CAS 1069 —Tape 7208564).



Marketed by Charisma Records

CRASH COURSE IN CORRUPTION

FIST OUTSTRETCHED above his head, Fergal Sharkey flails his arm like a helicopter propeller going into take off as The Undertones hit into the revolving guitar intro of their brand new hit "Teenage Kicks" for the second time this evening.

Para-jacketed youths, lotsa sweet young things and even a few older, hairier folk follow Fergal's lead as the hall fills with demented human helicopters. It's just one of the countless encores the band play; a series of encores begun by Sharkey himself taking the microphone and leading the audience in a chorus of "We want more" . . .

The Undertones are a cliche of most rock journalists' imagination — it's easy to apply hackneyed, wellworn phrases like "youthful vibrance", "lustful aggression" and "teenage exuberance" to them — but for once this band actually fits the bill. They produced a beautiful noise, all wacky Thunders-style guitar, excitable vocals and bouncy boppy rhythms; it may be messy and immature at times, but when you've only seen sixteen summers pass you by it makes more sense than almost anything you've ever heard.

DERRY IS a city with some of the worst housing and unemployment figures in the UK, a town of two communities segregated by a river and religion. As you may have guessed, Derry isn't the most exciting place in the world. Jesus, even the town's football team was axed from the Irish League a few seasons ago.

In about 1975 the O'Neill brothers (John and Finney) got together with a gangling acne-smitten jokester called Micky Bradeley and a fresh-faced drummer called Billy Docherty. They were all pretty well pissed off with just playing football and doing little else, so they thought it would be a "good crack" to start a rock band.

As they learned to play on borrowed equipment, to the tune of such pre-punk manuals as "Nuggets", they realised that a younger O'Neill brother (Daimion) might be more suitable as a lead guitarist (although Finney remains connected to the band as van driver, roundsman and all-round helper) and that the silly kid with the squint who sat beside Billy in English class, name of Fergal Sharkey, might with time turn out to be just what they were looking for — the ideal vocalist. Or the next best thing, anyway.

"Bill was always on at me to come round and sing for this band, but I just kept whistling and singing to keep him going," says Fergal.

Evetually he was persuaded to come round to a rehearsal in John's bedroom and after seeing they had guitars and some equipment he joined. In the months ahead Fergal could be seen arriving at practices in a state of fatigue after carrying his record player for two miles across Derry to put a microphone through and use as a PA.

Following a few feet-finding gigs in Derry in 1976, they played the infamous Casbar in early 1977. The venue has since been immortalised in The Undertones' "Louie Louie" offspring, "Casbar Rock", which more or less documents the attitudes towards them in those early days when they were more likely to get a shower of beer glasses than an encore from the reactionary dandruff carriers who frequented the pub.

"It was good when everybody hated us. We used to get all these old hippies laughing at us and calling us shite. Billy kicked his drums in the first time we played there — it gave us a sort of adrenalin."

TRAVELLING to Dublin twice in 1977, they found great encouragement from the alternative music scene there, moving out and away from the morass of showbands and bearded folkies weened on Guinness.

However, their second visit to Dublin was at the Belfield Festival which culminated in the tragic death of Patrick Coultry last summer.

Billy Docherty was unfortunate enough to be wearing the same garb as the suspected murderer, and found himself being grilled by cops in both Dublin and Derry. The band split up for a while, confused and shocked by the aftermath of Belfield.

But braving the beer, gob and glass at the Casbar until Christmas was to reap its dividends. As they built up a hardcore following of kids just like themselves, the band at last found themselves playing for their real audience: Derry's lost youth.

It should be remembered that The Undertones remained the sole orinators of the scene in Derry. There were no groups or fanzines, and the distance between Derry and Belfast made co-operation with emerging bands there impossible. They've always been a singular phenomenon and John, with typical modesty, opines: "If we can do it, anyone can. We were just a group of fellas playing to people like ourselves. It could just have easily been them playing and us in the audience."

They recorded a demo tape which was sent to and refused by most of the major independent labels (who's sorry now?), but after a phone call to the ever helpful John Peel had attuned his ear to the fact that there was life beyond Stiff Little Fingers the DJ expressed interest in hearing the band's demo tape. Suitably impressed, he arranged a session to be recorded.

But Belfast's Good Vibrations label also got a taste of the tape, and the band recorded an EP for the label (Got 4) the day after their first ever Belfast appearance at a Battle of the Bands gig at Queens University.

THE REST is common knowledge — fervent plugging by Mr Peel led to a £36,000 recording contract with Sire Records, a Peter Powell record of the week, *TOTP* and a golden classic of a single called "Teenage Kicks" which, I'll be darned, seems destined for No. 1.

On the afternoon before the gig I saw last week, the band stopped off in Coleraine. Their initial qualms at going into the city centre — religious differences — were soon washed away when a visit to the local music shop saw John and Daimion returning to the van beaming. "Two guys asked us for our autographs," John tells me.

But for tonight's gig at Chesters Arcadia in Portrush the band still have to make do with a borrowed PA because various hassles with van hire firms maked it impossible to shift the band's own PA up from Belfast. This calls for considerable readjustment of the stage, after which recreation is sought playing football with a cigarette carton, or listening to "Teenage Kicks" at 33 rpm (try it, it bears more than a passing resemblance to Bryan Ferry) or alternatively down at the local amusement arcade.

In downtown Portrush there's a picture of Micky Bradeley in a record shop window. "Hey boy, that's a great picture! Look at it, you can't see my acne!"

When he hears the band are to do *Top Of The Pops* he suggests the make-up department will have to lay cosmetics on with a trowel to hide his pubescent pimples. Bradeley's a card; onstage he finds time to play bars amidst pulling a whole range of comical expressions, engaging in often hilarious rapport with his mates at the front and haranguing the rest of the band with good-natured banter.

Billy Docherty is slightly reserved, but he sums up the band's attitude succintly enough before the gig. "Fun, Fun, Fun — Fun is the key word. As long as we get two busloads of people from Derry out to have fun we'll be happy." He may be quiet offstage, but put him behind a drum kit and he'll lay into it with the gay abandon of a bunny rabbit about to get its jollies cracked.

THE BAND provide one of the raunchiest rock'n'roll shows I've ever seen. They make no compromises to punky wavedom. Micky wears white skinners, Fergal sports a natty line in rollnecks — they look like they could have come straight out of a Jilted John scenario. Their numerous little anthems of frustration, exemplified by "Teenage Kicks" (the actual inspiration for that particular gem comes from The Crystals' "He's A Rebel"), provide catharsis for the post-punk and has-been teenyboppers in the audience.

John occupies the left flank, a human rocking horse with wayward knees-to-the-chin dance steps, merrily slashing out metal splitting

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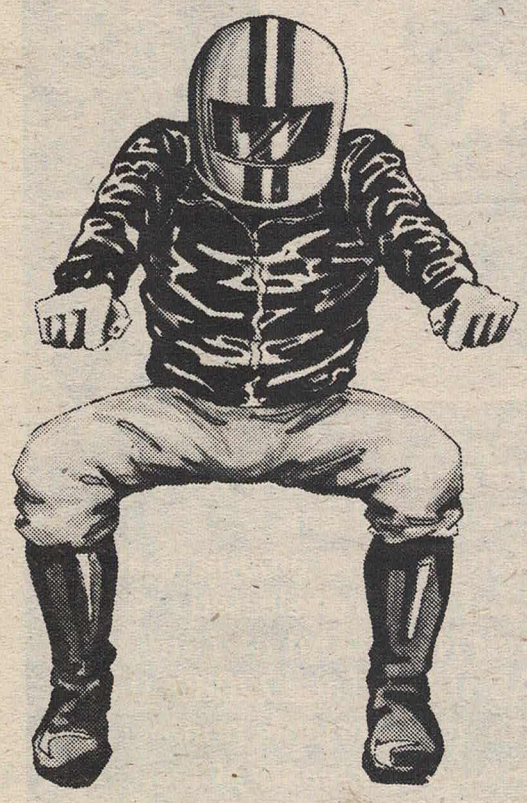

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WITH THE UNDERTONES

guitar and taking the lead vocals on one song, the short, breakneck, "She Can Only Say No".

Sharkey gets through twenty fags a gig, punching the air frantically and losing his £20 digital watch in the process. He particularly excels on "Male Model", a snigger at the would-be Kays Catalogue brigade; after shave, open neck shirts and polester slacks essential.

At the far left Micky and Daimion share the microphone, delivering scant, off-the-cuff harmonies just where they're needed. After a 1½-hour blitz — having resisted the temptation to blow some of their advance on alcohol, thus avoiding the shambolic performance common from groups in their position —it's over. "We can't go on, my arms are all smelly," offers Fergal.

By GAVIN MARTIN

...so why aren't they bubbling over?

LOOKING AHEAD, it's hard to see how The Undertones are going to keep their innocent *joie de vivre* intact. Certainly they couldn't have gone on playing the Casbar forever, but I can't help feeling they're inevitably going to become a sanitised product to satiate the greed of their multi-million pound recording conglomerate. Plunged in at the deep end, they are already becoming confused and unsteady in face of contracts and offers from the well-meaning and leeches alike.

The pressure of being a hot commodity may simply be too great to bear. John even says he's "sorta beginning to regret signing." We express mutual disgust at the whole industry where it's possible to earn more in a week than your dad ever earned in his life.

But they accept the transient nature of their music, and, whatever, I'd advise you to go and catch them whenever and wherever you can because they are the virtual essence of rock'n'roll.

I just hope they tread warily, because they are entering the mouth of a giant corporation that opens to feed, not to kiss, and the valley of slobbering sycophants who suck the life blood from the young. Unfortunately, survival kits aren't part of the recording deal.

Xray Spex New Single From Xray Spex New Single From Xray Spex New Single From

SINGLES

13th FLOOR ELEVATORS

ROY HILL: Pic: M. HARRISON-GOUDIE

BLONDIE

● SINGLE OF THE WEEK
ROY HILL: I Like I Like I Like (*Arista*).
I like the way Roy Hill takes the piss out of rock and roll's sexual mores, social manners, tribal customs etc with such an ingenious poker-face that it's often hard to tell whether he's extolling their virtues like some "decadent", "nihilistic" Yankee "anachronism" or clawing them to ribbons.

Most of the sleazy sub-culture's putrid underbelly is here, so why not LingalongaRoy as he takes you down an ageing Outlaw's shock-horror-outrage memory lane . . . A sense of reality that is quite unreal, the click of a six-inch heel, the feeling of a ten-inch spike, I Like-I-Like-I-Like, long, blonde platinum curls and — most of all — leather clad girls, hating rock music (it's just too much noise), preferring the comfort of mechanical toys, I don't like sculpture but I know what I like, I like-I-like-I-like . . .

I like the way the carefully concealed hand is suddenly shown with a truly gumbie-rock, *"I like New Wave music!"*

I like that band — the nearest the U.K. has got to the E Streeters — and what I'd *really* like is for the rest of the world to quit this Roy Who? bullshit and recognise the geezer as one of our greatest songwriters with no eyebrows raised. He's written far better songs than this one, see, and it still wipes the floor with the best of the rest this week.

Even . . .

X-RAY SPEX: Germ Free Adolescents (*EMI*).
In every dream home a bottle of Listermint. This is the title track of the forthcoming album, a beautiful antiseptic love-song, all deodorised libido with a lilting "Baba O'Reilly" motif running throughout, a soul version of "For Your Pleasure" though Poly agonises in the face of her perceptions whereas Ferry tended to wallow in his ("Well, I've been up all night." "AGAIN?").

Poly's a soul singer now, Veda Brown incarnate, she's that good, with all the tasteful sense of theatrical melodrama that implies. *"He's a germ free adolescent, cleanliness is her obsession./Cleans her teeth ten times a day,/Scrub away, scrub away, scrub away, the S.R. way."* An emotive indictment on personal hygiene. Not backed with a cover of "The Martian Hop".

BLONDIE: Hanging On The Telephone (*Chrysalis*).
GRUPPO SPORTIVO: Hey Girl (*Epic*).
XTC: Are You Receiving Me (*Virgin*).
Three extremely busy little songs where nothing much happens. Blondie manage to quell their burning artistic creativity (i.e. their much-mooted songwriting) and severely sanitise West Coast punky-but-chic band The Nerves' number. It elaborates the "Picture This" theme; what your right arm's for, Deborah as salivating bitch-on-heat predator, begging on her knees, darling, please, why do ya keep me hanging on?

After Blondie produced one of the greatest debut albums of the 70s — which you all blithely ignored — it's tragic things have sunk this low. I mean, songs calculated to appeal to boys who still live with their mothers! Still, you should have a good run on this one, Chris. But, as Lou Reed once remarked, the kids are being hyped.

Gruppo Sportivo come across like third rate comedians, just dumb clogheads who — if they weren't chummy with Lewis Furey, if they didn't have pretensions to Abbaranto charm and a brace of blonde birds in their line-up — would be reduced to peddling their populist wares in some back-street Amsterdam window.

"She said, 'Your nose is runny, honey'. I Said, 'Sorry, but it's snot!' ". Thanks, gang, I hadn't heard that one since behind the bicycle sheds in primary school.

XTC are quirky, kinetic, inconsequential, one of those bands who say they don't care about the rock press yet start believing their own publicity the moment everyone starts gawping at how clever they are. You can tell they've toured with Talking Heads. I pine for the captivating simplicity of "Statue Of Liberty". I remember how happy I was with XTC then, ah, yes, I remember it well, this is catchy to the point of irritation. I keep singing the title. People are looking. They think I'm mental.

THE SHIRTS: Lonely Android (*Harvest*).
Punk got cosmic-buffoons, too.

13th FLOOR ELEVATORS: You're Gonna Miss Me (*Radar*).
Superior pop-psychedelia lifted from the "Nuggets" compilation, reminiscent of Them on acid. Which way is this going Vaaannn?

THE FLYS: Waikiki Beach Refugees (*EMI*).
And where do the surfers go after The Last Wave? What happens when your tanned pectorals sag, when your black roots are showing and the surf-board's got dry-rot? Gawd knows. This single has imaginatively illusive imagery, an infectious riff-motif and, he concluded, it's a punky "Honky Tonk Woman" coming down off Dodos.

CHAS AND DAVE WITH ROCKNEY: Strummin'/I'm In Trouble (*EMI*).
If Ian Dury hadn't spent ten years in art schools would he have been Chas and Dave? And would he have minded splitting the royalty cheques with himself? Anyhow the line, *"I'll have a cold one out the fridge!"* is touched with a peculiarly Angloholic version of the kind of genius that penned, *"Where hamburgers sizzle on an open grill night and day!"*

'Andsome. 'Ugely 'umorous.

BRYAN & MICHAEL. Mam When's Mi Dad Coming Home?(*Pye*).
What's an Edible Complex, then? When a Greek boy refuses to dine in restaurants and stays home all the time eating his mother's cooking: Seriously, though, this is all brass bands, shaving mugs, barefoot children's choirs, cloth caps and clogs; Sham 69 if they'd been born in Scunthorpe instead of Surrey. Eeeee, but it was a grand ride back, though but, our kid, etcetera. Lads' music. And I'm sure all you lads will be very happy together. Safety in numbers, right?

UK SUBS: C.I.D. (*City*).
. . . is i.n.n.o.c.e.n.t.?
Contemporary if unlikely. Actually, it's Sweeny backlash vitriol with the lead guitar's impersonation of a Panda's mating call increasing my paranoia, like looking in my mirror and seeing a police car. Backed with, "I Live In A Car", the last, the very last, truly *great* punk song to resonate in the murky bowels of The Roxy.

JOE JACKSON: Is She Really going Out With Him? (*A&M*).
Jilted John for adults. Great stuff.

MEAT LOAF: All Revved Up With No Place To Go (*Epic*).
How could I possibly hate a record that blatantly rips off the melodic framework of Bonnie and The Treasures' "Home Of The Brave", Bruce's sense of dynamics and Spector's production techniques? I dunno, but I manage it somehow.

AL STEWART: Time Passages (*RCS*).
Al thinks that everyone still lives in a bed-sit. He could be right.

THE PALEY BROTHERS AND RAMONES. Come On Let's Go (*Sire*).
Alessi Twins for pinheads.

BRYAN FERRY: Carrickfergus (*Polydor*).
The "Mull Of Kintyre" of the Maunkberry's set. I've worn out me copy of "Sign Of The Times", though. Honest, Bryan.

WILLIE NELSON: Blue Skies (*CBS*)
Piquant Irving Berlin comes to poignant Marlboro County. Heart-wrenching.

FRANKIE VALLI: Save Me, Save Me (*Warner Brothers*).
Crap is the word, is the word that you heard, and crap is the thing we are throwing, Frankie.

CABARET VOLTAIRE: Talkover (*Rough Trade*).
Casual Kraftwerk bootlegged in the bath. Meaningful.

DARYL HALL & JOHN OATES: The Last Time (RCA).
I was going to say I'm a sucker for ballads with that stirring Jack Nitzsche-ish arrangement, but you got to choose your words carefully with John'n'Dar, Contagious. Or do I mean malignant?

THE RED CRAYOLA: Wives In Orbit (*Radar*).
Imagine 78 rpm Feelgoods fronted by an hysterical David Byrne rhyming *"Destiny"* with *"Depressing me, depressing me"* and such like, his obsession shifted from scatology to space-shuttle, backed by shrieking banshee vocalists . . . imagined it? Bizarre, right?

WRECKLESS ERIC: Take The Cash (K.A.S.H.) (*Stiff*).
Chuck Berry would have admired Wreck's business acumen but a strained desperation to be whacky and indifferent songwriting ability is hardly the foundation that I personally would employ to work my way towards that elusive first million.

PROTEX: Don't Ring Me Up (*Good Vibrations*).
Protex have the solid, punchy, economical infectiousness of The Heartbreakers but with a vestige of innocence that the boys from New York City left behind them in some Manhattan loft many moons ago. This sounds like it was recorded in shoe-box full of shit in Shoeburyness (thanks, Charlie) but my contact in Northern Ireland assures me that Protex are going back into the studio soon for another shot at "Don't Ring Me Up".

This is still the best thing to come out of Belfast since Victim's "Strange Thing By Night".

THE GO-BETWEENS: Sing Lee Remick (*Able*).
"I-I-I-I love Lee Remick, she's a darling!" Touching tribute to beaut Sheila from three love-sick Bruces, oozing pure-pop consciousness, platonic pizazz and

■ Continues page 28

Reviewed this week by TONY PARSONS

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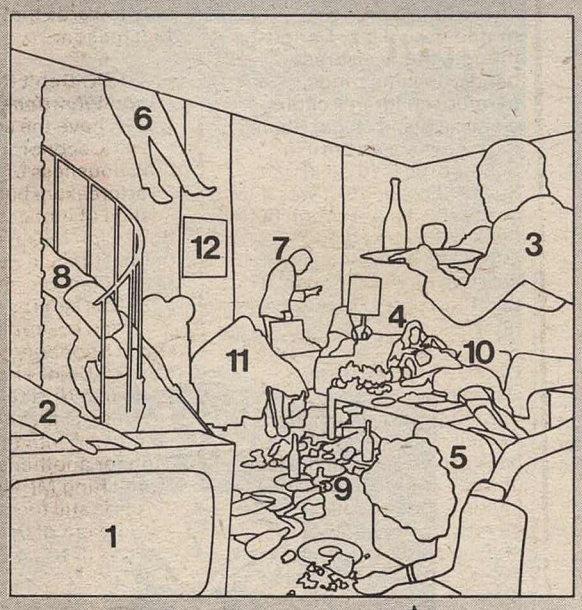

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■ *From page 26*

pooofters. I bet they never camped by a billabong in their lives.

THE TWEEDS: Underwater Girl (*Autobahn*).
Such a relief to discover a German band who don't want to be an IBM machine. Sub-aquatic fantasia, a real little toe-tapper, that memorable melody so artfully plundered my brain hurts trying to work out where it comes from. The sand gets everywhere, don't it?

BOB DYLAN: Is Your Love In Vain? (*CBS*).
VAN MORRISON: Wavelength (*Warners*).THE MOODY BLUES: Driftwood (*Decca*).
CHICAGO: Alive Again (*CBS*)-
SLADE: Rock 'N' Roll Bolero (*Barn*).
MICKEY JUPP: Old Rock 'N' Roller (*Stiff*).
A Doctor writes: the position that Slade occupy these days in the sad netherworld of pop's wasteland has a reservation or ten already booked for the current *TOTPunks* in a few years time. The symptoms remain the same — the string of hit singles; the lengthy, unsuccessful hammering away at Uncle Sam's 24-carat door while the neglected homeland fans move on to other things (rock bands living forever but not so little boys, pogoing and phlegm propulsion soon making way for other toys); predictable talk of getting more involved in the moving pictures field; the life support machine of fading past glories

Slade seem subdued, Noddy himself is so mellowed that I look forward to the band covering "Christmas (War Is Over)", and any song that rips off Ravel for their hookline-punch has just got to be a load of cobblers.

After influencing more 70s songwriters (count 'em) than any other musician, it's too bad Van Morrison has apparently become infatuated with a Jackson Brown inflatable doll. This is like an FM "Roadrunner" strongly seasoned with JB's "Running On Empty", not a *bad* little record by almost anybody's standards except those of Dick Van Morrison himself.

While I can appreciate the inherent black humour of Chicago's "Alive Again" after that unfortunate William Tellish, do-it-yourself-lobotomy incident, this is just a 78 rpm re-run of their more mawkish mush like, "Cranium, What A Big Surprise" (which was also a kinda funny title, come to think of it).

The Moody Blues "Driftwood" is their usual I-wish-I-could -be-like-David-Gates gentile womb-rock. *Adored* your solo "Forever Autumn", though, Justin.

Bob Dylan is as profound as a pissing toad, under the delusion he's old man Moses to boot.

"Well, I've been to the mountain!"

And don't tell me, Bob — you're bringing us the word, right? Am I warm?

"Are you so fast that you can't see I must have solitude?/Can you cook and sew, make flowers grow? Do you understand my pain? Are you willing to risk it all or is your love in vain?"

A whiney dirge, unbelievably self-centred and trite. Rumour has it that Sarah named the song as co-respondent during her divorce from Bobby, and if you think that "Street Legal" is in the same class as "Blood On The Tracks", then who's the biggest sucker — you or Robert?

The sole member of this battered veterans' category who retains this dignity, who injects some energised good humour into his music, who proves himself capable of holding his own alongside any greenhorn still wet behind the plectrum, is the quasi-mythical Mickey Jupp. He comes clean and you don't have to remember rationing for it to put a smile on your chops and get those feets moving as if possessed with a will of their own . . .

"I can't do it! I'm too old! I'm way out of touch!/I don't play guitar, I use it as a crutch!/And as for my singing, well, that ain't up to much!/I can't do it! I'm too old! It ain't my scene!/I aint done this kinda thing since I was 17!/But the man said,'Do it, or you don't get a bean!'/So I do it, I do it till I'm blue in the face!/Sing and play guitar and jump all over the place!/Sing some heavy lyrics in a costly suit!/Nobody will ever know I'm pissed as a newt!"

For Mickey Jupp it's yesterday once more.

The rest of you can go now.

MICKEY JUPP. Pic: ADRIAN BOOT

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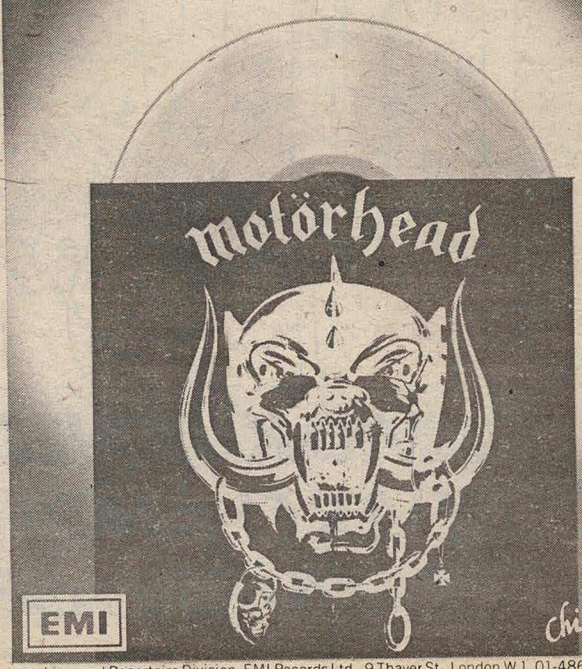

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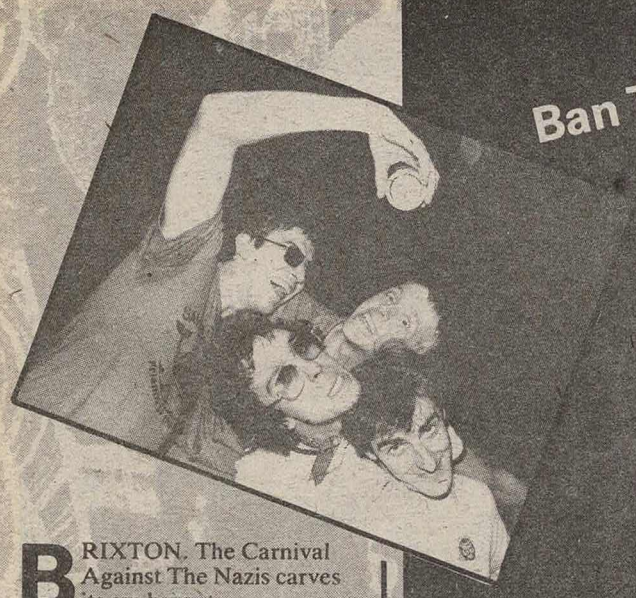
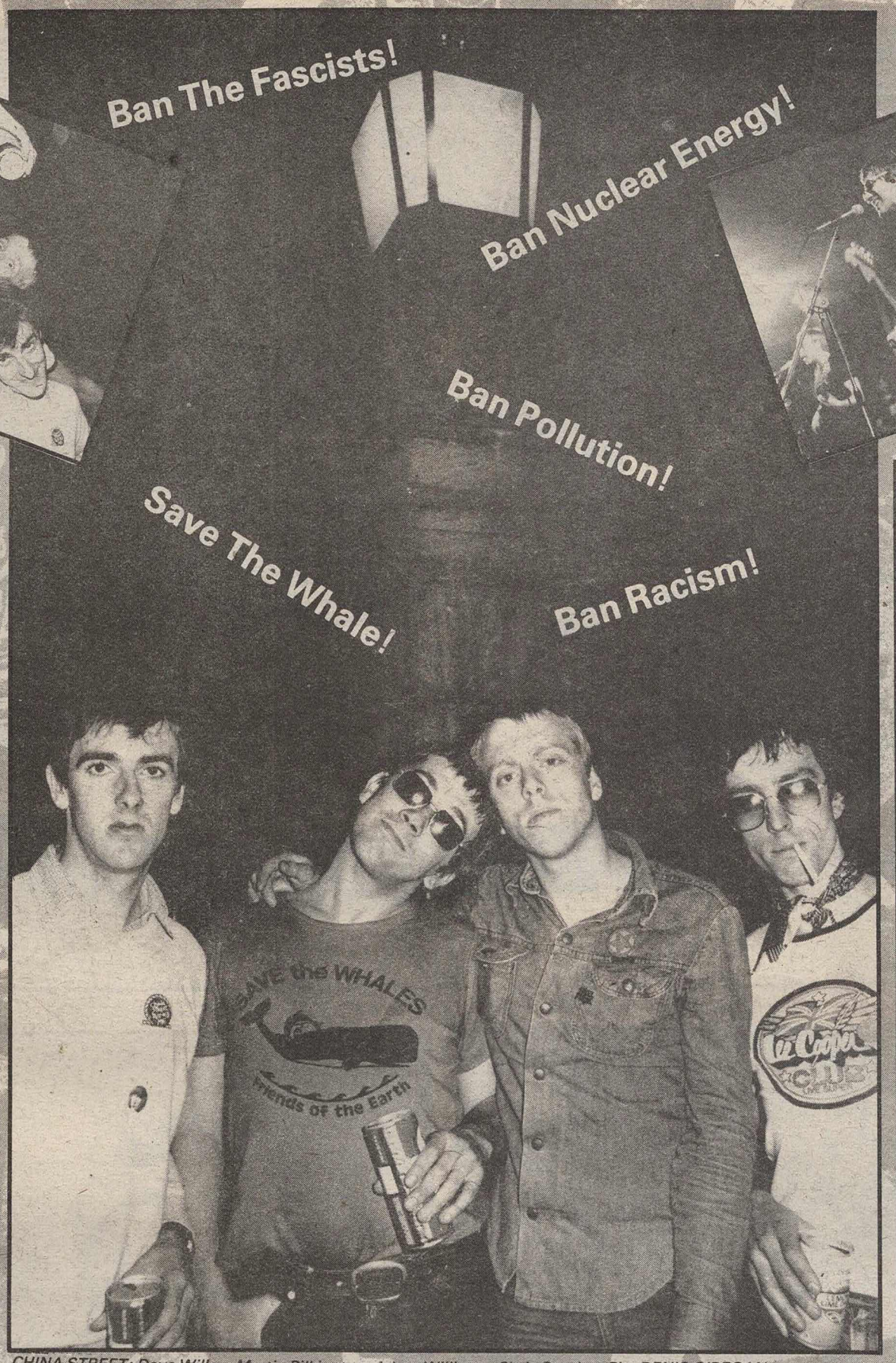
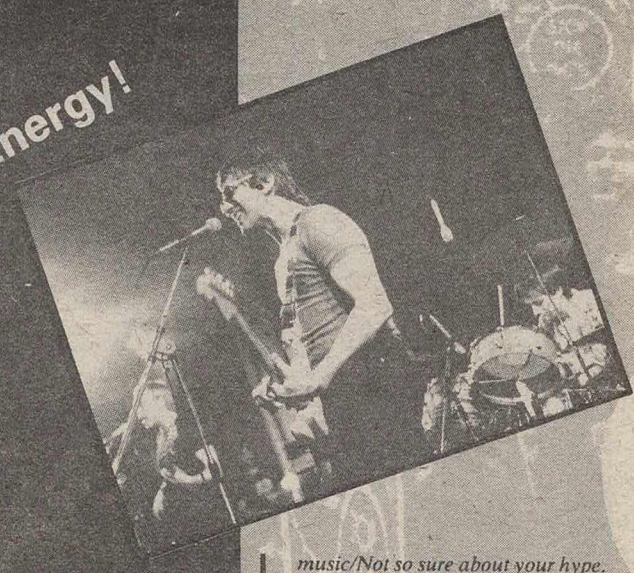






CHINA STREET: Dave Willan, Martin Pilkington, Adam Williams, Chris Sugden. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

Yeah, these boys have their hearts in the right place

. . . but even then y'get criticism. Seems like the Rastas can't quite get next to white reggae — and that's just for starters. CHINA STREET, contenders for the Most Socially Conscious Band In The Land title, explain to ADRIAN THRILLS

BRIXTON. The Carnival Against The Nazis carves its exuberant, banner-waving, slogan-driven path south down Stockwell Road, in brilliant, lazy Sunday afternoon sunshine.

"The National Front is a Nazi Front. Black and White unite and fight. Smaaaaash the National Front ! ! ! . . ."

The chants rise above the strictly rockers-orientated floating musical accompaniment provided, in this instance, by lorry-bound Lancaster band China Street, the rimshot drumming cackling away like the cacophony of tin cans at a test match as a loping bass line tugs the group gloriously into their speedy, reggaefied "Rapid Powers".

But for China Street themselves, the omnipresent euphoria is tempered by the immediate reaction to their music of the onlooking Brixton Dreads, expressed via a swift and pronounced thumbs down.

"When I saw that, it really brought me down," muses singer Martin Pilkington.

"After they had heard a few bars I think they quietened down a bit," blond bassist Adam Williams continues. "They were listening and they didn't like the fact that what we were playing sounded right . . . if they had closed their eyes they would have been digging it.

"Their first thoughts were that these white guys are trying to rip off their music. They weren't thinking that these white guys are playing their music because they enjoy it. We play reggae because we love it!"

When they play reggae China Street meddle with a music the essence of which stems from a culture removed from their own by the matter of some 4,000 miles and one gaping spiritual and environmental chasm. And any pale-skinned English band who reckon that they are not going to be misunderstood somewhere along the line while doing that are one set of naive, deluded geeks in this man's book. A serious thing indeed.

China Street reckon that any such illusions in their camp went out the window eons ago.

Formed last year in the Lancaster street of the same name by Pilkington, Williams, pianist Chris Sugden, drummer Dave Willan and a since-departed sax player, the motley conglomerate of surrogate Little Feat renegades all in their "early to mid '20s" played their first gigs before soul-destroyingly disinterested local pub and working men's club audiences.

In those days the reggaematic rhythms that now account for a good half of the band's stage set were conspicuous by their absence.

Their first onstage forays into that field came only nine months ago at the start of the first of their two tours with Steel Pulse.

Recalling those particular gigs while simultaneously trying to prize open a beer can on a canteen table leg at Leeds University — where China Street were again supporting The Handsworth Revolutionaires — Dave Willan equates his initial attempt at mastering reggae drum technique with a musical Mission Impossible.

"I was really getting into reggae music," he confides, "but the frustrating thing for me as a drummer was that it was so difficult to play. I used to get really upset when things went wrong . . ."

Bassist Adam, an immediately likeable, laconic South Londoner, who had originally moved up to Lancaster in the hope of finding work as a carpenter, nods in agreement.

"It's not very easy to play if you're used to playing rock music. Reggae comes from the gut and not the head, but anybody with soul can play it. It doesn't matter what colour they are. Technically, the important thing is actually what you don't play . . . the spaces you leave."

Whereas bands as diverse as The Clash, Members and Specials incorporate the odd reggae readjustments here and there while still playing what is essentially rock and roll music, China Street respect the rockers rythms more stringently when they use them.

The resultant sound is not a total success. China Street could pass as one of the multitude of small time British club reggae bands currently on that circuit but, as yet anyhow, they are leagues behind the likes of Matumbi, Misty and The Cimarons.

"But we don't regard ourselves just as A White Reggae Band anyway," argues drummer Dave defiantly in a scrawny Glaswegian accent. "We regard ourselves as China Street . . . we don't mind being pushed as a reggae band. It's a compliment. But we're not just A White Reggae Band."

What China Street are, in the final reckoning, is one helluva musical oddity. A band compensating for their lack of truly progressive musical muscle with numerous stylistic twists and variations that allow traditional elements of jazz, boogie and even good old rhythm and blues to bellow unheralded at times from their speakers alongside the reggae stuff.

Where they start to go burning that pollution and illusion — including that in the Jah Music they hold in such high esteem — is in their lyrics.

Like "Oh, Jamaica", earmarked for their next single — a vehement, if slightly clumsy, attack on Rasta chic and black racialism.

"If a black man from Jamaica/wants to earn some bread/He could go into a studio/get ganjad out of his head/And when he comes to England/And wears yellow, green and red/He can write about Selassie/And all the things he did.

"Oh Jamaica, we love your music/Not so sure about your hype. "Just how many Rastas/Do we have to undergo/I don't believe they're all sincere/I don't believe they know/Just how much more racism do we take from every side/Forget the war and hatred/And leave the past behind."

"It's just that we can't stand racialism of any kind," explains Adam. "And white people feel racialism as much as black. A lot of black records are anti-white."

Like who?

"Like Dennis Brown for instance who is very into an independent black society. I don't believe there should be any race hate. It's the same with extreme feminism which is just another form of chauvinism."

Of course, in these troubled times, it is well fashionable to play for the Anti Nazi League and to flaunt all the attendant appendages.

But China Street, who, after all, even went as far as to call their last single "Rock Against Racism", get pretty angry when people sling that bandwagoneering charge in their direction.

"We've done more RAR benefits than any other band except Misty," protests Martin. "No way are we just jumping on a bandwagon.

In fact, the band have played one RAR benefit too many for the liking of their pianist Chris Sugden who, in an alcoholic celebration of the band's success at the recent Brixton carnival, fell and broke his arm.

But just like Aston Villa, they struggled through what looked like an impossibly bleak injury crisis when session man Fred Reeves deputised at short notice, after a frantic search by the band, on the just-completed Pulse tour.

Martin, a former biology teacher and one time member of Freedom's Children, a band which he assures me achieved some sort of notoriety in the early '70s, sets the China Street stance straight.

"We want to have a good time in this band. You saw us onstage we were really having a good time, enjoying it."

Right.

"But we also want to be able to point out a few things that we notice along the way. We're anti-Fascist, anti-racist, anti-pollution and anti-nuclear energy.

"I can only write about the things I feel strongly about. I find it difficult to write about anything else."

Such songs deal with a few of the causes a little less chic — but every bit as worthwhile — as RAR, although a committed opposition to all those who smell of too many right wing meetings remains at the crux of just about every lyric.

"Nuclear Holocaust" is about the potentially catastrophic consequences of expansion work at the Windscale power station in Cumbria where nuclear isotopes imported from Japan and West Germany are being reprocessed before disposal into the earth's crust.

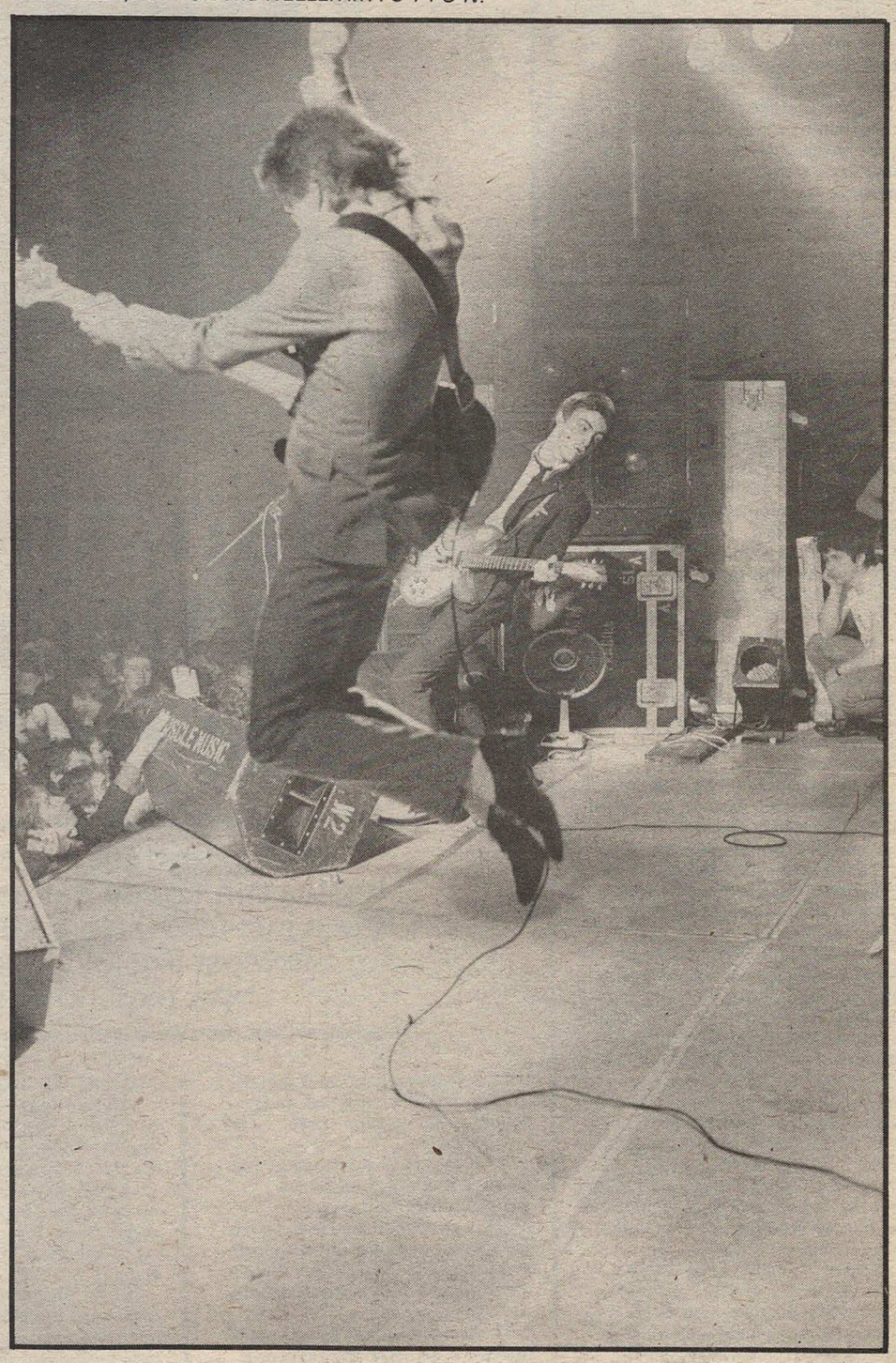
Another song, "SS", is about murdered black South African activist Steve Biko, already saluted in song this year by Tapper Zukie.

"We did a song called 'Bank Job' about the Baader-Meinhof group, not because we're on either side. It's more like a television documentary, just pointing out certain points of view . . . like that of the bloke sitting in a prison cell knowing that he's going to get the chop any minute.

"We're just trying to comment rather than preach and take sides," concludes Adam.

"We don't want to be hailed as a heavy political band. We're into playing for people to enjoy themselves. We're also into making a point so that people, while they're enjoying themselves, can think."

Above: BRUCE FOXTON, below: RICK BUCKLER, PAUL WELLER, FOXTON and WELLER in A-C-T-I-O-N!



THE JAM — here comes the weekend ... Pictures by PENNIE SMITH.

ALL DRESSED UP AND SOMEWHERE TO GO

JOHN HAMBLETT meets and greets THE JAM and their fans down in Galway Bay at midnight. If you weren't there, be jealous.

"I FEEL THAT the mod scene was very close to the punk thing: wholly youth — like going out with green hair. It changed you, made you someone. It's something every kid goes through. You just want to be noticed, to be recognised.

"I thought that was the most important aspect of punk."

Paul Weller is sat on the edge of the bed in my Galway hotel bedroom. Chain smoking, introspective, anxious to communicate but perhaps not wholly confident in his ability to present his case in the truest light, he is nervous and edgy — the off-duty manifestation of the high wire tension that transforms his on stage personality.

Charged with something less tangible than physical energy, Weller has the same mammoth need to say things that can't be said that fires Joe Strummer, the same need to be down hard on something.

"But the mod image is not one that I would push, y'know. That's really taken out of context sometimes. I've been dressing like this for three or four years now — I used to have a scooter, the whole bit — so for me to change my image now . . . No, I don't regard it as image, it's not like a pantomime . . . There's no way I'm going to change.

"I'm just trying to stress that the mod image is not that important to The Jam. It's more important to me personally, because it's what I am."

A MORE unlikely rock'n'roll town than Galway, to my knowledge, does not exist anywhere. It's a seaside resort where middle-aged Americans from Boston probably congregate in the high season in order to hunt for their heritage. The barren landscape verges on the desolate — picturesque, I suppose, if they're the kind of pictures you get off on.

The actual gig is part of a sports complex. Across the hall an instructor is teaching the local weenies to breast stroke while The Jam run through their sound check. You could fit maybe 1,000 people in this place and still have room to play a football match. And I shouldn't imagine that there are 1,000 people currently residing in Galway under the age of 40. Should be some gig.

Today is Saturday. Last night The Jam played their first Irish gig ever, in Dublin. The venue was the Top Hat Club, which had been the main hangout for the local skateboarders up until a couple of months ago. My guess is that the alterations didn't exactly break anybody's pocket. The plaster was falling off the walls, the dressing rooms were damp and steamy, and the toilets didn't flush. But what the hell, there was a stage at one end with an open space in front, and if it was good enough for The Clash, well, who could ask for more?

Ah yes indeed — The Jam onstage in their sharpest suits, presenting the ultimate grass-roots dream ideal to thousands of young people who are too used to being talked down to and too ready to be patronised.

The Jam's audience will never become some kind of oafish Jam Army, because The Jam offer an infinitely more attractive reality: all dressed up and somewhere to go. The razor creases in their trousers are like a blade twisted into the inverted snobbery and false pride of people who attempt to glorify the 'nobility of the working man'.

"Show me what I have to do/Batman/'Cause I want to be like you/Batman . . ."

THIS IS the first time the Irish youth have been exposed to the Jam music making machine. A fact that takes sometime to sink in — after all, the Sharp Boys have been creating the flash, spit and polish of their instamatic, neon and mohair magic for us for two years.

Two years.

The first time I saw The Jam they were supporting the fast-rising Stranglers. In a hall half empty, made to accommodate 800 souls, we stood and watched . . . they played and we swayed to the music, this way and that as though being rocked by someone else's hand. Everybody smiled a lot as I recall. No doubt we all looked like dumb-hysterical monkeys, but I don't suppose anybody was in a mood to give that much of a damn.

After the gig I walked all the way home, six miles, staring at the cracks in the pavement, feeling hot and cold because it was nearing winter, and I was still sweaty and tingling. It wasn't until the next day that I could jerk myself loose from the dazed, fall-out cocoon of gilt-edged remembrances for long enough to appraise and define what had happened.

Somehow The Jam had managed to unveil an awareness that I had inadvertantly supressed for five or six years — one that I abandoned, or chose not to refer to, until some time later when I had occasion to return to the stomping ground of my early teens, the Northern Soul circuit. Once again the realisation returned, tinged on that particular night with the ambiguous melancholy of nostalgia . . .

"Ah'm gonna wait till the midnight hour . . .

A PROFILE in sun glasses, word perfect in his best mohair; a flicker-book sequence of the same dancing figure trapped in different backdrops, reflected off similar dancefloors. Each frame helping to perpetuate, if only for a short while, the Grand Old Lie. Hours in front of the mirror, and the practice finally pays off, as he sees something that wasn't there before. Ready at last to give the girlies a glimpse of the promised land.

"I went to an all-nighter once, but I'm not a dancer and I couldn't really get into it. But I'll tell you one thing — 'Non-Stop Dancing' on the first album was about Northern Soul. My mate used to be a real fanatic, and he told me about all these kids speeding and dancing all night, and I thought great, a real youth movement . . .

"Actually quite a few Northern Soul kids come to our gigs. They obviously like us because of our image, but I don't think they can relate to the music."

"Take me back to Gotham City/Batman/Take me where the girls are pretty/Batman . . ."

THE BAT PILL makes them all say yes. The Bat Pill in this case is the Image, as complete and unimpeachable as a winter's night by an open fire in your favourite armchair. The Jam present visual evocations of beatific times which most of the spectators are too young to recall as anything more concrete than a hazy pre-pubescent vision. Times they have only read about after the fact, or heard about secondhand, through the early songs of The Who and The Kinks and their ilk.

Nostalgia, you say? Well perhaps, in theory, it is. Personally I prefer to view it as a young artist's desire to re-establish the naive guile of a more consciously and unashamedly aesthetic era. Re-modelling visual and aural images of the essence of English youth culture, and placing them with meticulous care into a contemporary frame of reference.

"I've read a few books on it (Pop Art), and I think it had a lot in common with the punk thing. Before the Pop Artists came along, there was the Expressionists, who were just dealing with their own, very self-indulgent art, but the Pop Artists brought into art everyday images that ordinary people could relate to. Which is why it really interests me.

"I see The Jam along those lines — using things that everybody knows are there, but presenting them in a different way, in a different art form.

"Like 'Tonight At Noon' (a track on The Jam's second album, 'This Is The Modern World'), which originally was a poem by Adrian Henri. I just adapted some of the lines, like *'among the dripping trees'* — I don't know, they just sounded like really great lines for a song.

"Everything is there to be used. Actually the poem those lines came from is called *In The Midnight Hour*, which is another one of his — I just thought it would be a good idea to swop the titles." (In fact Adrian Henri lifted the title *Tonight At Noon* from a Charlie Mingus album, which I suppose proves Mr Weller's point.)

DURING THE week prior to my departure for Ireland I could be found reading The Jam's press clippings, listening to their records, making a few notes — nothing too heavy, you understand, just one or two personal observations — when I remembered the sketchy outline of a quote from a book I'd just finished reading. This quote seemed almost unreasonably relevant in the light of everything I'd digested about the band.

"They explain the new by the old — and the old by the older still, like the historians who describe Lenin as a Russian Robespierre and Robespierre as a French Cromwell. When all is said and done they have understood nothing at all."

I wrote that down on a postcard and showed it to Paul Weller.

"Well obviously I suppose everybody has their roots somewhere. Originally — and I suppose this sounds like a very obvious statement — we started playing songs we enjoyed hearing. Honestly, that's the most truthful reason why we did it.

"It had nothing to do with wanting to change the world, or anything like that. It was just playing songs you could dig. I was listening to old rhythm and blues, Stax and Motown — and I think it's important to state that I still do — but we had to drop all those songs because of that '60s revivalist tag. That really pissed me off.

"I'd like to be outside all labels and just have people say it's The Jam and Jam music. It's dangerous, I think, categorisation."

WE TURN the talk to The Jam's new album, "All Mod Cons".

"I should say the songs were written in a span of . . . oh, since we got back from America, which would be March/April right up until we went into the studio. I suppose I wrote most of the material just before we went into the studio.

"Actually I wrote a lot of songs in America, but they were all crap, so I threw them out. We went through Harlem, and that was really inspiring, but that has nothing to do with me. I've got no right to write about it . . . like Graham Parker's 'Heat In Harlem' — I just don't consider that he has the right to write about other countries' problems. There's too much going on in this country, go up to Glasgow.

"We've got Harlems of our own."

Were you at all nervous about including an acoustic track on the album?

"Yes, actually I was very embarrassed, but I thought that once we'd done it, it sounded really good."

Listening to the album, I wouldn't have thought that "Tube Station" was the obvious choice for release as a single.

"Maybe not. I know what you mean — there are other more commercial tracks on the album. Like 'In The Crowd' is a really commercial sound, but I thought the same about 'David Watts', and I didn't want our fans to think we were getting into a bland-out thing. 'Tube Station' is more subtle."

We discuss the increasing complexity of The Jam's music, Paul citing that as one of the reasons why he and Bruce don't write together. Does he ever worry that his songs could become too complex and introverted for the kids to relate to?

"Sometimes, yes, but I don't think that that should necessarily stop you. I mean, I'd be too embarrassed to write something like 'We're all going down the pub', even though that is probably real to thousands of kids, and very truthful. I just feel that I should reach for something higher . . .

"Yes, I think music is an art form. A highly abused art form."

Admitting that your songs are becoming a little more adventurous, can you ever forsee a situation where you would consider taking on another band member in order to make them work in a live situation?

"No, definitely not. It would spoil our visual tightness. Besides, I write and play guitar in a very distinctive style, so if we drafted in another guitar player he would have to play exactly what and how I told him to, which wouldn't really be fair."

In previous interviews you have expressed a forceful disinterest for the contemporary music scene. Have you seen anything lately that has forced you to revise your opinion?

"The best bands are the small ones, like The Gang of Four. I've only seen them once, down at the Nashville the other day, but I thought they were great — they're still playing supports around the clubs.

"Physically they are better than bands like The Jam and The Clash, but not mentally.

"Actually I've seen a couple of good little bands lately. I thought it was all dead, but it isn't — you've just got to be willing to get there at half past eight to see the support bands. I relate to the little bands."

". . . Do all the things I told ya/In the midnight hour . . ."

GIG TIME back at the sports hall. Anybody for tennis?

As the band make ready to move into action I walk to the back of the hall, and believe me there is plenty of room to walk. I'd be surprised if there are more than 300 people in here — long hair, flared jeans, crypto-punks, school ties, school girls and fishermen, ages ranging from 13 to 30.

Not that it really matters, because in all honesty I am bound to admit that I have never seen a crowd go so entirely mindless.

I start out at the back of the hall, as that's where the sound's best. The area between me and the main body of the crowd, probably a distance of about 20 yards, is continually crisscrossed with cartwheeling, tumbling figures. The less gymnastically inclined content themselves with charging full tilt from one side of the hall to the other (the really cool guys manage to pull this off while simultaneously miming inexpressibly intricate guitar riffs). Quite what the big black dog who's roaming around is into I can't work out.

Meanwhile up on the stage the band are playing like bandits. "Billy Hunt", "Mr Clean", "Bricks And Mortar", "News Of The World", "Away From The Numbers", everything from "In The City" to "Tube Station", delivered with pagan glee.

Weller is still exorcising the same old devils, sinewy and wired, while Foxton and Buckler are still the most funky-melodic rhythm section in any working band in this country, perhaps anywhere. The crowd demand two encores, and they would take more, if The Jam had more to give.

When it's all over the dressing room is crowded with young Irish people too unaccustomed to post-gig fawning to feel self-conscious.

Bruce Foxton, leaning exhausted against the wall at the back of the room, paper cup in his hand, greets people individually as they line up to present themselves. The promoter's Tonto sidles up close. "Shall I clear the room?" "Nah, they're all right," he replies.

Rick Buckler is shirtless and smiling, striving to function in the prescribed manner, the chewy local brogue occasionally getting the better of him.

Paul Weller, in black leather jacket and trilby, sits in a hardbacked plastic chair with a guitar across his knee, explaining something to the support band's guitar player.

After the gig, looking out over the hall from the stage, I realise just how sparsely attended the gig really was. But The Jam obviously didn't consider this factor for an instant once they were out on the boards. True professionals, to give anything less than everything would never occur to them.

Two young guys dressed in conservative motorcycle garb enter the dressing room, straight off the street, and collar Rick Buckler. "What time are you going on then?"

This could only happen in Ireland.

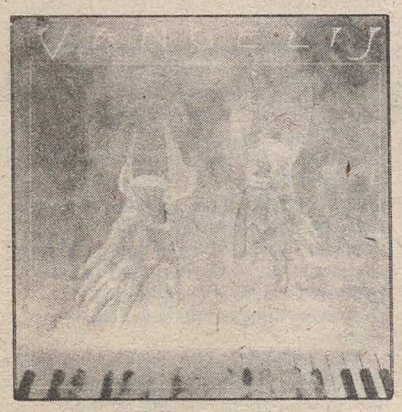
Pulstar
Spiral
To The Unknown Man
Albedo 0.39

Bacchanale
Aries
Beaubourg Excerpt
So Long Ago, So Clear

The essential Vangelis: 8 milestones in a truly progressive career.

Record: PL 25174
Cassette: PK 25174

The Best Of VANGELIS



Heaven and Hell
Record: RS 1025
Cassette: PK 11699

Albedo 0.39
Record: RS 1080
Cassette: PK 11741

Spiral
Record: PL 25116
Cassette: PK 25116

Beaubourg
Record: PL 25155
Cassette: PK 25155

The Best Of Vangelis

RCA

SILVER SCREEN

*Aude Landry rushes home to read **NME's** judgement of Chabrol's **Blood Relatives.***

Blood Relatives

Directed by Claude Chabrol
From the novel by Ed McBain
Starring Donald Sutherland and Stephane Audran
(Rank)

A cross between a straightforward American urban thriller and a French bourgeois domestic drama, *Blood Relatives* is set in the one place that could feasibly combine such genres — Montreal, Canada. In fact, it is a Canadian-French co-production, with a part-French, part-English cast, and the difficulties inherent in a bilingual film are never entirely overcome; one thing that Chabrol never manages to convey is something that has always been the stamp of his finest work — a sharp sense of place.

The film begins with The Murder — a particularly brutal assault on a 17-year-old girl in an ill-lit alley during a torrential downpour. The girl's younger cousin, herself bloodied, escapes to the sanctuary of a police station — the red imprint of her hands on the glass doors testifies to her horrific experience.

The case is handled by Steve Carella, whose inquiries lead him from the city's 200-300 known child molesters to the murdered girl's lower-middle-class home background, where he uncovers a real can of worms. The parents — he watches television, she boozes — have little notion of what their family is up to, and seem only peripherally interested when informed that it could well be brutal murder.

Donald Sutherland is superb as Carella. An anachronistic screen cop — intelligent, conscientious, self-critical — he dresses smartly, and is protective of his own family environment, though a chance innocent remark of his own 13-year-old daughter — "we're like lovers, aren't we, Daddy?" — reminds him that the distinction between filial and sexual affection can sometimes get confused.

That's one of Chabrol's neat ironic touches, but there are few such in *Blood Relatives,* which bears the director's trademark of a skilfully, deliberately unfolding narrative but which lacks many of the finer points of attention to character and place that have enhanced his major works. Some scenes — for example, a *Hamlet*-pinch where the son hurls himself astride his cousin's coffin at the graveside — seem curiously leaden.

Donald Pleasance and David Hemmings make guest appearances as suspect paedophiles (the former shifty, the latter smooth), while Stephane Audran — a fixture in Chabrol movies, as Nanette Newman is in Bryan Forbes', and perhaps for similar reasons of matrimonial loyalty — is cast against type as the mother, a lush with her hair permanently in curlers; she could never be convincingly dowdy.

Chabrol's recent form has been erratic, and if this hardly matches his prime cuts — *Le Boucher,* for example — it is certainly better than laboured efforts like *Just Before Nightfall.* He can still tell a murder story as well as anyone and, for that reason if for no other, *Blood Relatives* is worth seeing.

Bob Woffinden

The Eyes Of Laura Mars

Directed by Irvin Kershner
Starring Faye Dunaway
(Columbia-Warner)

Now I know how frustrated the priesthood must feel, unable to piss and moan about the laity without divulging the secrets of the confessional. I'm busting to administer a swift kick up the khyber to both killer and plot in *The Eyes Of Laura Mars,* but the etiquette of the thriller seals my lips and stays the boot. Blast.

Still, if I say that I regard an outburst of psychological babble about broken homes and dual identities in the last reel as a poor substitute for clues, you'll get the general idea: unfair. John Carpenter, who directed *Assault On Precinct 13,* wrote the original story and had a hand in the screenplay, though neither is up to much.

Fashion photographer Laura Mars has made her name on sleazo mixtures of haute couture and homicide. Not only do her pictures duplicate those in the police files, but she begins to experience precise premonitions of mayhem. Troubling stuff, and worse to come when the killer moves in on her patch, stabbing her models through the eye with an icepick.

Various suspects are trailed, the ex-husband, the chauffeur, while Laura falls in love with the police lieutenant, a Nurēyev lookalike played by Tommy Lee Jones. "I'm supposed to be looking for the goddamn killer," he chuckles, as he chases her around an autumnal clump. Faye Dunaway, who gets paler in the cheeks with each performance, here resembles Sylvano Mangano in something Theban.

A dismal, frigid grey-green predominates in the interiors, and a lot of subjective camera-wobble in the premonitions. The heroine's Swiftian morality is talked about, but hardly invested, and you have to pick the bones out of the para-normal phenomena yourself. I put mine on the side of the plate.

Brian Case

Stuntman on a crash course

After long years of taking the hard knocks out of sight, the stuntmen are this year's movie stars. King of the heap this time round is Hal Needham, the highest paid stuntman in the world and director of the newly released movie *Hooper.*

Hal Needham, 47, gained risky experience as a tree-topper and parachute-tester before picking up his first stunt job, a wing-walk in the 1957 movie *Spirit of St. Louis* starring James Stewart. He claims, not without some justification, that "I was probably the most versatile man in movies — cars, cycles, fire, water. When I was called, you bet your ass it was gonna be something scarey."

Happily, Needham survived the thousands of celluloid disasters he was paid $100,000 a year to perform, though he did break his back twice and crack 41 other bones in his body besides. He has now moved successfully behind the camera due, in part, to his longtime friendship with lookalike Burt Reynolds.

Hal and Burt are both of Indian descent (Needham's great-grandfather was a Blackfoot) and — since meeting up 20 years ago on the *Riverboat* TV series — Hal has done the dangerous bits in all Burt's movies.

After gaining experience as second-unit action director on such movies as *Little Big Man* and *French Connection II,* Needham directed his first movie last year — and made a fortune. The film was *Smokey And The Bandit,* starring Burt in a light-hearted, stunt-filled chase movie that grossed close to $200 million, making it the second biggest movie of 1977 after *Star Wars* and earning Needham a place in the top five of the All Time Box-Office Champs.

Hooper is an autobiographical study of Needham in many respects and has the distinction, quite naturally, of using more stunt men and women than any other picture, and of having the highest stunt budget — some $400,000 out of a $6 million total cost.

Among the spectacular stunts in the film are three world records. There's the longest car leap — 450 feet across a river gorge — in a modified Firebird Trans-Am with its 8000 pounds of thrust and 14,000 horse-power engine fuelled by hydrogen peroxide. A new speed record was established for sliding down a high-rise while another stunter, A. J. Bakunas, set a new record with a 232-foot free-fall from a helicopter.

In fact Bakunas lost his record last April when Dar Robinson performed the same stunt from 286 feet. Sadly, Bakunas lost more than that this year. While directing his movie *Steel,* 'Bionic Man' Lee Majors decided that he needed a record-breaking stunt to publicise the film.

A. J. Bakunas accepted the challenge and plunged 323 feet from the top of an office building, hit his specially designed air bag at 115 mph — and went straight through it. In his whole career Bakunas had been injured just twice in 2,500 jumps. He died at the age of 27 from massive lung damage.

Hal Needham knows that stunting is a hard business. As he puts it: "Anybody who says stunting isn't dangerous, I'd say they're full of shit. If it goes wrong there's an old saying — 'they're gonna be walking slow and singing low behind you in a couple of days'. Since I've been in the business, they've killed about ten stuntmen and crippled 12-15 others. And I mean *bad* cripples."

Stuntmen work without insurance, the studios paying only for hospital bills. Having survived intact, Needham has put his skills into a new type of Hollywood operation called *Stunts Unlimited,* featuring the talents and expertise of the 35 top stuntmen in the business.

More stunt pictures are being planned and one stunt coordinator, Allan Wyatt, who lost a leg earlier this year, is trying to stage an international olympic-style competition for professional stunters.

All of which is a far cry from the days of the silent movies when the average career of a stuntman lasted five years.

Final word belongs to a famous stunter of the period called 'suicide' Buddy Mason. In 1924, in a *Photoplay* interview, he was asked if stuntmen had any criteria whereby they judged each other's performances.

'Suicide' replied: "Nope. It's just — well, when you get so they call you by your first name when you come into the hospital, then you belong."

Dick Tracy

Ain't nobody can fly a car like Hooper...
BURT REYNOLDS is
HOOPER
HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST STUNTMAN!
A
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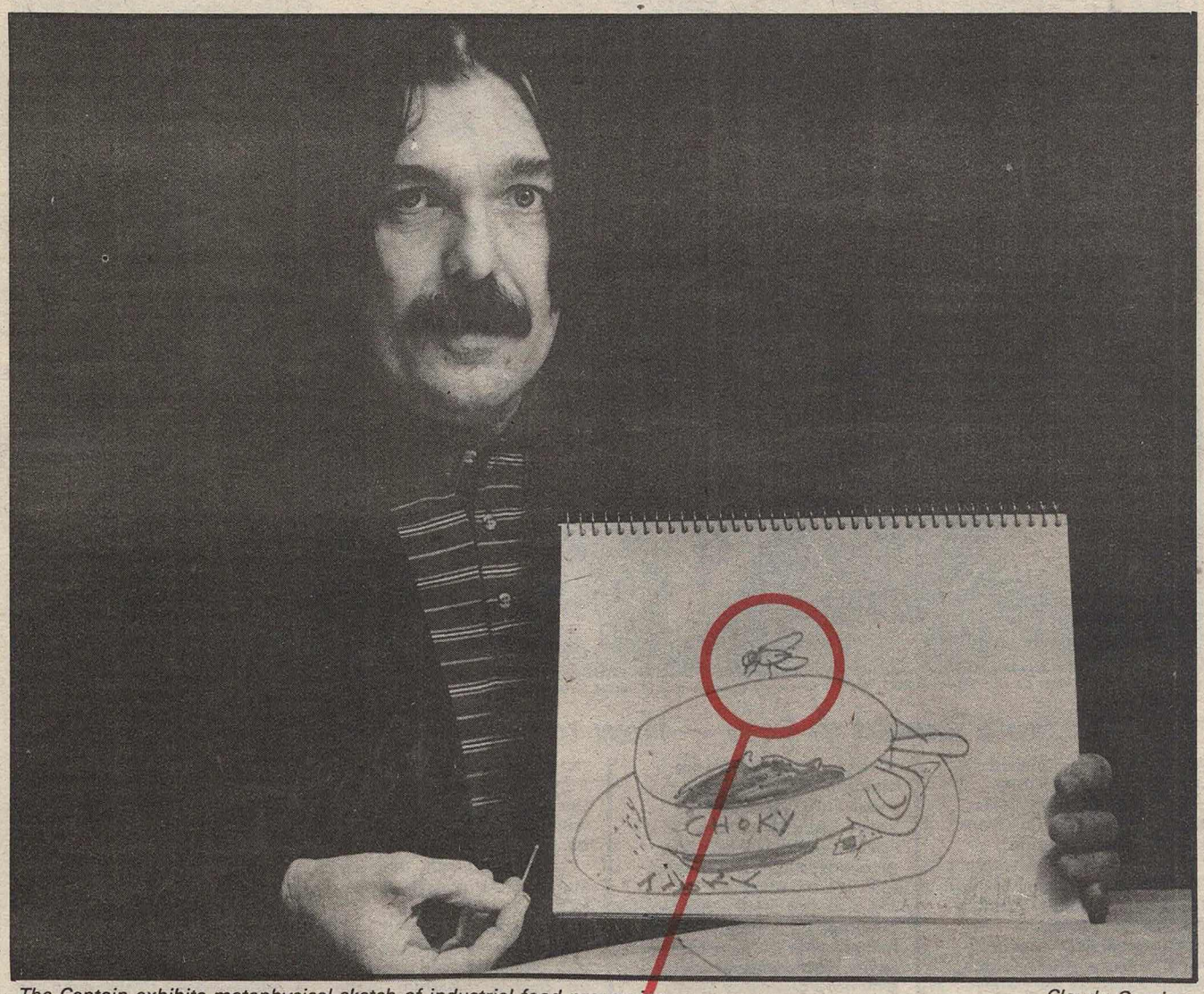
ALBUMS



The Captain exhibits metaphysical sketch of industrial food processing *Claude Gassian*

A Period Of Revision

CAPTAIN BEEFHEART AND THE MAGIC BAND
Shiny Beast (Bat Chain Puller)
(Warner Brothers Import)

Our friend makes its long overdue appearance, a record of fragments that has a bewildered Beefheart crawling out of the messes of '74/'75 and trying to reassure himself. It proves that his 'gift' didn't long ago choke on itself. It is a work of selective surgery that is pale and pasty next to "Trout Mask Replica" and "Lick My Decals Off, Baby" but is still beautiful. Maybe it's even a successful compromise, if such a thing can exist.

All curves of the Beefheart creative anatomy are present — preened, open, together. The successful shines, the essential qualities of Beefheart's influences and visions have been extracted and rationally, even sentimentally, spliced. As a result, the remote, the cosy, the caricatured, the parodied, the disjointed, the vulgar, the cynical, the ironical, the mischievously poignant and the delightful all bustle and leer in the music.

Syncopation, freedom, flickering vigour, colliding rhythms, odd connections, security, intensity, sweetness — this is in some ways an accessible sampler of Beefheart's first 14 years on record. The four major curves show up consistently: country-blues, avant-garde, rock and the straightforwardly whimsical shaped by an apprehension of reality. If the album is one huge Beefheart grin, it isn't a particularly comfortable one, nor how could it be.

Beefheart's best work balances between precision and chaos, wailing and sighing, the awesome and the banal, the casual and the compelling. There is never any real sense of chronology. This album is one long dilapidated balance. It's not quite committed. It tries to behave. It's strong Beefheart because it's a strong attempt to recover a frightening innocence, because it tantalises, accuses, annoys and amuses. It is also accutely affected at times, deliberately clumsy and unintentionally trite. But it is more a search for truth than a demand for acceptance.

Side one is full of macabre and hopeless collapses of logic and thick, horny syllables. It is perhaps about danger in innocent and not so innocent situations. "The Floppy Boot Stomp" has dark detail, uses arch repetition and strives to vividly capture a few instances. The music is terse and penetrative as singers chorus in mock concern and Beefheart crawls through his vocal range testing the instruments. It is comedy. It shakes. It is classical Beefheart.

"Tropical Hot Dog Night" relies on typically sophisticated juxtaposition. Its grim melodrama is articulated hairily by Beefheart and he plays an affectionate eight-note sax line that contrarily twists the piece into prettiness. Throughout Beefheart reveals a new soprano sensitivity that has risen from his old vitality. Not so wild and primitive, more cheeky and 'musical'.

Examples of his effectiveness include the instrumental "Ice Rose", which is a sensitive if stunted piece of music fuelled by Beefheart's soulful and suave sax parts. The irregularities continue with the plonking vignette "Irene Harry", a deceptively cheery monologue, bizarrely Newmanesque, a play on words abruptly supplying a plot belying the sluggishness of its structure. "You Know You're A Man" is a butch, almost conventional parody and objection to specific lifestyles, the Magic Band typically assertive and acidic.

After this run of melodrama, moralising, mumbling and mordancy, the marvellous "Bat Chain Puller" concludes side one. Beefheart breathes a lush lyric above a turning, churning, giggling backdrop that protects and projects: a muted marriage between cropped free-rock and electronics.

Side two weaves through a number of love and greed permutations. The raving "When I See Mommy I Feel Like A Mummy" is basically a decomposed and ironic Beefheart blues lacerated with loose-limbed sax and a dislocated mix. A gruesome repetitive vocal chant creeps through for nonsensical emphasis. "Owed T'Alex" also stretches and humours a blues riff with Beefheart voluptuously intoning and revelling in his language's further limits.

"Candle Mambo" is transparent, grotesquely brisk and boppy, "Love Lies" a fanciful love song skulking, stalking and swinging gently. "Suction Prints" is a fine and fiery instrumental, split by a more typically explosive Beefheart soprano doodle. A spoken poem finishes. "Apes-Ma" perhaps outlines mental, physical and spiritual limitations.

Very much an album of survival. Beefheart announces that he has things under control. Maybe he has. This record is a long way from the brutal, definitive symmetry of his 'true' works, but it is a fidgety work of mystery that sees Beefheart instinctively returing to those deep, enigmatic impulses. It is murky but muscular. It is painful. One day. . .

Paul Morley

PETER TOSH
Bush Doctor
(Rolling Stones Records)

Now that Bob Marley is deemed to have gone into cabaret, the dubious honour of being us honkies' fave Rootsman Rebel has apparently passed to Peter Tosh. I'm not sure whether he's the instigator or victim of this process. Probably both. All that Black Panther Surplus Store gear he used to sport seemed rather obviously designed to catch the hem of radical chic. But when you have Mick Jagger elbowing his way all over your new single, who needs enemies?

It *may* be genuine, but "(You Gotta Walk) Don't Look Back" *sounds* like a horribly phoney old chums act. Keith Richard makes a more useful contribution to "Bush Doctor", the understated guitars on "Stand Firm" being the best thing about the track.

That this is such a disappointing album, though, is squarely down to Tosh himself. The lyrics are feeble, the music strangely enervated — pleasant jog-along rhythms under Tosh's lethargic vocals, the only lively elements being the horns and the uncredited women background vocalists. No political songs, either, just dreary sanctimony and a few inconsequential love songs. And all this after the magnificent power and drama of "Equal Rights".

Only "Pick Myself Up" and "Bush Doctor" retain some of the bite and groove from that last album. The former asserts an unassuming dignity to the record's most melodic music. The latter is another of Tosh's "legalise marijuana" raps, the one time here he sounds really bothered, though he undermines his case by claiming that dope cures asthma *(It does — Herbal Ed.)* and that legalising it would put an immediate end to police brutality. Fat chance.

The rest is pretty dismal. "I'm The Toughest" is a silly retread of "Stepping Razor", without the pride and poetry. Tosh repeats *"I'm the toughest"* so frequently you can only wonder who he's trying to convince. And the religious songs are just dull sermons. "Moses The Prophet" declares Moses, Elijah, Jeremiah, Satan and Marcus Garvey are alive, well and knocking around *"depon earth still"* "Stand Firm" states that all religions except Tosh's are dumb while "Dem Ha Fe Get A Beatin" proposes that people who don't agree with Tosh deserve a dose of the nasties.

And "Creation" is . . . well, embarrassingly dreadful. The opening is unintentionally hilarious. Cue angelic chorus singing Handel. Cue bird noises. Cue Tosh solemnly declaiming Genesis. Cue thunderbolts. Cue the sea. And so on. If this song was a film, it would be pure cornball Hollywood.

There's something terribly sad about a "rebel" music which simply resurrects and bundles together the sacred cow cliches of decaying Western culture. Take away the sound effects, and "Creation" is a perfect Victorian hymn: precisely the kind of excruciating righteousness set to a sluggish drone which drove people out of the churches in their millions.

Graham Lock

STATUS QUO
If You Can't Stand The Heat
(Vertigo)

What is beyond Status Quo, I often wonder? What is beyond tracks with titles such as "I'm Givin' Up Worryin'", "Gonna Teach You To Love Me", "Long Legged Linda" and "Like A Good Girl"? What is beyond the boogie, the grimace, the superstition, the stagnation, and the gaps between their legs? What is beyond the mere myth. . . ?

Maybe a lot. Status Quo 'play', and how far removed this is from orthodox creativity is interesting. Passing go and collecting £200 for the 1470th time or composing the opening moments to Beethoven's 7th — is the thrill similar? Only Quo know.

Status Quo have all their survival problems under control, and have surplus nervous energy which requires an outlet. Status Quo play to discharge their energy. But if play is simply practising (as in toddlers or young monkeys gathering experience) then what are Quo practising for? Something transcendent — or have they already achieved this?

The opener here is "Again And Again"; it's crucial in a number of respects. Nostalgic and speculative, descriptive and ironic, sacred and exhaustively enthusiastic, it is as important within the Quo fairytale as Descartes reasoning 'I think, therefore I am' is for cigar smokers. But how much intent is there in the weighty words *"again and again"*? Are Quo being valid or is there a measure of detachment?

This album, their ninth and fourth best investigation into activity for activity's sake, has as ever no openly significant signs of intent, although it goes without saying that the implications are immense. Obligations to introduce variety and versatility into the musical scope are unhappily apparent (as on such as the slumbering ballad "Someone Show Me Home", which didn't make me cry) but — a good sign — also half-hearted.

When Quo attempt to be anxious, sensuous, ambiguous or even verbal, they evade the actual truth of their essence. Their role is ultimately an essentially tragic and even pessimistic understanding and acceptance of man, monotony, the world and futility. Despite this (because of this?) when they stick to their own flat, fiercely uninventive and intimately driving boogie, they provide for many the ultimate freedom.

But not for me.

Paul Morley

STEELEYE SPAN
Live At Last *(Chrysalis)*

Steeleye's farewell album, recorded at the Winter Gardens, Bournemouth, last March. Not their finest work, but intermittently brilliant and, overall, not an unworthy epitaph.

The only non-traditional piece on the record is Brecht's "The Black Freighter", a marvellous song about the rich getting their come-uppance. Here it's given an equally marvellous treatment, full of drama and ferocity, with Maddy Prior's stirring vocals providing my favourite moments on the album.

The most ambitious track is "Montrose", a 15 minute epic of medieval heroism and intrigue — impressive, but it drags a little and never quite lives up to its promise.

The rest is more standard fare: the jaunty instrumental opening of "The Atholl Highlanders/Walter Bulwer's Polka", the heavily rhythmic near-chant of "Hunting The Wren", John Kirkpatrick's morris dance on "Bonnets So Blue" — which obviously loses its visual impact, though you can hear his bells dancing eerily from speaker to speaker, and Martin Carthy's lovely accompaniment is a treat in itself.

The last track is "The False Knight On The Road", which harks back to Steeleye's masterpiece "Please To See The King". They rattle through it at a fair old pace, lively indeed, but not quite with the precise clarity of the original studio version.

Still, it would be silly to carp. This is a fine record, from a group who have given millions enormous pleasure and provided them with a potted history of English traditional music to boot. Thanks.

There can't be many people left now playing electric folk. Somebody better start a Preservation Society quick.

Graham Lock

Either: From Schoenberg to Shelley

Can as was (l-r): Holger Czukay, Damo Suzuki, Michael Karoli, Irmin Schmidt and Jackie Liebezeit

Or: From Arnold to Pete — How to be serious about serialism

CAN
Cannibalism *(United Artists)*

A splash of a Can dictionary, more for those with piggy than memory banks as their foremost priority.

Oh, do you really want to tango with the terrors of history? The mathematics of it all? The fulsome and haunted motion scowling, rolling behind the blazing landscape here assembled? If so, leave "Cannibalism", and make paper hats out of your modern music guide . . .

Listen. We start with a serial. It is 1921. Arnold Schoenberg is a German composer, and invents a new starting point for composition. Serialism: twelve notes in a chromatic scale, arranged to a fixed order, a series, a hidden theme, this used to vitalize melodies and harmonies, and it extends to certain extents.

Hop, skim and jump to a point over the hurdle of WW11, to Karlheinz Stockhausen, a young German composer, whom for the purpose of brevity we will call a reinforced concrete serialist. Stockhausen co-initiates but then breaks out of a revised serialist gesture, now partially arranging sound into considered 'moments'.

In Cologne, Stockhausen fiddles with the new horizons and reasons offered by electronics, often with crude and unexpected results. There is a live performance of his *Kontakte* featuring a pianist and percussionist improvising with a tape of the original *Kontakte's* bare composition (Brian Eno probably in primary school at about this time) and also a performance of his *Kurzwellen* for instrumentalist and shortwave radio.

Many of these decisions and explorations will be dredged up years later in 'rock' music. Brave and new.

Meanwhile, Stockhausen teaches at the Kranischstein Institute in Darmstadt. One of his pupils is Irmin Schmidt, a pianist, another is Holger Czukay, a bassist.

In 1968 Schmidt starts work on a film score, and enlists the help of old friend Czukay, along with free jazz drummer Jaki Liebezeit, guitarist Michael Karoli, American flautist David Johnson, and black American singer — neither academic nor professional — Malcom Mooney. Here they go: Can, they.

Think of it. Hendrix had bent sound, Zappa had organised it, but here were the living cross-section Can. And here was a new rhythm, not jazz, not avant-garde classical, not rock but a distillation of all. A new 'rock' rhythm with gaps, with projections, the theoretical elements of chance and violence pioneered by Stockhausen, Cage et al, but without their sophistry. Back to top. Look forward to now.

Soundtracks are recorded, music is recorded, released on The Can's first two albums "Monster Movie" and "Soundtracks" minus Johnson, departed, and much of the latter minus the manic Mooney who is replaced by a Japanese, Damo Suzuki.

OK. "Cannibalism" is two times two sides of Can from the 16 sides (including "Movie" and "Soundtracks") in the UA catalogue, although the bitty scrapbook "Limited Edition" is ignored, presumably as it went on to form part of a Virgin double. Separate songs, sequences and compositions have been selected, some re-edited, some re-engineered, and then lovelessly jumbled, splintered. A windmill assessment.

"Cannibalism" doesn't arrange the tracks into chronological sequence (unlike last year's excellent Soft Machine "Triple Echo" compilation), and doesn't supply any infomation, least of all a hint of Can's positioning in times past and present: influence, confluence of influences. At best you can piece together a blurry journey from the publishing credits, but then not even those are complete.

"Cannibalism" doesn't include line-ups or personnel changes, doesn't group together tracks from individual albums. The sleeve notes (by Pete Shelley) are pointless and not a little embarrassing, as are the title and the cover; it all screams a *rock compilation,* shoddiness, commercial gain to the quick, cut-out controversy, shrug of the shoulders.

I refuse to shade in further. The links — ATV, Pere Ubu, XTC, Wire, Buzzcocks, Cabaret Voltaire, Thomas Leer, Robert Rental, and so on — are shredded wheat for all it matters to UA. Tell all the children, journalist, about those links, a little of this year's last year's thing. What?

The Ultravox/Bowie fans who wear their leather coats to Fritz Lang films will a-d-o-r-e this blank, adaptable statement, envelope, coat hanger, with its flesh/machine cover. How contemporary, why not a picture of Astrid Proll, uh?

And also what a Christmas pressy for all the plain young men and women weaning themselves off the campus' abstractions and into, pause, real life, with feminism, jogging, Save The Whale, vegetarianism, China, Jamaica, West Germany . . .

I wish you a merry myth-making.

The real Can compilation hasn't been born yet. The 'real' title is "Can: Tapes Of The Panther When The Tide Arrives . . .". You can make of that what you will. You can't with "Cannibalism".

Goodnight.

Ian Penman

BAY CITY ROLLERS
Strangers In The Wind *(Arista)*
FABULOUS POODLES
Unsuitable *(Pye)*

In which the Fabulous Poodles refuse to grow up, while the Bay City Rollers try but fail.

Older readers with long memories may remember the Rollers. For "Strangers In The Wind", the Rollers have forsaken even the smooth, synthetic liveliness of their ancient hits, and instead we get dreary ballads, plus one or two plodding mid-tempo numbers. I guess this represents an attempt to move up-market, to shake off the last vestiges of their teenybopper image and become Real Artistes.

This must be why they write stuff like "Another Rainy Day In New York City" and "Strangers In The Wind", which is Jackson Browne for 5 year olds, and even claim to be *"back on the street"* in the song of that name.

The music, though, remains pure dinky toy. Eric Faulkner is in no danger of becoming an exciting guitarist, and the album is laden with strings and synthesisers. Even OAPs have more vitality than this.

Indeed, avid OAP readers of *Gasbag* may recall the Fabulous Poodles as the cause of a rumpus at an RAR gig at Brighton last May, when a lot of people were incensed by their sexist lyrics and general rudeness. After listening to "Unsuitable", my sympathies lie entirely with the protesters. The Poodles deserve to be booed off every stage they play for trotting out pathetic rubbish like "Tit Photographer Blues", "Topless Go Go" and "Convent Girls".

It's not only that they're sexist songs, they're also tediously silly and utterly trivial. Laughs don't come much cheaper. The rest of the album is little better. "B Movies" is a second-rate rewrite of "Pamela Pamela", "Toytown People" must be about the band themselves, and there's a clumping version of "Third Rate Romance" which completely misses the weary resignation of the original. The music is equally weedy. Doodling guitars, pit-a-pat rhythms, cliched arrangements: no power or imagination whatsoever.

The Fabulous Poodles are like a reheated version of a pale imitation of the Kursaal Flyers — they have no wit and no musical bite. This album isn't unsuitable, just unnecessary. Christ, even the Stones do it better.

Graham Lock

THE EMOTIONS
Sunbeam *(Kalimba)*

The excellent Emotions come through with a danceable and loveable collection of songs. Anybody who has ever taken time out to listen to The Emotions will be fully aware that on a good day they can mix it with any girl soul trio anywhere — with the possible exception of the much lamented Labelle. I think this album must have been recorded on a good day.

If I had my way just about all of this album would be released as singles — simultaneously. This would ensure that the charts become a safer and healthier place for all of us. However, as I hardly ever get my way, may I suggest that the persons responsible put out "Smile" and "Whole Lot Of Shakin' " without further delay.

The Emotions have been performing for an awful long time now, and it shows. They know what to do and they know when and when not to do it. More importantly, they sound like they still get a hit off doing it.

John Hamblett

ERIC CARMEN
Change Of Heart *(Arista)*

THE cover drags 1930s depression into 1970s Syntheticism as Carmen sits all onesome in structure shadows with his big toffee eyes. This is nostalgia: ever fallen in love with someone with consumption ever fallen?

But Eric's consumption is fit *for* consumption, ya know? He has made an album of predominantly orchestrated songs which is approximately "Good Old Boys" without Randy Newman's humour, knowledge or humanity.

A cluttered sigh, a drawn-out non-idea, a sack of clean potatoes. If you want maudlin and real, real excess, then the B-side of Alex Chilton's "Kizza Me" single on Aura, "Dream Lover", is mud, glorious. Cheap.

Ian Penman

SLIM HARPO
He Knew The Blues *(Sonet)*

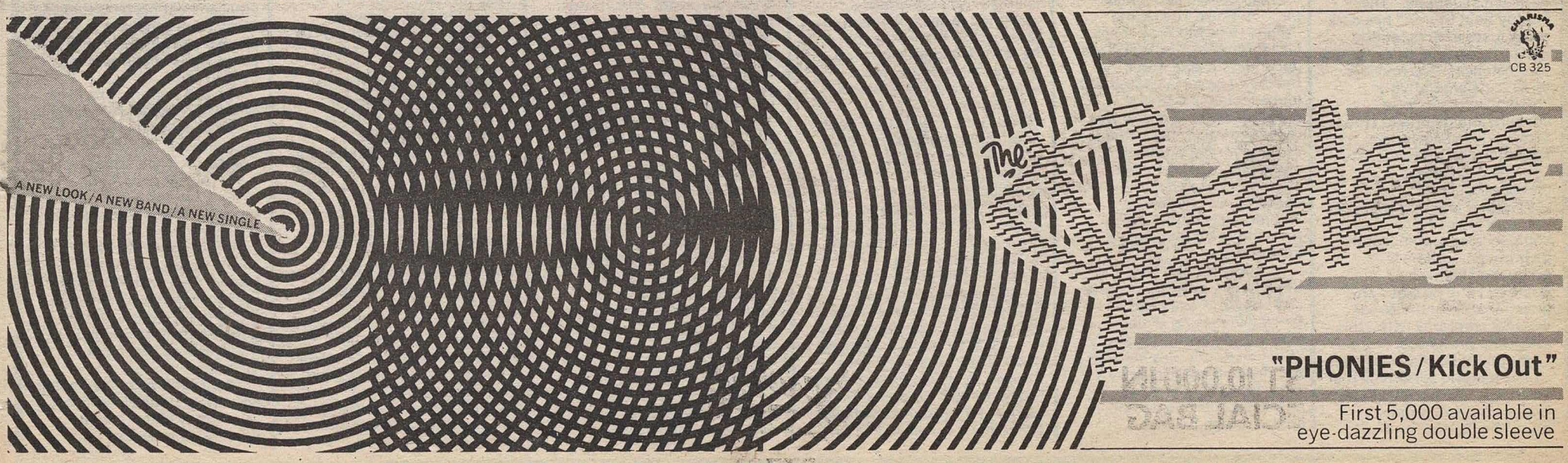
Slim Harpo: Louisiana blues rather than Chicago, lazy drawl and swamp cool rather than declamatory bellow and sweatbox raunch. He wrote "I'm A King Bee", "Shake Your Hips", "Scratch My Back" and stuff like that, died in 1970 four years before his fiftieth birthday, thereby qualifying as a "younger bluesman".

This album carries no session details except that it was licensed from Nashboro Records, one of the few US labels who persist in recording bluesmen, albeit with mixed results. This one, however, is an unalloyed success. Behind that mock-Oxtoby cover are 14 gems of modern blues, drawing on soul and rock just enough to wipe out any charges of "anachronism", cooking on the back-burners with an intensity that simmers rather than blazes.

Harpo's singing is cool and witty but never detached, his mouth-harp (which shares the lead with a very adaptable and creative guitarist of the Albert King persuasion) is driving and melodic. The rhythm section are hip without being flashy and traditional without resorting to the plodding which so infuriates devotees of modern soul and rock. The songs — mostly original apart from magnificent versions of John Lee Hooker's "Boogie Chillen" and Johnny Cash's "Folsom Prison Blues" — are excellent and the whole thing adds up to one of the finest blues albums of the last few years.

No doubt there are several carloads of fashionable and important modern-world products just crying out for your shekels and attention — you know, the ones that get the heavy review in the rock rags, get promoted by world tours and TV campaigns and *even* get disussed by Derek Jewell — but if you want something that's designed to be listened to rather than discussed (a record to play rather than a sleeve to display prominently when your mates come visiting) then go to the hippest record shop in your area, ask for Slim Harpo and lay your money down.

Charles Shaar Murray



PAUL STANLEY
Paul Stanley
GENE SIMMONS
Gene Simmons
ACE FREHLEY
Ace Frehley
PETER CRISS
Peter Criss
All (Casablanca)

We sons and daughters of Albion haven't got that much to boast about living as we do on this wretched isle of ours but — give credit where credit is due — we Limeys have exercised a resilience almost akin to the old Dunkirk spirit whilst forcing off the hideous spectre of the Kiss machine.

But what of this latest 'product' manoeuvre? These four solo albums are being released simultaneously with themselves and, in America, some made-for-tv film *Kiss Meets The Phantom Of The Park*. Nor should we forget the second Kiss Marvel comic, currently available on import for those few dopes over here who feel the overwhelming urge to wallow in that sort of thing. Altogether, it dovetails very neatly, and the albums themselves can be sold to the zombie hordes into whose consciousness the chant of *"I wanna rock'n'roll all night long and party every day"* has long been tape-looped under the pretence of allowing the poor folks the thrill of getting aurally closer to the men behind the masks.

It's difficult to say just which album will appeal most to the aforementioned dopes' desires. Only Ace, the godawful lead guitarist, sticks strictly to the lowest common denominator throughout, with Kiss house producer Eddie Kramer at the board dutifully capturing track after track of low rent hard rock histrionics; there's plenty of fuzzy guitar overdubbing and dumb posing for them as wants it. In fact, Frehley's record is quite hilarious in some parts, and the Albertos should seriously consider doing "Snowblind", for example, as it beats their "No Nonsense Boogie" pastiche into frayed tatters as prime heavy metal dork fodder.

Mind you, Ace is not of course the most popular member of the group. That glorious accolade rests somewhere between the grip of the truly hideous Gene Simmons and token pretty boy Paul Stanley. This could become something of a fight to the death as Stanley goes for modesty in terms of tone and execution, using totally unknown musicians for his predominantly fey Anglophile love songs while Simmons, the rabid dog egomaniac that he is, plays dirty by dragging in as many superstars as are prepared to suffer a credibility loss for their part in this ostentatious affair.

Simmons has procured names as diverse as Donna Summer and Bob Seger, Aerosmith's Joe Perry and some of the Beatle clones from that *Beatlemania* farce, not to mention a swift cameo gratis from current lovebird Cher to flesh out his utterly forgettable ditties. Gene leaves no niche untapped, carousing from hard rock grist to straight Beatles pop imitations (that's where the Beatlemaniacs come in, naturally) and even tossing off a Disney outro of "When You Wish Upon A Star". None of the stars add anything to any of the songs, primarily because these are so characterless anyway.

Paul's effort is slightly more palatable, simply because it's more modest. But talk about a closet wimp! Stanley's songs are appallingly winsome, save for an occasional pleasant chord progression similar to those favoured by Eric Carmen of The Raspberries. Stanley seems to see himself as Kiss' own Paul McCartney, an attitude which fits nicely alongside that manufactured for final Kiss twit and drummer Peter Criss.

Peter has obviously been set up as the Ringo of the group. No expense has been spared in this operation, with even Starr's old songwriting chum Vince Poncia tossed in as the producer, granting Criss a virtual 'disco' feel to his songs akin to what Arif Mardin whipped out for latterday Ringo product.

In all fairness, Criss can sing and, if you bother to peer past the disco pap veneer, there are a couple of good tunes with interesting horn charts somewhere in here. Otherwise, it's strictly more pablum for the peons, the longstanding Kiss method.

Ultimately it doesn't matter which album is best or worst. Business is business . . .

Nick Kent

GIL SCOTT-HERON & BRIAN JACKSON
Secrets *(Arista)*

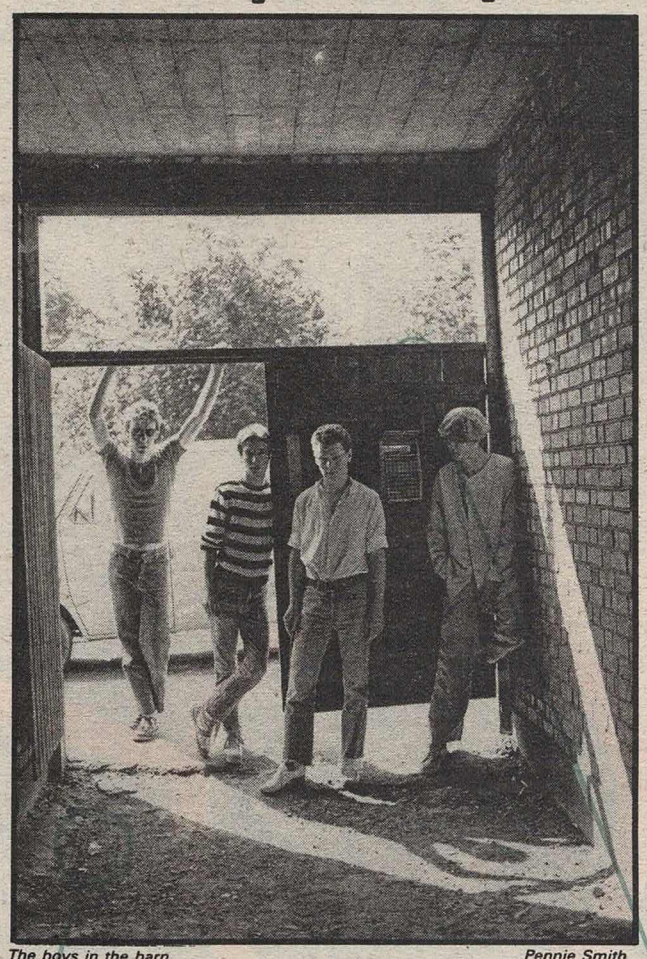
Ever since hearing his second "Pieces Of A Man" album — the one that featured such jewels as "Home Is Where The Hatred Is", the infamous "The Revolution Will Not Be Televised" and the title song itself — I've had a certain respect for Gil Scott-Heron. Unfortunately this fast dwindled as he became increasingly popular in the USA and subsequently had to sell himself short: the price he paid for success.

Since signing with Arista three years ago, Scott-Heron's work has veered slowly towards the funkier end of the market. This might not have been so serious an inclination, if only his lyrics and subject matter hadn't become so predictable before he even put pen to paper. The soundtrack for the revolution certainly won't be a bass synthesiser.

It's really a case of preaching to the converted. And this from a man of obvious integrity. Shame.

John Gray

Jimmy's Joyce?



The boys in the barn *Pennie Smith*

SHAM 69
That's Life (Polydor)

Jimmy Pursey's *Ulysses* — a day in the life of 'a working class kid'. A shrug of the shoulders.

An impressive success at overcoming the rigid confines of the four-minute track punk long-player by framing the songs within a challenging concept or an astonishingly naive project? Both.

What we get is ten Sham songs, vaguely related to clumsy dialogue, apparently improvised by barely distinguishable non-actor friends. We get the Sham energy and the Pursey message, the 'wit' and the 'wisdom'.

Morning, and our hero is called from bed. He's late, he can't get into the bathroom, his kid sister's in there and she won't budge. Downstairs (good stereo effects here) his mum and dad argue, triggered off by Hero's inadequacies. A cacophony of nagging and spite fires the band (innocent bystanders?) into the self-explanatory "Leave Me Alone". On the bus Hero is stared at because of his neat blue suit. *"It's my boss who makes me wear it"*, he spits, *"And anyway, who gives a damn?"* ("Who Gives A Damn").

At work, late again, Hero is none too pedantically dismissed. And so on into the reflective "Everybody Right, Everybody's Wrong", with Hero moping *"I'm a sweater on the wrong way round with the label sticking out/Hanging on the line to dry but the dirt won't wash out"* (Pursey at his most symbolic and illuminative). Side one finishes with Hero grumbling with his mates at a cafe, and a visit to a betting shop where his last wages are put on a friendly tip ("That's Life" and "Win Or Lose").

Side two commences with Hero winning £100. He goes round to his pal Harry and exhorts him to come down to the pub, a run of daft dialogue that sparks off the already legendary "Hurry Up Harry". After a few bevvies, Hero and Harry reveal their crass urges for 'a bit', which naturally leads to the boggle-eyed "Evil Way", a grossly sexist (realistic?) banter. So off they go to a disco, and chat up a couple of 'birds'.

Here Pursey experiments over-ambitiously and wrecks his simple, safe plot by messing about with dreams and open endings. "Reggae Picks Up Part One" implies a brief flare of pleasure, Hero channelling all the day's resentment into a trainee secretary. "Sunday Morning Nightmare" is a good, hard look at the results (love bites on the neck, sick on the trousers) of an indulgent night out; it begins a confusing sequence of where the day could end up: a fight over a slag and/or nicking a car for a joy ride and crashing it. ("Reggae Pick Up Part Two" and "Angels With Dirty Faces").

After Hero has snapped out of this nightmare, the record finishes with an honest, bald appraisal of fundamental existence (wouldn't you just believe it?) "Is This Me Or Is It You?". We leave our Hero pondering this, and await his appearance on another record. . .

I love it! The naive, aloof sod in me beats out the pseudo-intellectual. Only Pursey could get himself involved in such a thing. He is *always* trying. It is an inarticulate, over-eager, presumptuous attempt to record and relate the futility, fightings, frustrations and failings of youth. It is exaggerated, unintentionally funny, maybe plain bad, but what the hell are we to expect — a work of art? Social Realism? Pursey would love to think it's that, but it's not; it's not embarrassing either.

This is Pursey, an intense perfectionist, trying to better himself. As a musician he is adopting new ways of expression and adapting to his new, continually changing and unreal environments. He is evolving, if only lyrically and conceptually. His words are coarser, tauter. The pattern of "That's Life" is different from the pattern of "Tell Us The Truth". That is progression.

Musically the practicality, the simplicity but most of all the sheer function of Sham's dumb rock and roll is enough, and will probably never change. Introductions like Dave Parson's rapidly maturing if ordinary guitar strokes and Pursey's more versatile vocal tricks are limits on any expansion. The word is 'disposable' and Pursey understands that.

The rock on this album is watered down mid-period Mott The Hoople: shameless flamboyance, tinges of theatricality and hopeful ballads. I'll never listen to it to move or inspire myself, but then I never listen to rock for these reasons anyway. Those who knock the effective rubbish on this record and who then run off to listen to Led Zeppelin or Yes or Elvis Costello are at the least misjudging or at worst being excessively bigoted.

Despite its faults — basically those of articulation and composition *not* of experience, so there's in fact an irregular sort of authenticity here — "That's Life" communicates quite a lot. It succeeds in fashioning a picture, certainly an over-simplified and distorted one, of a youth's social and domestic claustrophobia.

The sense is that of a person who doesn't control their own life, a feeling we all know. It may be flawed, a blotchy self-realisation, it may offer no answers, but it is sincere. The overall moralizing is peculiar and detrimental. Pursey is over-emotional and foolish, the story is extreme, inconsistent and inconclusive. Such factors are continually redeemed by the ebullience and vitality.

Pursey remains as true as possible deep within a system of utter artificiality. (Forgive him his confusion). Ultimately, the man is enjoying himself so much, his enemies can only be jealous. If the worst comes to the worst, think of it as comedy.

Paul Morley

Imports

When **William Joseph Martin Joel** split from group life with such outfits as The Hassles and Attila and opted to make it on his own via an Artie Ripp-produced pizza known as "Cold Spring Harbour", he was instantly proclaimed as an Elton soundalike and filed under "forgettable" by most members of penpushers anonymous.

But being the odd man out — probably as a result of having sweaty feet as a boy — I refrained from voicing such opinions and so was considerably bucked when the said Mr. Joel and his accompanying Steinway later hauled themselves not only up the charts but into critical acclaim. "52nd Street", Joel's new Columbia set, is, bless its jazzy little heart, a veritable goody.

Over at the Brothers Warner, **Arlo Guthrie's** been making friends with an outfit known as Shenandoah, the result of the relationship being "One Night", a mainly live album. It is however patchy, containing a nondescript version of the Dave Bartholomew song that lends the album its name, an effective Simon and Garfunk-go-bluegrass take of The Beatles' "I've Just Seen A Face", and a piece of ragtime piano partying on the traditional "St Louis Tickle".

"It's always surprised me when a talent of the magnitude of **Les McCann** finds it hard to break through to a larger audience," claims that well-known sleeve annotator Herb Alpert on the overcoat to McCann's "The Mann" (A&M). And he has a point, for McCann, who along with Horace Silver, virtually invented the "soul" category, has made the US Hot 100 only once in his lengthy career. "The Man" is an obvious attempt to rectify that situation, being a funk-filled entity that manages to walk the line between an artistic earful and a commercial cop-out without stepping too far in either direction.

Also around are **Mark-Almond's** "Other People's Rooms" and **Dr. John's** "City Lights", Claus Ogerman providing the arrangements on both these Horizon releases.

A pic disc of **Boston's** "Don't Look Back" (Epic) is available for those who wish to waste £11.95 on a disc that bears the inscription "not intended for normal play". But those with more sense and maybe a soft spot for folk with a difference should be pointed in the direction of "Clannad In Concert" (Ogham), which contains some of music recorded on **Clannad's** Swiss tour in '78. Of course, the lyrics are all in Gaelic and you won't understand a damn word. But if you don't at least get off to the harp-filled beauty of O'Carolan's "Planxty Burke", then now's the time to check your pulse. It's possible you died a few hours ago.

Fred Dellar

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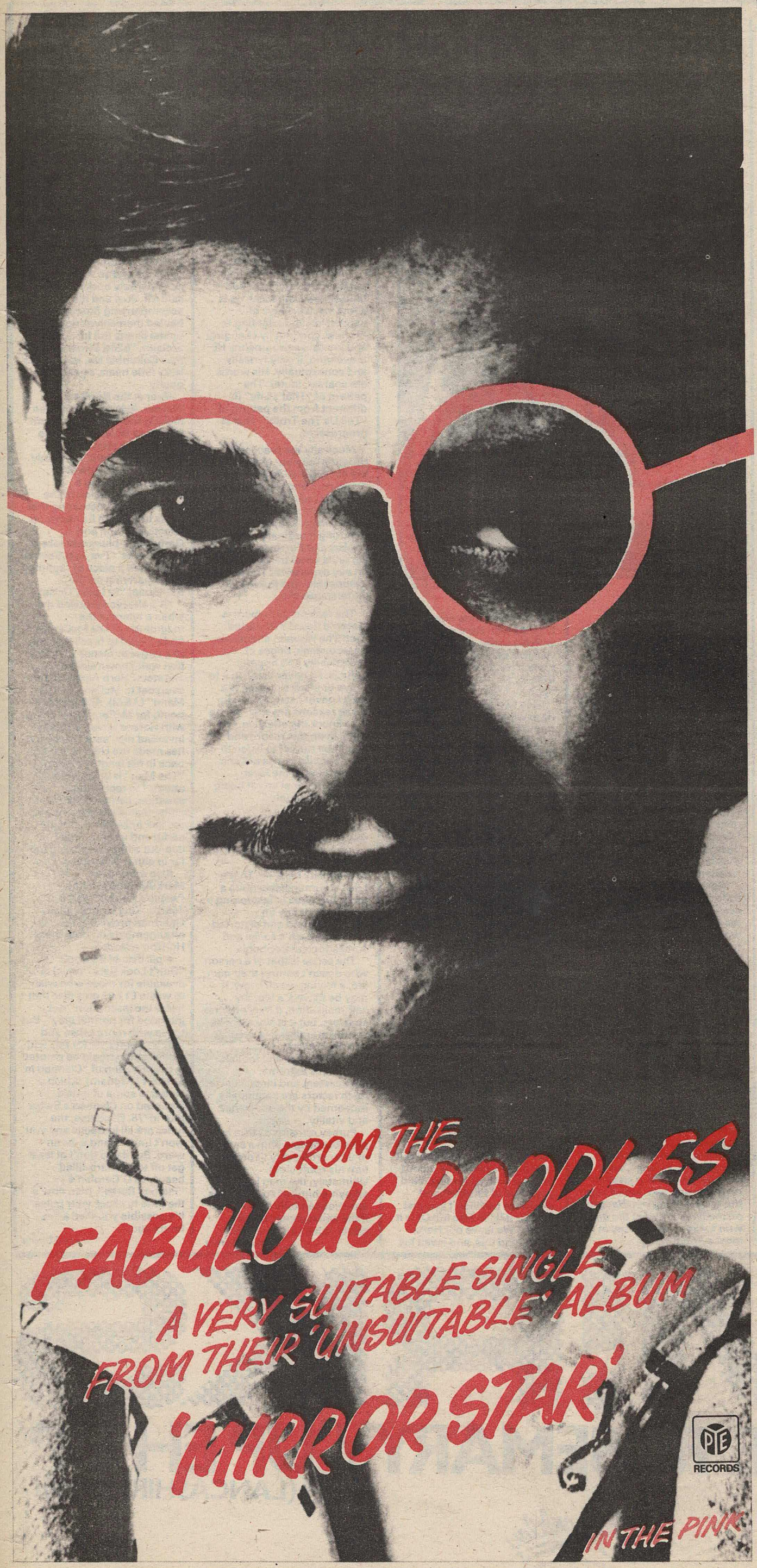


VARIOUS
The Savoy Reissues
(Arista/Savoy)

Like Blue Note, Savoy have the sort of jazz vaults that stimulate Nixonian fantasies of a plumbing operation, flashlight, sockhat and double-gusset swagbag. The problem for the paying punter, however, is that the 15 reissues are all good which makes shortlisting difficult.

"Bird", "Long Tall Dexter", "Pres" and "Dee Gee Days" would have to be my indispensable quartet, albums I've lived with over the years and which would have to be taken into consideration in any criminal prosecution for loutish behaviour.

"Bird — The Savoy Recordings" are the master takes only of numbers like "Billie's Bounce", "Now's The Time", "Ko Ko", "Parker's Mood", and it sounds odd not to plough through all the abrupt reed squeaks and producer's whistles that beset Bird's studio sessions. This is some of the greatest playing in the most perfect idiom ever devised for improvisation, I've heard nothing better in almost 30 years of listening, and if Roy Plomely pins you down to one album and the works of Shakespeare, this is your only option.

The Dexter Gordon is Bebop '40s vintage, swings unstoppably from the off, and is characterized by the hobnail charm of titles like "Blow Mr. Dexter" and "Dexter's Cuttin' Out". The tenorman's harmonic imagination is often overlooked in the face of his massive attack and exuberance. It doesn't sound clever: it is. Bud Powell, Tadd Dameron, Fats Navarro and Sonny Criss are also on hand, though Dexter's takes with Leo Parker — a baritone player to out-lout all others — only rise to the expected knees-up on "Dexter's Riff".

The Lester Young sessions are classics, drawn mainly from his pre-Army period when the relation was still audacious. "Blue Lester" sounds as if it was recorded sitting down, hat over eyes, legs loosely crossed, sax at the slant and fag under the rods; "Exercise In Swing" cooks like crazy

The Dizzy Gillespie double comes from his own vintage Dee Gee label, and bulges with curiosities. The parody of Louis Armstrong on "Pops Confessin' " is very funny, as is the vocal duet by Diz and Joe Carroll. Milt Jackson sings horribly on "Time On My Hands", and Coltrane makes a near-debut on "We Love To Boogie"

The three compilations are worth confusing your filing system for. The drolly titled "Brothers & Other Mothers" features Lester's 'gray boys', Getz, Cohn, Chaloff, Brew Morre and Allen Eager, the white disciples of The President. Eager's "Booby Hatch" gives some idea of why the man is a legend, and the same goes double for baritone Serge Chaloff on "Serge's Urge": neither man recorded much, neither are forgotten.

"Black California" features some of the best of the West before the excitement of Bebop gave way to formalism. "Backbreaker", the long track featuring the great Wardell Gray at his loping best, also gives an airing to Sonny Criss on the same album as a young Eric Dolphy — in Roy Porter's band of 1949 — which ought to spur someone on to compare similarities. That other great altoist, Art Pepper, gets four fine tracks with Hampton Hawes. Slim Gaillard and Helen Humes are still funny thirty years after the event, the latter's "Airplane Blues" still censorable in its sexual imagery.

"The Changing Face Of Harlem" features a variety of jump bands from the early '40s, a style which eventually led into R&B. Buck Ram, whose 11-piece outfit featured an unrecognizable Earl Bostic, produced these sessions before going on to The Platters. Bostic also graced the alto chair with Floyd 'Horsecollar' Williams in the Hot Lips Page Band, also generously featured. Bird turns up, and Ben Webster and Ike Quebec in this fascinating collection.

"Mister B. And The Band" refers to Billy Eckstine, the baritone with the voice you could stand a spoon up in, and his impossibly glittering orchestra which included Parker, Gillespie, Navarro, Dorham, Miles, Dexter, Stitt, Ammons, Wardell Gray, Lucky Thompson, Leo Parker and Art Blakey, Sarah Vaughan sharing the goatish vibrate spots with the leader, and charts by Dameron, Gillespie and Jerry Valentine. Nuff said.

"Savoy Jam Party" by tenorman Don Byas gives a fine cross-section of his bag — sinuous and caressing on ballads like "What Do You Want With My Heart", and elegantly belting on "How High The Moon". All the small groups are bouncy, with sidemen like Charlie Shavers and Rudy Williams better than many of today's leaders.

Lucky Thompson, like Byas, is too often taken for granted. He turns up on Milt Jackson's "Second Nature" and blows with seamless symmetry throughout like a man with a blueprint for beauty. Bags was taking time out from the restrictions of the MJQ, which usually led to a knock-about with his mates rather than more grandiose projects, and he plays a blinder.

Jackson's axe might look like a tea-trolley, but it comes on like an anvil.

Another vibist, Red Norvo, manages to make a completely different impact, his lack of vibrato militating against mood but adding to the velocity of his solos. "The Red Norvo Trio" will probably sell today for Tal Farlow, a Christian-based guitarist with a cult following and the young Mingus.

Tenorman Yusef Lateef, born Bill Evans, took an earlier interest in ethnic music — particularly Eastern music — than most, and "Morning" has plent of exotic touches in the use of argol and rabat. It may sound cautious in the light of contemporary Cook's Tours — bassist Ahmed Abdul Malik plunged deeper into the yashmak — but back in 1957 it was a lonely furrow. Rahsaan got the credit for a lot of Yusef's inventions.

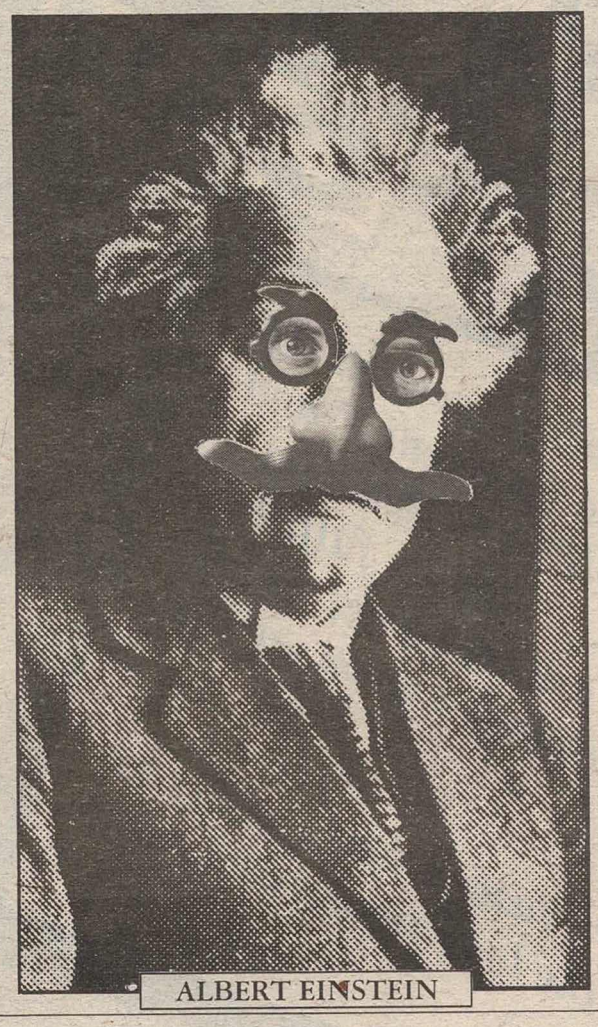
Lateef went on to join the commercially successful Cannonball Adderley band, caught in its infancy on "Spontaneous Combustion" from 1955. Cannonball hit New York and was immediately oversold — like Frank Morgan — for his ferocious projection, while altoists like Sonny Criss, Phil Woods and Jackie McLean who had always played like that continued business as usual. Not Cannonball's fault, of course, and he plays with great conviction throughout, with "Flamingo" and the title track characteristically greasy and lyrical at once.

Erroll Garner's "The Elf" is gorgeous, always balancing the plashing prettiness on numbers like "Love Walked In" with beefier chordings in the left hand. Romanticism sounds different today — Jarrett, Tyner — and it may be that Garner is hard to get back to, and his stride roots don't help.

Finally, "Countdown" from John Coltrane and Wilbur Harden with two hitherto-unissued takes of the magnificent title track, and one each for "Wells Fargo" and "Rhodomagnetics". "Giant Steps" was only a year away, and Coltrane was casting a long shadow over Harden's session. Not that the flugelhorn player was negligible — his compositions and his fervent blues playing were extraordinary — but that the tenorman was incomparable.

Brian Case

ISAAC NEWTON



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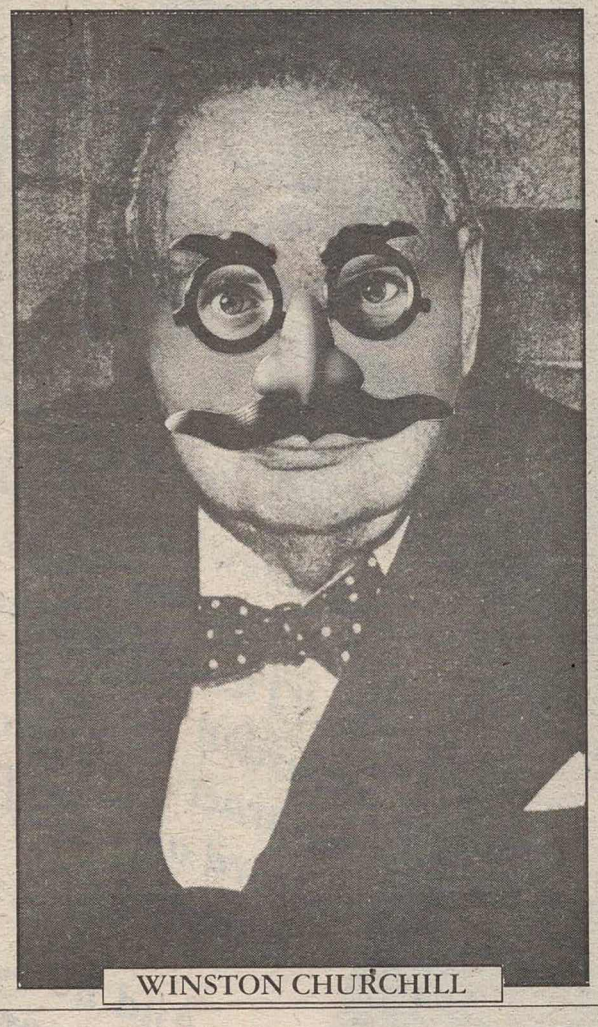

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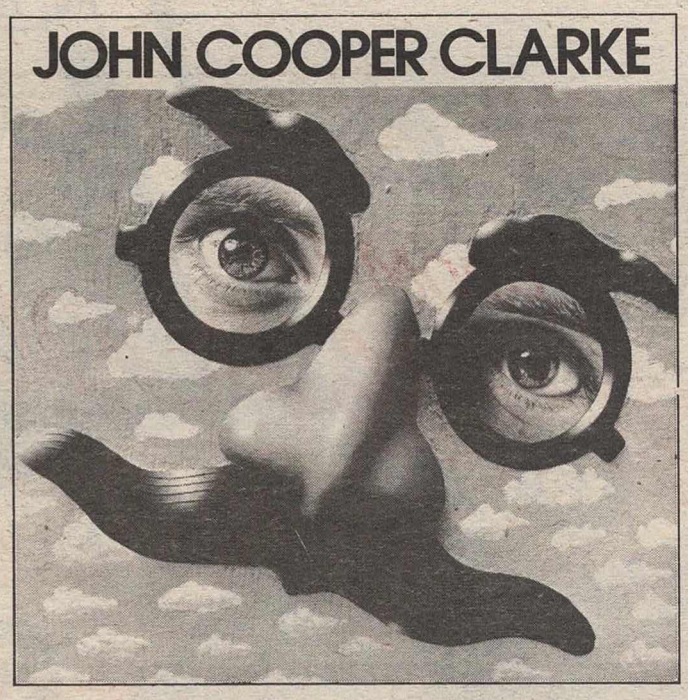

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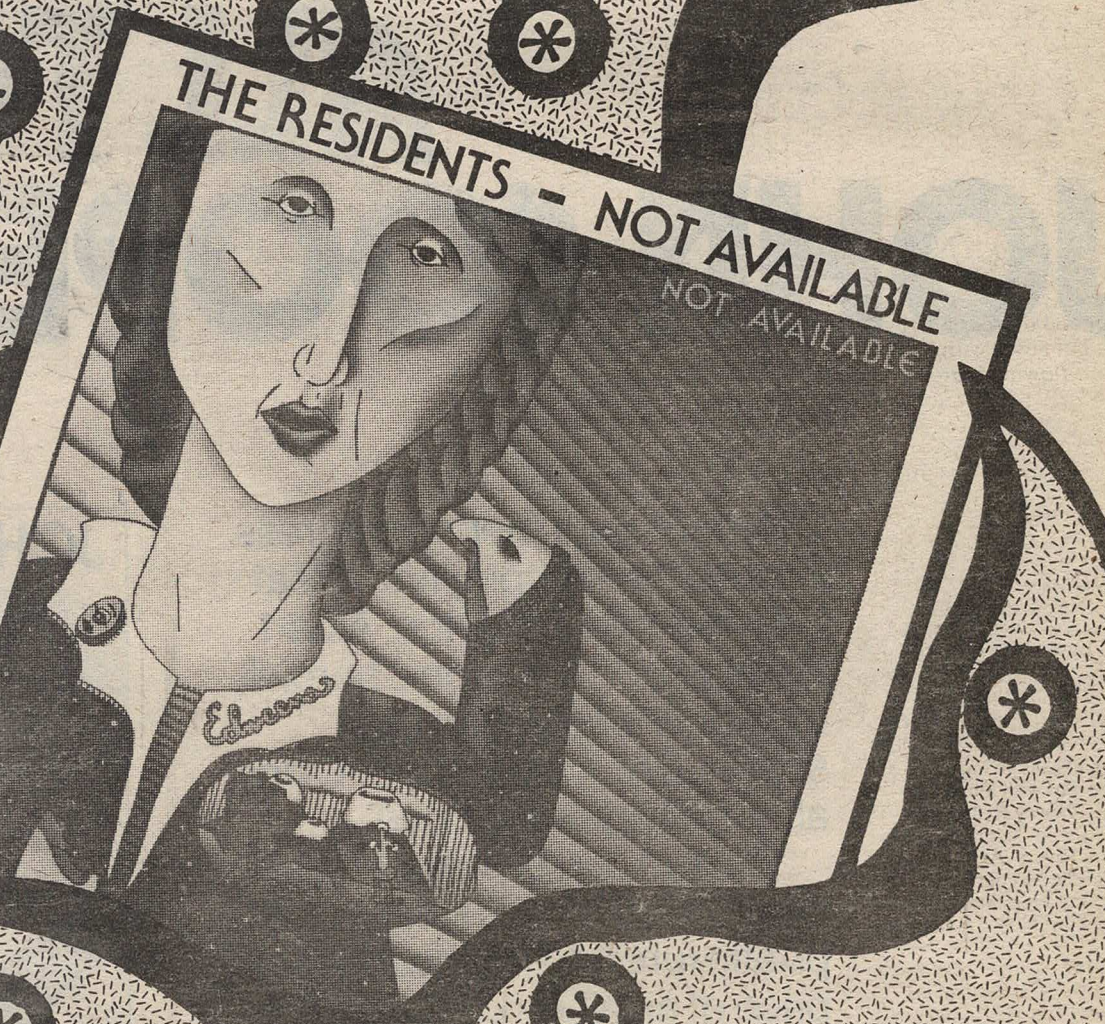

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JAZZ

TED DANIEL. Pic: VALERIE WILMER.

As Quiet As It's Kept . . .

Trumpeter **TED DANIEL** may be between hotels but he's sure of a niche in the trumpet tradition.

By **BRIAN CASE**

THE VIENNA Riding School couldn't turn out a better seat than Andrew Cyrille's. Bolt-upright, contained, a cuirass of muscle under a white sweatshirt, he deals from the drumkit like a master, hooves cantering, sidestepping and overlapping at his bidding. We've had Andrew before with Cecil Taylor and the Carla Bley band, but never with his own outfit, a flowing four-in-hand with Nick Di Geronimo on bass, David Ware tenor, and Ted Daniel on trumpet.

Leader apart, Ted is the most impressive musician here, with a classical symmetry of shape about his improvising, no flash, no facile fury, no ego. He's a melodic player and he gets right in amongst the tune, and like Dizzy — and hardly anybody else — he has the ability to play quietly with the concentrated energy of a burning glass.

I met him in the bar of his hotel. Small, muscular, balding, Ted Daniel has an impressive track-record with Sunny Murray, Dewey Redman, Archie Shepp, Noah Howard and Sam Rivers. At this moment, he was between hotel rooms, and a mountain of luggage was stacked at his elbow.

"Quietly?" says Ted. "You know, I try to make dynamic contrasts in my performances. I can play loud all night, but it's good to make a contrast. I think it's like another voice if you put a mute on and play quietly — and then take it out. You don't hafta play loudly because the contrast is so clear.

"It's a little more difficult if you wanna play quietly and play high on the horn. I enjoy doing it as opposed to blasting all the time. You can really pinpoint the ideas. I think that's maybe one of my trademarks."

Every time I get to New York, I find attitudes — let alone fashions in hand-shake, gimme five, catch my thumb — have shifted. Recently, there has been a general movement away from the sound-and-fury and a drift back to tunes and spaciousness.

Ted agreed. "Right now in my development, I'm concentrating on playing more melodically. It's a good way to develop a solo, and people are able to follow me a little better if I give them a melodic concept, and then I can lead them into some of the other technical things that I do.

"I think that's really where it's at in New York, yeah. My particular place in the history of the music at this point, well, when I came into it in the late '60s it was about energy. Sunny Murray and Albert Ayler came before me. It was really new, very fresh and very strong — and it wasn't much about playing pretty melodies.

"Out of that energy, a diamond was being made. You know, you get a rough diamond? Now, the cats that are left, that came out of that tradition — and I identify with those people — are refining the music. These elements, that energy, is now a valid part of the black musical expression — a part to be used.

"It's about refinement. Like, what I'm doing now, I've moved through that particular area of energy. See, fourth generation cats who're younger than me, people like David Murray, they didn't hear Albert except on record, and here they come with that same concept."

Ted, like Andrew, will play simple where simple works. Narrative gifts will probably outlast hand-held emotions.

He sipped at his Bloody Mary. "It's been 10 years. We play differently now. Music is constantly moving as the different nuances in society change, and as musicians mature. Socially for black people after the '60s, it's a period of reflection and consolidation and unification. That's the type of thing that's happening, and I think it's reflected in the music. It's influenced by society as well as influencing society — it's difficult to say just how it transposes into musical expression, but it happens."

TED DANIEL was born in Ossining, upstate New York, in 1943. His cousin is Sonny Sharrock, guitarist with Herbie Mann. He started at eight with the trumpet his father bought him, but found his home-town less than jumping.

"There really weren't any active musicians in the town. When Sharrock and I got together, we had to go to different towns in order to sit in, and we gigged around the suburbs with our own little band.

"My early musical background was the African Methodist Church where my father played saxophone, and a lotta R&B singing groups. When I was about 14 I heard a Clifford Brown record and I was amazed, because I'd never heard anybody play trumpet like that. I had no idea how he did it! I said, that's what I wanna do! Then I started listening to Dizzy and Lee, Ornette and Trane.

"When I was 19 I moved to Boston and went to Berklee for a semester. I couldn't afford it and I really wasn't interested in sitting in classrooms then."

Ted moved to New York and put in eight months with Redman, Shepp and Guiseppe Logan before being drafted to Vietnam. The Army band spent more time ducking than cooking, and he sees this interlude as a musical waste of time. He won a scholarship to Central State on demob and wound up with a degree in music.

"When I was at Central State for that year, I formed a group with my brother, called Brute Force. We recorded for Herbie Mann on Embryo. There was no jazz-rock out at that time so they put it out as pure jazz and didn't push it.

"Some of it was funky, but some of it was pretty stretched out because we got into some free things also. It was a mistake because we threw everybody off. I remember reading a review in *Downbeat*'s Blindfold Test by Bill Evans. He said, 'If this is where jazz is going, I don't want to have anything to do with it'. I'll be damned if that wasn't where it went! We were a forerunner, but you hafta have connections to make money at that just like anything else.

"Jazz-rock? It's fun, man. It's good to see the people laughing and enjoying themselves, but there's also the part of the musician wanting to express himself — and that costs."

We talked about audience reaction. Last night's gig had sent one punter's beret spinning like a frisbee, and lots had been drawn as to who should hold his tongue in the event of a fit.

"If that's his reaction," said Ted, "it doesn't bother me. On the tour, one fellow in the audience got completely out of hand and lost control of himself. That's not what the music is about — not to get so grooved that you're disruptive. I put that responsibility on the management. Music is therapeutic for the performer and the listener, and sometimes when you get into the Free Music, it can be so refreshing and enlightening and exciting that the release does that to people.

"It's sorta like in the black church, people 'get happy' as we call it, just give themselves completely to the spirit and talk in tongues and so forth. See, this is why it's very hard for me to separate the musics, the different genres of black music in the States, because I am all of it and I play all of it. I won't be dictated to in terms of what to play — then I am locked up, then I am not free.

"I like to see people enjoy themselves and I can play off that. If I get reactions, it helps. That's the main difference between playing for a black audience and playing for a white audience. You'll get a definite feedback as to what you're doing immediately from a black audience, and you can gauge your thing from there. Everybody's involved. I almost got involved with Ernestine Anderson at Ronnie Scott's last night. She was singing the blues and I was eating dinner, and I almost started talking with her because the feeling she was putting out was just that good."

LIKE A lot of his generation, Ted has his own record label, Ujaama, but at the moment hasn't either the time or money to release any of his store of tapes. He doesn't want to go the same way as Charles Tolliver, who has more or less deserted trumpet to manage his label, Strata-East.

One of his main interests is his big band, Energy, which boasts Oliver Lake, Hamiet Bluiett, Charles Tyler, David Murray, Arthur Blythe and Joseph Bowie, playing charts like Trane's "Grand Central" and Pharoah's "Upper And Lower Egypt" as well as Ted's compositions.

"I'm very proud of it. It's the only New York big band of young musicians on a regular basis. I started it in 1975 and reformed it in 1977 to write and let others write in a workshop situation. We always have a home at Rashied's."

Was it intended as a training ground for young cats like the old big bands?

"Well, it is unfortunate that people miss that experience of maybe playing together with three or four trumpets in a section — just another aspect of the music that's part of your education. It's not really possible on the financial side to operate a big band now, as the original purpose was as a dance band and people aren't dancing to the music of the big bands today. It's virtually impossible for that tradition to be as strong.

"My motivation was really that I like to hear that big sound and write for it. Aesthetic more than anything else, you know. To show that I had the ability to put together a large unit, rehearse it, write the scores, lead it and play."

There's also a big band where Ted lives. Three thousand mixed artists share a coupla skyscrapers between them on 43rd and 5th — an artists' complex which houses Dexter, Mingus, Frank Lowe, Joseph Bowie, Chico Freeman, etc. Some address.

"In my music now, I'm using more vocal aspects, shouts and chants, using the voice as a rhythm instrument," said Ted. "I find it helps the audience because the voice is the primary instrument and people are able to relate to that because they have a voice too. I'm mixing my trumpet playing with my voice — I'm not a singer, but I do have

■ *Continues page 53*

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Friday November 3rd 40p **JACKIE LYNTON'S H.D. BAND**

Saturday November 4th 40p **ZAINE GRIFF**

Sunday November 5th 40p **REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD**

Monday November 6th 30p **YOUNG BUCKS**

Tuesday November 7th **SOUNDER** + Support

Wednesday November 8th **THE CRUISERS**

Thursday November 9th 30p **THE IT BAND?**

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: SHAM 69/CIMARONS
ABERYSTWYTH Arts Centre: MIKE GIBBS BAND
BATLEY Crumpets: JOHN OTWAY & BAND
BELFAST Queen's University: THE ADVERTS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: THE FOUR TOPS
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross: OCEAN BOULEVARD
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: WHITESNAKE
BIRMINGHAM Railway Organ: ORPHAN
BLACKPOOL Mardi Gras: MATCHBOX
BLACKPOOL Technical College: ANDY DESMOND/THE ACTORS
BRADFORD Princeville Club: RED EYE
BRIGHTON The Richmond: NICKY & THE DOTS/ THE DODGEMS
BRISTOL Granary: DAVE LEWIS BAND
BRISTOL Polytechnic: PENETRATION
BURNTWOOD Troubadour: THE AMAZING DARK HORSE
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: SPRING OFFENSIVE
CANTERBURY Art College: THE MOLESTERS
CARLSISLE Market Hall: 999
COOKSTOWN Clubhand: GIRLSCHOOL
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: STEEL PULSE/CHINA STREET
COVENTRY Theatre: WISHBONE ASH
COVENTRY Wyken Pippin: RENO
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: BILLIE JO SPEARS/LLOYD GREEN/VERNON OXFORD/ RONNIE PROPHET
DUNDEE Caird Hall: LEO SAYER
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: ISAAC HAYES REVUE/EDWIN STARR
EDINBURGH Astoria: NIGHTSHIFT
FARNHAM Art College: STAA MARX
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: QUARTZ
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE YOUNG BUCKS
HORNCHURCH The Bull: REDNITE
HULL University: WRECKLESS ERIC/JONA LEWIE/LENE LOVICH/RACHEL SWEET/ MICKEY JUPP
ILFORD The Cranbrook: RAISED ON ROBBERY
KNUTSFORD La Belle Epoque: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LEAMINGTON SPA Crown Hotel: THE DEFENDANTS
LEEDS Polytechnic: XTC
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: THE JAM/THE DICKIES/PATRIK FITZGERALD
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: GAFFA
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: LANDSCAPE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: WARM JETS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE VALVES
LONDON EAST HAM Town Hall: RICHARD DIGANCE
LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE College of Printing: SORE THROAT/THE EDGE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SALFORD JETS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon; SUZI QUATRO
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: HI-FI
LONDON HIGHGATE Jacksons Lane Community Centre: FABULOUS POODLES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: JOHNNY CURIOUS
LONDON KENNINGTON Cricketers: MANYANA
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: YACHTS
LONDON KENTISH TOWN Polytechnic: THE RESISTERS
LONDON LEWISHAM Black Bull: THE STREETS
LONDON LEWISHAM Concert Hall: MIDNITE FOLLIES ORCHESTRA
LONDON Marquee Club: THE TOURISTS
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON OXFORD ST. 100 Club: TRIBESMAN
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH Trafalgar: THE V.I.P.'s
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: THE SHADES
LONDON STOCKWELL The Plough: SWIFT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BARY RICHARDSON BAND
LONDON STRAND Kings College: THE BOYFRIENDS
LONDON VICTORIA The Venue: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North-East Polytechnic: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: NICOL & MARSH
MALVERN Winter Gardens: THE HAWKLORDS
MANCHESTER Kelly's: PEGASUS/PATHETIX
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: RADIO STARS
MANCHESTER Russell Club: THE SMIRKS
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: HOGARTH'S WORLD (for three days)
MIDDLESBROUGH Marimba Club: SOUL DIRECTION (for three days)
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: AC/DC
NEWCASTLE The Canteen: THE SQUAD/THE 45's
NEWTON ABBOT Dyrons: THE FANS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: LAP REGION
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: RAYMOND FROGGATT
NOTTINGHAM Theatre Royal: LONNIE DONEGAN (until Saturday)
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytehnic: DIRE STRAITS
PERTH St. Albans Hotel: UNDERHAND JONES
PETERBOROUGH Barnabas Hall: U.K. SUBS/DOLE
PLYMOUTH Metro: THE LURKERS
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: OSCAR PETERSON
POYNTON Folk Centre: TOMMY DEMPSEY
REDCAR Royal Hotel: HOT VULTURES
SHEFFIELD City Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: JENNY DARREN BAND
ST. HELENS Glassbridge Club: ANY TROUBLE
STOKE Gaiety Bar: JUGGERNAUT
SWANSEA Nutz Club: THE PIRATES
USK (GWENT) Stardust Club: PATTI BOULAYE (for three days)
WANTAGE The Swan: N.W.10
WATFORD Bailey's: SMOKEY ROBINSON (until Saturday)
WORTHING Balmoral Bar: AIRPORT

Friday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: LEO SAYER
ANFIELD PLAIN The Plainsman: THE SQUAD
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: LANDSCAPE
BELFAST The Pound: GIRLSCHOOL
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: LITTLE ACRE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: BAD EARTH
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: CLIFF RICHARD
BIRMINGHAM Polytechnic: SPECIALS / DENIZENS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM The Sheldon: OCEAN BOULEVARD
BLACKPOOL Tiffany's: ISAAC HAYES REVUE / EDWIN STARR
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: THE JAM / THE DICKIES / PATRIK FITZGERALD
BRADFORD University: ONE EYED JACK
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE MOLESTERS
BRIGHTON Fortune Of War: AIRPORT
BRISTOL University: RADIO STARS
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE HAWKLORDS
CAMBRIDGE Grenadier Club: THE CRUISERS
CANTERBURY Odeon: THE BUZZCOCKS
CHELMSFORD Chelmer Institute: THE SODS
CHIDDINGLY Six Bells: THE EXECUTIVES
CHIPPENHAM Technical College: GAFFA
COVENTRY Hand & Heart: MENACE
COVENTRY Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
CRAWLEY Sports Centre: THE REAL THING
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: OSCAR PETERSON
DERBY Kings Hall: WHITESNAKE
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE ONLY ONES
EDINBURGH Art School: THE TOOLS
EDINBURGH University: CADO BELLE
EXETER University: THE LURKERS
GLASGOW Amphora THE CUBAN HEELS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: SHAM 69/ CIMARONS
GUILDFORD Royal Hotel: N.W.10
HARLOW Technical College: SNIPS & THE VIDEO KINGS / TOUPLANX
HATFIELD Polytechnic: THE BOYFRIENDS
HAYES Alfred Beck Centre: "SALUTE TO SATCHMO" with HUMPHREY LYTTELTON / ALEX WELSH / GEORGE CHISHOLM
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Arts Centre: REALLY FREE/RAVE FROM THE GRAVE
HIGH WYCOMBE Bucks College: STAA MARX
HORNCHURCH The Bull: JERRY THE FERRET
HUDDERSFIELD Coach House: ANNIVERSARY
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: WRECKLESS ERIC/JONA LEWIE/RACHEL SWEET/LENE LOVICH/MICKEY JUPP
HULL College: JOHN OTWAY BAND
ILFORD The Cranbrook: RAISED ON ROBBERY
KIRKLEVINGTON Country Club: CHAS AND DAVE
KNUTSFORD La Belle Epoque: GEORGE MELLY AND THE FEETWARMERS
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
LEEDS Playhouse Theatre: MIKE GIBBS BAND
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: RED EYE
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
LEICESTER University: YACHTS
LESMAHAGOW Craignethan Hotel: SURE SHOTS
LEITH Transport Hall: NIGHTSHIFT
LIVERPOOL Christ's College: THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: WISHBONE ASH
LIVERPOOL Mountford Hall: SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES/SPIZZ OIL
LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Hall: MARY O'HARA
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: ANDY DESMOND/THE ACTORS
LONDON BOW The Bombay Grab: THE ACCELERATORS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: SUCKER
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: JACKIE LYNTON'S HAPPY DAYS
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: BLACK SLATE/THE MEMBERS
LONDON City University: THE PIRATES/BLAST FURNACE
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: MICK ABRAHAMS BAND
LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE Southbank Polytechnic: SCENE STEALER
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE FOUR TOPS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: LITTLE BO BITCH/BOGART
LONDON HOLLOWAY North Polytechnic: JOHN COOPER-CLARKE/ED BANGER/GIRO
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE PLEASERS
LONDON Marquee Club: DAVE LEWIS BAND
LONDON Middlesex Polytechnic: THE BISHOPS
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON REGENTS PARK Bedford College: THE ACTION/EDDIE/RIFF THE NEWS
LONDON SE27 South London College: CGAS5
LONDON South Polytechnic: REVELATION
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BLOOBLO
LONDON VICTORIA The Venue: GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR
LONDON W10 Acklam Hall: CYGNUS / THE IDOLS / THE NIGHT
MANCHESTER Free Trade Hall: MOTORHEAD
MANCHESTER Hattersley Community Centre: ANY TROUBLE
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
MANCHESTER New Century Hall: FLINTLOCK
MANCHESTER The Factory: PENETRATION
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE MEKONS-/GANG OF FOUR
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: 29th & DEARBORN
MILFORD HAVEN Torch Theatre: JENNY DARREN BAND
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: DIRE STRAITS
NEWPORT Village Club: QUILL
NORTHAMPTON Post Graduates Medical School: THE ROTAVATORS
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE V.I.P.'a
OXFORD Corn Dolly: DOG WATCH
PLYMOUTH Metro: BETHNAL
PRESTON Polytechnic: 999
READING University: AUTOGRAPHS
SALFORD University: RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: RACING CARS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE SMIRKS
SHEFFIELD University: XTC
SMETHWICK Gaiety Bar: PARADOX
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: MILLIE JACKSON
STAFFORD Bingley Hall: SANTANA
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: THE EDGE
ST. ALBANS City Hall: BUDGIE/STRIFE
ST. ANDREWS University: WHIRLWIND
STOKE North Staffs Polytechnic: REDBRASS
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: ROSIE HARDMAN
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: STEEL PULSE/CHINA STREET
WARWICK Hatton Village: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
WEYBRIDGE National College of Food: REGGAE REGULAR/THE YOUNG BUCKS
WOLVERHAMPTON Rose & Crown: BILL CADDICK
YORK Revolution Club: ZIGGY HEROE

Saturday

ASCOTT-UNDER-WYCHWOOD Wychwood Folk Club: BRIAN COOKMAN
BATH Brillig Arts Centre: ANDY DESMOND / THE ACTORS
BATH University: SNIPS & THE VIDEO KINGS
BELFAST The Pound: GIRLSCHOOL
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: LITTLE ACRE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare and Hounds: ROARING JELLY
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: CLIFF RICHARD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SCHOOL SPORTS
BIRMINGHAM University: DAVE LEWIS BAND
BISHOPS STORTFORD Railway Hotel: THE SODS
BLACKPOOL Norbeck Castle: JAGS
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: OSCAR PETERSON
ERBRISTOL Crown Cellar Bar: THE WILD BEASTS
BRISTOL Polytechnic: MUSCLES
BRISTOL University: THE ONLY ONES
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: GYPP
CARLISLE Cosmo's: HI-TENSION
COLCHESTER Essex University: MATUMBI
COVENTRY Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
DERBY Sinfin Moor Club: STRANGE DAYS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: THE CRUISERS
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: STEEL PULSE/CHINA STREET
DUNDEE University: THE TOOLS
DURHAM University: DIRE STRAITS
DYFED Cross Hands Club: MATCHBOX
EASTBOURNE The Cavalier: THE PIRANHAS
EXETER University: THE FANS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: LEO SAYER
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: CADO BELLE
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS/SURE SHOTS
GOOLE Station Hotel: DAWNWEAVER
HALIFAX Good Mood Club: THE SMIRKS
HANLEY Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
HAYES Alfred Beck Centre: THE REAL THING
ILFORD Odeon: THE HAWKLORDS
KEELE University: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
KNOTTINGLEY Wallbottle Club: THE SNEAKERS
LANCASTER Football Club: BUSINESS/ANNIVERSARY
LEEDS University: WRECKLESS ERIC / RACHEL SWEET / LENE LOVICH / JONA LEWIE / MICKEY JUPP
LEICESTER Polytechnic: JENNY DARREN BAND
LEICESTER University: THE MOVIES
LINCOLN Castle Club: GAFFA
LITTLEHAMPTON Spotted Cow: NIGHTRIDER
LIVERPOOL Christ's College: THE EDDY
LIVERPOOL Eric's: JOY DIVISION /DED BYRDS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: ISAAC HAYES REVUE/EDWIN STARR
LONDON BARKINGSIDE Old Maypole Club: ROCK HOUSE
LONDON CAMDEN Electric Ballroom: THE HUMAN LEAGUE / MEKONS / GANG OF FOUR
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: STEVE LINTON BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: NUCLEUS /BARBARA THOMPSON'S JUBIABA / TURNING POINT
LONDON CHELSEA Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JOE JACKSON
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND
LONDON HACKNEY Adam & Eve: MYSTERY TRAIN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: THE BUZZCOCKS
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: TONIGHT / THE DOLE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE PLEASERS
LONDON Marquee Club: SALFORD JETS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: ACCELERATORS
LONDON N.W.1 Musicians Collective: FRED FRITH-/SALLY POTTER
LONDON School of Economics: THE INMATES
LONDON South Polytechnic: REVELATION
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON University: IMMIGRANT
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BLOOBLO
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW North-East Polytechnic: THE EXTRAS
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: SPLIT RIVITT
LONDON West London Institute: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: BETHNAL
LOUGHBOROUGH University: YACHTS
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: RACING CARS-/STRAW DOGS
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: AFTER THE FIRE
MANCHESTER University: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES / SPIZZ OIL

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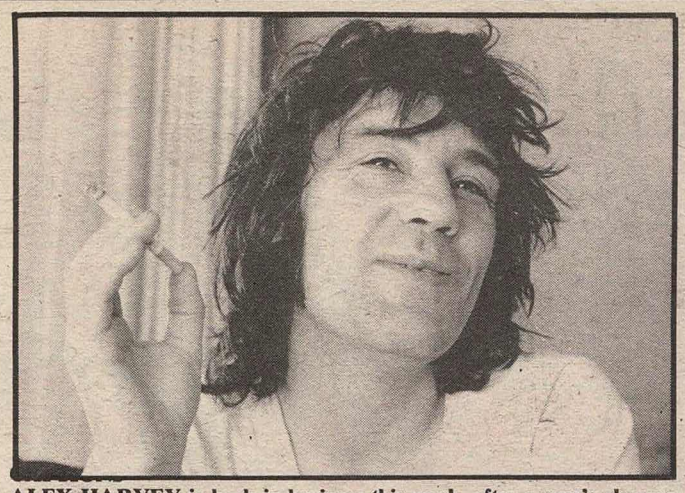


ALEX HARVEY is back in business this week, after a year's absence from the bright lights — apart from a one-off Palladium concert in the spring. He's got together a brand new band and they make their debut at London's latest rock centre, The Venue in Victoria, where they appear for three nights from Monday (two shows each evening).

WHITESNAKE have concerts this week at Birmingham (Thursday), Derby (Friday), Bournemouth (Monday) and Hanley (Tuesday). We printed a shot of David Coverdale last week, but this is the first picture of the full revised line-up, which now also includes keyboards wizard Jon Lord — which gives the band more than just a tinge of Deep Purple.

MILLIE JACKSON flies in to give us a taste of her U.S. revue that's built around her latest album. It's not being presented here on such a grand scale as in the States, but it's still a full production show. You can catch Millie and her team in action at Southampton (Friday), Liverpool (Sunday) and Manchester (Wednesday). More gigs follow.

JOHN MARTYN begins a month-long concert tour on Wednesday in Brighton, confining himself mainly to the college circuit. If we have any so-called "cult performers" in this country, then Martyn surely comes into that category. He has a very strong following, particularly on the campus, and never fails to give good value for money.

SHOWADDYWADDY were the first of today's sizeable batch of doo-wop bands, and still going as strong as ever. Their extensive month-long tour, which includes the Royal Variety Show and a London Rainbow concert, starts this weekend. First gigs are at Bristol (Sunday), Swansea (Monday) and Cardiff (Tuesday). Dave Bartram is the guy in focus.

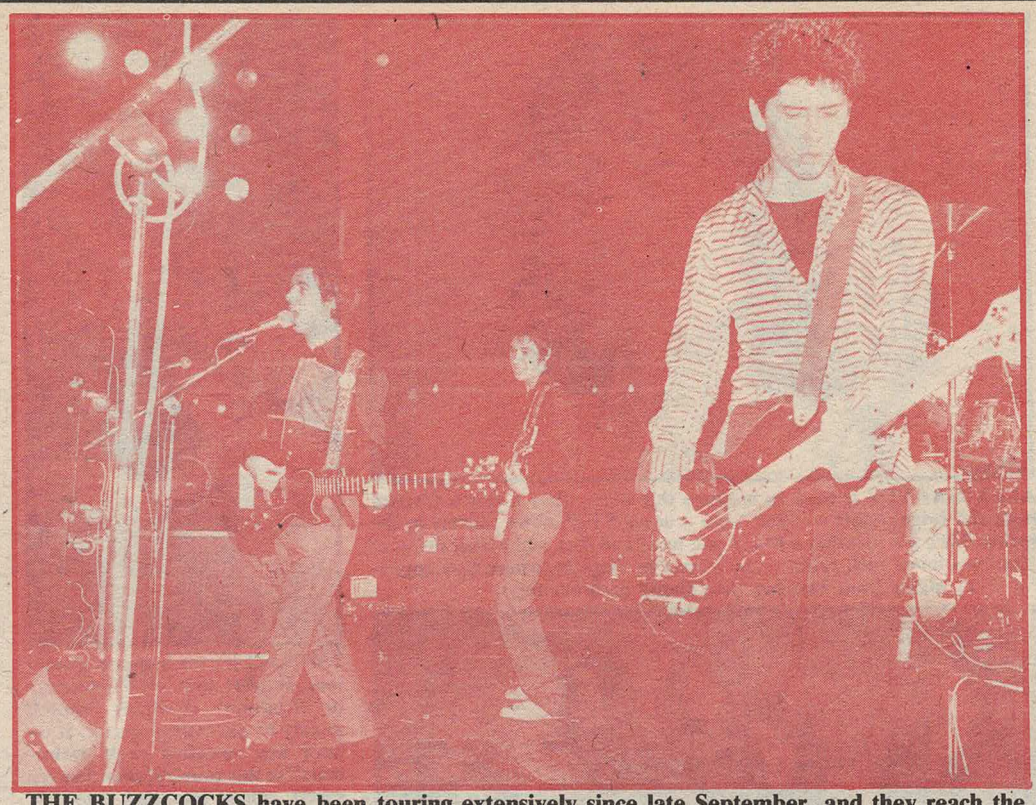
NEWCASTLE City Hall: THE JAM/THE DICKIES-/PATRIK FITZGERALD
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: SHAM 69/CIMARONS
NEWCASTLE University: XTC
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: KRAKATOA
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: PARALEX
OXFORD College of Education: THE PIRATES/ BLAST FURNACE
PRESTON Charler Theatre: JOHN OTWAY BAND
REDDITCH College: PRIMA DONNA
RETFORD College of Education: PARADOX
SHEFFIELD City Hall: DEMIS ROUSSOS
SHEFFIELD Hurlfield College: MIKE GIBBS BAND
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: AC/DC
SLOUGH College: THE SKATES
SOUTHAMPTON University: THE BISHOPS
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: BILLIE JO SPEARS / LLOYD GREEN / VERNON OX-FORD/RONNIE PROPHET
STEVENAGE The Swan: SPRING OFFENSIVE
SUNDERLAND Polytechnic: FABULOUS POODLES
TOLWORTH Recreation Centre: SWIFT
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
WEST BROMWICH The Bush: VIDEO
WEYMOUTH Steering Wheel: FRINGE BENEFIT
WIGAN Casino: FLINTLOCK
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): SURE SHOTS
YORK Revolution Club: SCREENS

Sunday

ABERDEEN Fusion Ballroom: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CRYER
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: ISAAC HAYES REVUE/ED-WIN STARR
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BISHOPS STORTFORD Old Maltings: ANTARES (lunchtime)/SWING STREET (evening)
BRACKNELL South Hill Park: SWIFT
BRADFORD Alhambra Theatre: BARBARA DICKSON
BRADFORD Princeville Club (lunchtime): THE EDDY
BRADFORD Royal Standard: THE MEKONS
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE PIRANHAS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: SHOWADDYWADDY
CARDIFF Chapter Arts Centre: HOT VULTURES
CASTLE DONNINGTON Priest House: FOGGY
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
CROYDON Greyhound: THE LURKERS
DUNSTABLE Civic Hall: DIRE STRAITS
DUNSTABLE Unicorn: SPRING OFFENSIVE
EGHAM Royal Holloway College: THE PIRATES/ BLAST FURNACE
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THE JAM/THE DICKIES-/PATRIK FITZGERALD
HANLEY Victoria Hall: SHAM 69/CIMARONS
IPSWICH Royal William Hotel: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
JACKSDALE Grey Topper: JENNY DARREN BAND
LINCOLN Theatre Royal: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: MILLIE JACKSON
LIVERPOOL Wookey Hollow Club: HEATHCLIFFE (for a week)
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: RAMROD
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: RADIO STARS/BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE/THE REACTION
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BROCKLEY BOOGIE BAND
LONDON EAST HAM Ruskin Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: DAVE LEWIS BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: MOTORHEAD-/JOHNNY MOPED/THE BUSINESS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: LITTLE BO BITCH/THE IDOLS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON N.15 Club Noreik: REVELATION
LONDON Palladium: DOROTHY SQUIRES
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: 999 / CHELSEA / JOHN COOPER-CLARKE / SALFORD JETS
LONDON THE MALL Institute of Contemporary Arts: TOYAH & HER BAND
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW The Chestnuts: TICK-LER'S FOLK PARTY
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: PAZ
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: DAVE SWAR-BRICK & FRIENDS
MAESTEG White Wheat: THE REAL THING
NORWICH Theatre Royal: OSCAR PETERSON
NEWCASTLE City Hall: DEMIS ROUSSOS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: KYRO
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
PLYMOUTH Metro: THE ONLY ONES
PORTSMOUTH Locarno: STAA MARX
POYNTON Folk Centre: DICK GAUGHAN/STONE GROUND
READING Hexagon Theatre: THE HAWKLORDS
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: XTC
SHEFFIELD City Hall: LEO SAYER
SHEFFIELD Crucible Theatre: MARY O'HARA
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: WRECKLESS ERIC/JONA LEWIE/RACHEL SWEET/LENE LOVICH/MIC-KEY JUPP
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: MIDNITE FOLLIES ORCHESTRA
STOKE Meir Club: STRANGE DAYS
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: RICHARD DIGANCE
WALSALL Dirty Duck (lunchtime): THE AMAZING DARK HORSE

Monday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: THE JAM/THE DICKIES/PATRIK FITZGERALD
AMPTHILL Folk Club: CHRIS SADDLER
BIRKENHEAD Charing Cross Club: THE GERMS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Crown & Cushion: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
BIRMINGHAM Drakes Drum: OCEAN BOULEVARD
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross: ORPHAN
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: PRIMA DONNA
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: WHITESNAKE
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: SLOW MOTION
BRISTOL Crockers: STONEY (for three days)
BRISTOL Hippodrome: THE CHIEFTANS
BURY Crystals: WHITEFIRE
CAMBRIDGE Lady Mitchell Hall: RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON
CANTERBURY Kent University: THE PIRATES/ BLAST FURNACE
CARDIFF University: THE HAWKLORDS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: JASPER CARROTT
DERBY Assembly Rooms: BUDGIE/STRIFE



THE BUZZCOCKS have been touring extensively since late September, and they reach the climax of their itinerary this weekend, headlining at London's Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday. Other gigs during this period are at Canterbury (Friday), Hemel Hempstead (Monday) and Brighton (Wednesday). That just leaves Guildford on Thursday of next week to wrap up their 32-concert tour schedule. Our picture shows them in action earlier in the tour.

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

EXETER Routes: THE LURKERS/NEON HEARTS
FIFE St. Andrew's University: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
GOSPORT John Peel: THE PIRANHAS
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavillion: THE BUZZCOCKS
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
ILFORD Kings Club: JOHNNIE RAY
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: DAWNWEAVER
LEEDS Victoria Hotel: THE SNEAKERS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: JUDAS PRIEST
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE IDOLS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: SALFORD JETS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE INTERLEKTUALS
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: ACKER BILK
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE MEMBERS/THE V.I.P.'s
LONDON Marquee Club: HI-FI
LONDON Palladium: SMOKEY ROBINSON
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: DUCK BAKER-/SAMMY MITCHELL
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: LEARGO
LONDON VICTORIA The Venue: ALEX HARVEY BAND
LONDON WEMBLEY Conference Centre: BILLIE JO SPEARS/VERNON OXFORD/LLOYD GREEN-/RONNIE PROPHET
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: PRAGVEC/THE STREETS
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: JERRY THE FERRET
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: CHINA STREET
MANCHESTER Russell Club: PRINCE FAR I
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PARTY
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
PETERBOROUGH Cresset Club: HI-TENSION
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: ISAAC HAYES REVUE-/EDWIN STARR
PRESTON Guildhall: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
SALFORD University: WRECKLESS ERIC/RACHEL SWEET/LENE LOVICH/JONA LEWIE/MICKEY JUPP
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: JAGS
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: SHAM 69/CIMARONS
SWANSEA Top Rank: SHOWADDYWADDY
WHITEHAVEN Civic Theatre: MIDNITE FOLLIES ORCHESTRA
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: AC/DC

Tuesday

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: FASHION
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPEED LIMIT
BOSHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: THE HEAT
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: THE BUZZ-COCKS
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: COCKY / KATY HEATH
BRISTOL Colston Hall: OSCAR PETERSON
BRISTOL Locarno: XTC
CARDIFF Top Rank: SHOWADDYWADDY
CHELTENHAM E's Disco: THE PIRANHAS
CHESTER Smarties Club: TONY McPHEE'S TERRAPLANE
COLCHESTER Institute of Higher Education: DIRE STRAITS
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: JASPER CARROTT
EDINBURGH Odeon: JUDAS PRIEST
EXETER Routes: REGGAE REGULAR
FIFE St. Andrew's University: THE JAM / THE DICKIES / PATRIK FITZGERALD
GLASGOW Kelvin Hall: DEMIS ROUSSOS
HANLEY Victoria Hall: WHITESNAKE
HULL New Theatre: THE REAL THING
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: LONNIE DONNEGAN
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: SHAM 69 / CIMARONS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: SOUNDER
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BUDGIE / STRIFE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: MATCH-BOX / THE STICKERS
LONDON KILBURN The National: FIVE HAND REEL / NOEL MURPHY
LONDON Marquee Club: ANNIVERSARY
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: THE WINDERS
LONDON Palladium: SMOKEY ROBINSON
LONDON SHEEN Derby Arms: FREDDY'S FEET-WARMERS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SOUL YARD
LONDON VICTORIA The Venue: ALEX HARVEY BAND
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE RUTS / THE PLANETS
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: PASSAGE / CERTAIN RATIO / SLIGHT SECONDS
NEWCASTLE Cooperage: SABREJETS
NEWCASTLE University: WRECKLESS ERIC / RACHEL SWEET / LENE LOVICH / JONA LEWIE / MICKEY JUPP
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GAFFA
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: THE BOY-FRIENDS
NUNEATON 76 Club: PENETRATION
PENZANCE The Garden: THE LURKERS
POOLE Wessex Concert Hall: ISAAC HAYES REVUE / EDWIN STARR
SCUNTHORPE Tiffany's: FABULOUS POODLES
SHEFFIELD Lomit Club: GARY BOYLE BAND
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: THOMPSON TWINS / WRITZ
SHEFFIELD Tiffany's: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
SHEFFIELD Totley College: JAGS
SHOTTON Central Hotel: THE EDDY
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: AC/DC
SWANSEA Top Rank: HI-TENSION
WALSALL Dirty Duck: THE AMAZING DARK HORSE
WOLVERHAMPTON Brinsford Lodge: JOHN COOPER-CLARKE
YORK Oval Ball: JUGGERNAUT

Wednesday

BATH Fernely Hotel: WORKING CLASS HEROES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BIRMINGHAM Top Rank: SHAM 69/CIMARONS
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: AFTER THE FIRE/FABULOUS POODLES
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: MARY O'HARA
BRADFORD Univeristy: THE PIRATES/BLAST FURNACE
BRIGHTON Sussex University: JOHN MARTYN
BRIGHTON Top Rank: THE BUZZCOCKS
BURNHAM BEECHES Night Owl: THE SKATES
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
COVENTRY Dog & Trumpet: FOGGY
COVENTRY Theatre: AC/DC
DERBY Old Bell Hotel: THE ACCELERATORS
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: CLIFF RICHARD
EXETER Victoria Inn: THE FANS
GLASGOW Amphora: THE CUBAN HEELS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: JUDAS PRIEST
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre: THE HAWKLORDS
GUILDFORD Surrey University: HOT VULTURES
ILFORD Kings Club: JOHNNIE RAY
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: LONNIE DONEGAN
KEELE University: DIRE STRAITS
LEEDS College of Music: GARY BOYLE BAND
LEEDS Univeristy: THE CHIEFTAINS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: SILICA
LIVERPOOL Univeristy: BETHNAL
LONDON ACTON White Hart: PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: DAVE LEWIS BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE CRUISERS
LONDON CHADWELL HEATH Greyhound: DOG WATCH
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: SAMUEL GOODNIGHT/ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON VICTORIA The Venue: ALEX HARVEY BAND
LONDON WEMBLEY Conference Centre: NANCY WILSON
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: BLACK SUPERSTITION MOUNTAIN/SUR-VIVOR
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: THE LATE SHOW
LONDON W.1 Gulliver's Club: MUSCLES
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: MILLIE JACKSON
MANCHESTER University: SQUEEZE/JAGS
MANSFIELD Great Northern Hotel: WITCHFYNDE
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: THE CRABS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
NOTTINGHAM Sherwood Rooms: XTC
PLYMOUTH Top Rank: SMOKEY ROBINSON
PONTYPRYDD Wales Polytechnic: GAFFA
READING Bones Club: PENETRATION
SHEFFIELD University: CABARET VOLTAIRE
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: ORPHAN
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: LEO SAYER
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
TAUNTON Odeon: BILLIE JO SPEARS/VERNON OXFORD/LLOYD GREEN/RONNIE PROPHET
TORQUAY 400 Club: THE LURKERS
WHITEHAVEN Civic Centre: THE REAL THING
WIGAN Bluto's Disco: MOTION PICTURES
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: RICHARD & LINDA THOMPSON
YORK Revolution Club: JOHN COOPER-CLARKE

Upcoming

FISCHER-Z continue playing dates with Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders on their current tour, but also have gigs in their own right at **Stevenage** College (November 10), **Newbridge** Club & Institute (12), **Swansea** Circles Club (13), **Guildford** Technical College (17), **Leeds** Fan Club (21), **London** Marquee (22), **London Camden** Dingwalls (24), **Coventry** Warwick University (25), and **London Islington** Hope and Anchor (28).

JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS have November gigs at **London Old Kent Road** Thomas A'Beckett (tonight, Thursday), **Bradford** Princeville Club (9), **Leeds** Polytechnic (10), **London Covent Garden** Rock Garden (12), **London New Barnet** Duke of Lancaster (17 and 23), **Oxford** College of Further Education (18), **London Chiswick** John Bull (19 and 26), **Swindon** Brunel Rooms (21), **Newport** Stowaway (22), **Leeds** Fford Green Hotel (24), **Weymouth** Technical College (25), and **Sheffield** Limit Club (27).

DAME EDNA EVERAGE (a.k.a. Barry Humphries) has her own show opening at **London Piccadilly** Theatre on December 14 for a 12-week season, titled "A Night with Dame Edna". And due out this month on Charisma is her new album "The Sound Of Edna", which features such songs as "Every Mother Wants A Boy Like Elton"!

SALFORD JETS have arrived down South to play a short series of **London** gigs. The Manchester band, newly signed by WEA, are at Fulham Golden Lion (tonight, Thursday), Hendon Middlesex Polytechnic (Friday), The Marquee (Saturday) and Camden Music Machine (next Monday). They also support 999 at the Strand Lyceum this Sunday.

MUD have added another seven dates to their upcoming college, concert and club tour. They are **Barnstaple** Chequers Club (November 19), **Plymouth** Castaways (21), **Reading** University (22), **Walsall** Town Hall (24), **Skegness** Arcadia Theatre (December 3), **London Barking** North-East Polytechnic (5) and **Nottingham** University (8).

THE CRUISERS, who'll be supporting Mud at several of their venues, have added more gigs to their own one-nighter series reported last week. The extra shows are at **London Canning Town** Bridge House (November 8), **Bristol** University (17), **Coventry** Warwick University (23) and **Bradford** Royal Standard (December 10).

WRITZ may be a new name, but they're not a new band. Fish Co., an outfit well-known on the college and club circuit, have decided on a name change and become Writz this week. First gigs under the new banner are **Sheffield** Polytechnic (November 7), **Glamorgan** Polytechnic (22), **Bristol** Polytechnic (30), **Plymouth** College of St. Mark & St. John (December 1), **London** Guys Hospital (9) and **Bristol** Granary (16).

MICK ABRAHAMS plays his first **London** gig for nearly thee years tomorrow (Friday) when he appears at Covent Garden Rock Garden, backed by session musicians who perform on his upcoming album.

MATCHBOX, Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers, Flying Saucers, Gina & The Rocking Rebels, Freddie 'Fingers' Lee and Shades are among acts already booked for a weekend rockabilly festival being staged at **Great Yarmouth** Caister Holiday Centre from March 2 to 4. American artists, including the near-legendary Ray Campi, are also being negotiated. Weekend tickets, including chalet accommodation, are priced £12.50 — available now from **London Southgate** Royalty Ballroom.

AFTER THE FIRE have added **Leeds** Trinity College (December 2) to their current tour. And their gig on December 9, originally planned for **Leeds** Staging Post, is now switched to **Farnborough** Technical College.

JOHN COOPER-CLARKE has a series of gigs this month at **London Holloway Rd.** North Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday), **London Strand** Lyceum supporting 999 (this Sunday), **Wolverhampton** Brinsford Lodge (7), **York** Revolution Club (8), **Leeds** Polytechnic (9), **Coventry** Warwick University (11), **Wakefield** Bretton Hall College (15) and **Lancaster** University (19).

HI-FI, the four-piece band newly signed by Aura Records, have gigs in their native **London** at Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle (tonight, Thursday), the Marquee (November 6), Canning Town Bridge House (15) and Chelsea College (25).

GRAND HOTEL have **London** gigs at New Barnet Duke of Lancaster (November 13), Woolwich Tramshed (14), Canning Town Bridge House (17 and December 15), Marquee (November 20), Covent Garden Rock Garden (December 1), Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (4), Middlesex Polytechnic (8) and Camden Brecknock (20). And they have provincial dates at **Basingstoke** Technical College (November 24), **Northampton** Nene College (25) and **Exeter** University (December 11).

WILD HORSES, the band launched recently by Jimmy Bain and Brian Roberson, have added six extra dates to their debut tour — at **Bristol** Granary (November 9), **Birmingham** Barbarella's (19), **Dundee** Art College (23), **Norwich** Boogie House (December 7), **Scarborough** Penthouse (8) and **Retford** Porterhouse (9).

BETHNAL have added a last-minute date to their current tour — it's at **Brighton** Polytechnic tonight (Thursday).

POP ART TAKES OVER!
POW!
THE WINNER!
PEE-WOOTH GLAD THATS OVER WITH
OR IS IT?
LEFT, LEFT JUST A BIT MORE...
FIRE!
IS THIS THE END? (I HOPE SO. ED.)
CAN BRIAN B SURVIVE? (OH CHRIST NO! ED)
FIND OUT NEXT WEEK

Rainbow

OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT

DILLINGER

Saturday 25th November 7·30p.m.

TAPPER ZUKIE

Saturday 16th December 7·30p.m.

Tickets £3·00, £2·50, £2·00, £1·50
From Box Office, London Theatre Booking, Premier Box Office

BARBARELLA'S

41 CUMBERLAND STREET, BIRMINGHAM
01-021 643 9413

Thursday November 2nd	Radio One D.J. **PETER POWELL**
Friday November 3rd and Saturday November 4th	**LITTLE ACRE**
Monday November 6th	**RACING CARS**
Tuesday November 7th	**VIBRATORS**
Thursday November 9th	**HI-TENSION**
Friday November 10th	From Holland . . . **ONE WAY SUBWAY**
Saturday November 11th	**THE TOURISTS**
Monday November 13th	from U.S.A. **THE SHIRTS**
Tuesday November 14th	**SQUEEZE**
Wednesday November 15th	From U.S.A. **PURE HELL** *The World's First All Black Punk Band*
Thursday November 16th	**BEACON RADIO ROADSHOW**
Friday November 17th	**THE SKIDS** *+ Special Guests* **NEXT**
Saturday November 18th	From U.S.A. **DAVID JOHANSEN** *(Ex New York Dolls)*
Sunday November 19th	**WILD HORSES** *Featuring Brian Robertson Ex Thin Lizzy & Jimmy Bain from Rainbow*

LIVE PAGE LIVE PAGE LIVE PAGE

FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING YOUR GIGS, ETC., ON THIS WONDERFUL SECTION RING THE MOST WONDERFUL BRIAN B
ON 01-261 6153

SCANDAL

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Rock Garden — Nashville Rooms

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BARRY RICHARDSON BAND	
Friday November 3rd	50p
MONOS	
Saturday November 4th	50p
BIG CHIEF *Featuring* Dick Heckstall Smith	
Sunday November 5th	50p
ZAINE GRIFF	
Monday November 6th	Free
LEARGO	
Tuesday November 7th	Free
SOUL YARD	
Wednesday November 8th	Free
MYSTERY BAND	

BLACK PRODUCTIONS presents at the

ACKLAM HALL

(under the flyover)
PORTOBELLO ROAD
Friday, November 3rd

CYGNUS

+ THE IDOLS
+ THE NIGHT
Open 8 pm — late
Admission £1.50

OXFORD COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION

Saturday November 4th

THE PIRATES

+ THE NO

Enquiries: Oxford 46318

VILLAGE

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GLEN FERN ROAD
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Friday November 3rd, 8 pm — 1 am
Tower & Capitol Records with Disco International Present

THE DISCO GIANTS
Wednesday November 15th
THE
"BE STIFF" TOUR 1978
Advance tickets £1.50 from Box Office
Wednesday November 22nd
H.A.T. Promotions present
THE CLASH
+ support bands in concert
Advance tickets £2.50 available only by post from the village (enclose S.A.E.)
Monday November 27th 8pm — 1 am
Straight Music Presents
SHAM 69
+ support in concert
Advance tickets £2
Tuesday December 12th
Adrian Hopkins presents
LINDISFARNE
+ special guest
Chris Rae
(Early booking advised)
Music *Bars* *Food*
8pm — 1 am

THE ACCELERATORS
The World's Most Unfashionable Band
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Wed. Nov. 1st RAILWAY HOTEL, WEST HAMPSTEAD	Wednesday Nov. 8th THE OLD BELLE, DERBY	Nov. 15th MASONIC, LIVERPOOL
Thursday Nov. 2nd WINDSOR CASTLE, W.9	Friday Nov. 10th THE GLANRIDGE, ST. HELENS	Thursday Nov. 16th KELLY'S, MANCHESTER
Friday Nov. 3rd BOMBAY GRAB, E.3	Saturday Nov. 11th THE REVOLUTION, YORK	Saturday Nov. 18th RED LION, GRAVESEND
Saturday Nov. 4th DUKE OF LANCASTER, NEW BARNET	Monday Nov. 13th THE PEAR TREE, PRESTON	Tuesday, Nov. 21st LORD RAGLAN, WOLVERHAMPTON

THE MAYFLOWER CLUB

1/3 BIRCH STREET, OFF HYDE ROAD
MANCHESTER

Friday November 3rd **WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS** + Fischer Z	Sunday November 12th **SENSATIONAL ALEX HARVEY BAND** (with Alex Harvey)
Saturday November 4th **RACING CARS** + Axe	Friday November 17th **PURE HELL** *(From America, the worlds first all black punk band)*
Sunday November 5th **REAL THING** + Support	Saturday November 18th **JAPAN** + Support
Wednesday November 8th *Farewell concert* **THE VIBRATORS** + Guests Tommy & The Hot Rocks (The world's first rock 'n' punk roll band)	Sunday November 19th **MERGER** + Support
Thursday November 9th **IAN GILLAN BAND** + Support	Thursday November 23rd **STADIUM DOGS** + Support
Friday November 10th **SKREWDRIVER** + Guests Bitch	Friday November 24th **SNIPS** + Support
Saturday November 11th **GLORIA MUNDI** + Support	Saturday November 25th **DAVID JOHANSEN BAND** *(Ex N.Y. Dolls)* + Support

Tickets available from Virgin Records, tel 061 236 4801. Piccadilly Records, tel 061 236 2555 or from club
Further enquiries ring 061 624 1174

LUTON COLLEGE OF HIGHER EDUCATION
Park Square, Luton
Saturday November 4th

BETHNAL

+ BERNIE TORME

IMMIGRANT

OXY AND THE MORONS + Disco and Bar
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION, Malet St., WC1.
on Saturday November 4th at 7 pm.
Tickets in advance from the Student Union Office £1.00 or on the door £1.25.

LANDSCAPE

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NOVEMBER
Thu 2 Dingwalls Dancehall, London
Fri 3 Brillig Arts Centre, Bath
Mon 6 BBC1 TV 11.45 am
Fri 10 BBC1 TV 2.35 pm (rpt)
Fri 10 Durham University
Tue 14 Nashville Rooms, London
Wed 15 University College, London
Fri 24 Goldsmiths College, London
Sat 25 Royal Holloway College
"WORKERS PLAYTIME" and "U2XME1X2MUCH" available from intelligent record shops and from EVENT HORIZON, 154 Forest Hill Road, London SE23 £1.25 each inc p & p.
EVENT HORIZON 01-703 7677 / 01-870 2061.

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Thursday November 2nd

GAFFA
Saturday November 4th
RADIO STARS

DAVE WOODS and PURE NOISE LTD present
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HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Thursday November 9th at 7.30pm.

Siouxsie and the Banshees

+ Spizzoil + Nico
Tickets £2.50, £2, £1.50, from box office
Tel. 01 748 4081 or usual agents.

LIVE PAGE

For details of advertising ring Brian B on 01-261 6153

FUNKY FOX and the CENTRE
Community Centre, Farnham Road, Slough
(A4-M4 Gate 6)

Friday November 10th (8.30 pm-late)

THIRD WORLD
+ ALAN SULLIVAN & KELLY'S ROADSHOW

Licensed Bars & Food. Tickets available on the door

FOXES GREYHOUND
AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON

Sunday November 5th

THE LURKERS
+ THE NIGHT + D. J. GRAHAM FOX
Sunday November 12th : SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES

FUNKY FOX at TIFFANY'S
Brighton Road, Purley

Wednesday, November 8th at 7.30 pm

Back by public demand

HI-TENSION
+ Funky Fox Jocks & D.J. Simon Knight

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JERRY LEE LEWIS
The Legendary "KILLER"
With Special Guest **DUANE EDDY**

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RAINBOW THEATRE LONDON SUN. 19th Nov. at 6.00 pm & 8.45pm. Tickets £10 (sold out) £7.50, £6, £5, £4, £3 from Box Office phone (01) 263 3148.

ODEON THEATRE BIRMINGHAM Mon 20th Nov at 6.45 pm & 9.15pm. Tickets £7.50, £5.50, £4.50, £3.50, £2.00 from Box Office. Phone (021) 643 6101.

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ON

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3rd
ACKLAM HALL

ON
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5th
with LITTLE BO BITCH
THE NASHVILLE

ON
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 6th
DINGWALLS

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18th
with LITTLE BO BITCH
THE MARQUEE

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Tel. No. 704981.
Friday, November 3rd

Radio Stars
+ support

Saturday November 4th
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Round House, Chalk Farm Road, NW1

JAZZ/ROCK SPECTACULAR
Saturday 4th November 7pm*
IAN CARR'S NUCLEUS
BARBARA THOMPSON'S JUBIABA
TURNING POINT

Also appearing during the week: Lester Bowie Duo + Howard Riley Trio (2nd Nov). Joe Henderson Quartet + Johnny Dyani's Witchdoctor's Son (3rd Nov).
** All other concerts during week start at 7.30 pm. Tickets: £3, £2.50, £2 from Round House Box Office (01) 267 2564.*
A JCS/LB of C Presentation

North London Polytechnic
Holloway Road, N.7.

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 3rd
Doors open 8 pm.

JOHN COOPER-CLARKE
ED BANGER GORDON THE MORON GIRO

Licensed Bar *Enquiries: 01-485 5495*

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SPLIT RIVITT

Sat. Nov. 4
MOONLIGHT CLUB
WEST HAMPSTEAD

Thurs. Nov. 9
MARQUEE

Sat. Nov. 18
TRIAD LEISURE CENTRE
Bishops Stortford

Tues. Nov. 21
MUSIC MACHINE

Mon. Nov. 27
DINGWALLS

Fri. Dec. 1
WESTMINSTER COLLEGE, OXFORD

FURTHER INFO CALL 01-729 2666 OFFICE

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OR WHAT

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Wed. Nov. 1st Marquee (with the Skids)
Thurs. Nov. 2nd Rock Garden
Fri. Nov. 3rd Nashville (with The Pleasers)
Sat. Nov. 4th Hope & Anchor
Tues. Nov. 7th Music Machine (with Punishment of Luxury)
Wed. Nov. 8th White Hart, Acton.

ESSEX S.U. ENTS present

MATUMBI
+ The Fly's

SATURDAY NOVEMBER 4th
in the S.U. Dance Hall
at 8.30 pm

Tickets £1.40 from S.U. & Parrot Records

Next week: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
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November 1, 2, 3 7.30 & 11.30 £3.50

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November 6, 7, 8
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DEAN FRIEDMAN
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LOCAL OPERATOR
Rock Garden Fri. 3rd Nov.
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I've got a fourth page again this week. Don't forget to see page 53. Complain on 01-261 6153

Love, Brian B

ON THE TOWN

SIOUXSIE. Pic: BARRY PLUMMER

PAULINE PENETRATION. Pix: PENNIE SMITH.

MATUMBI. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Penetration

Roundhouse

Penetration are a strange band, full of promise that always seems to elude total fulfilment. "Don't Dictate" was one of the most under-rated singles of 1977, but "Firing Squad" was like more of the same only not quite as good.

"Moving Targets" is similarly uneven — the hard rock stodge of "Stone Heroes" and "Future Daze" opposed to the sheer exhilaration of the Murray / Chaplin numbers, while the tentative experimentation of "To Many Friends" and "Reunion" provides hope that the present line-up will develop in a fruitful direction.

Tonight, though, they are magic, absolutely superb entertainment. Seeing them live the album becomes too careful — if only they had let themselves go like they do on stage that slight chill of studio restraint would have been joyously transcended.

They play all the album except "Reunion", plus two flips — "V.I.P." and "Never" — plus the first two singles. Personal favourites are "Lovers Of Outrage", with its gorgeous chorus, a stunningly brilliant "Free Money", and the stirring finale of "Don't Dictate".

Pauline is magnificent, a skittering dervish of energy, her voice stronger and far more expressive than on record. The band also have some delightful moments, dashing around the stage to grin and sing at each other — *their* sense of fun and enthusiasm being a major factor in the audience feeling the same.

They encore with a powerful "Firing Squad", eclipsing the single version totally, but then spoil things a little by closing with a repeat of "Life's A Gamble", a disappointing, cautious choice which noticeably undercuts the fervour they've previously built up.

My only other quibble is that, whatever he says, Fred Purser's guitar style *is* pure HM flash, the one difference being that his breaks are mercifully brief. I hope he can adapt his style soon; at the moment his solos are more like an antique intrusion than an asset.

Support groups were Fusion and Black Slate. Regrettably I missed Fusion, but as for Black Slate, after reading their absurdly misogynistic remarks in *The Leveller* I almost disliked them on principle.

I also disliked their blatantly hypocritical audience raps, their dull, grinding music, and the kindergarten religious threats of their lyrics — *"Everything you do, Jah Jah is watching you"*. Pure schmuck! And that's all I'm gonna say about them.

Graham Lock

Matumbi
Quartz
The Vipers
Holding Strong

Lyceum

Sunday night in Mecca's Ballroom Babylon. The place is half empty. And if the atmosphere is subdued, perhaps acting against the natural exhuberance of bill toppers Matumbi, then there are good reasons why.

The quadruple billing of HM valium rockers The Vipers and Quartz with two genuinely creative reggae outfits left much to be desired. The white man's music was an embarrassment to behold, the lengthy bouts of headbanging an insult to the Lyceum's graceful, ornate porticos.

At least The Vipers were plain awful without pretence Quartz, though, may well be the worst band in Britain today with their grunging assimilation of Zeppelin cliche and sexual boize noize, wanking on the fretboard, songs about 'dirty girls', the epitome of bad taste.

The rent-a-crowd suckers who can't get enough of such as Quartz were quite happy to have their itelligence insulted; fortunately, the majority of the audience took umbrage and yelled timely insults.

Bill openers were Holding Strong, an eight-piece garage reggae delight whose triple guitar axis gave them room for exploring all manner of subtle melodic undercurrents, somewhat in the vein of Third World. Holding Strong seemed to exude a total abandon in songs like "Blame" and "Find A Job", quite at odds with the lack of upfront punter support.

Being an unknown factor even gave them the edge over Matumbi, fresher excitement perhaps.

The headliners themselves took the stage at 11.00 when the crowd were completely overdosed on the mundanities of the downer faction. Matumbi took a while to wake up as well.

They're near the end of a breaking tour, close to securing a support with Tosh and basking in the security of their fine "Seven Seals" album which they chose to promote in full, leaving them little time to return to their prolific output of recent years.

A lot of spiritual money lies on the success of the T.V. series *Empire Road*, for which Matumbi composed the theme song, but on this showing the better material is the more complex.

Augmented by Godfrey and Bammie on trumpet and sax, they got the rhythm going on the work-outs and the instrumental dubs.

Visually, Matumbi are a knockout, with the dual lead vocals of Glaister Venn and Bevin Bagga Fagan meshing intricate textures against Dennis Blackbeard Bovell's fluid lead and rhythm lines.

They don't push polemic either, mixing the humourous "All Over This World (Money)" with the spiritual "Guide Us Jah", the commonsense anti-pills message of "Hook Deh" and the gloriously understated memories of "Blue Beat And Ska".

The lengthy and genuine encore jam out gave Bovell and keyboards man Webster Scratch Johnson space for manoeuvres, although I'd have preferred less of the dub extravaganza and greater use of the horns. At times Matumbi looked like flagging on predictability and with the freedom they possess in an expert nine-man team they ought to be surprising rather than pleasing.

More ears to Matumbi should divert them further on their path of excellence — rock steady. They're carrying a heavy load.

Max Bell

Siouxsie And The Banshees

Leeds

Hello Siouxsie! Good to be back, huh?

Well, not *that* good. The Banshees' third or fourth trip to Leeds was the first time the city had seen the band since they finally put their cards on the table, generated some captial investment and decided to take their music to the people.

It took a lot of time, sporadic fracas, dry frustration and several rounds of 'Sid Vicious Is Innocent' before Siouxsie introduced herself to the gathered multitudes at the university. When she did, it seemed to have been worth the wait.

Moving like an impassioned marionette (her critics would say sub-Patti Smith), dressed almost *haute couture* in various permutations (and layers) of black and white, Siouxsie rightfully presented herself as another Star for the New Age.

The rest of the band are no stooges: black-dressed, implacable guitarist John McKay, the last recruited Banshee, hair falling like a German egghead's, thrummed some interesting up-tempo dirges, while drummer Kenny Morris (employing the same wrist action as the guy from Sham) treated concepts like 'convention' and 'orthodoxy' like they were dirty words.

Bassist Steve Severin, of course, is a different player in a different ball game. Co-architect of The Banshees' integrity putsch, Severin has come a long way since the days when the band were contractless, their music was 'copyright control' and he used to dedicate "Helter Skelter" — the first number here — to Roman Polanski. (*Alienation* is up for grabs in this band).

But if you can't believe *everything* you read about Siouxsie and The Banshees, you still have to believe *something* — and if only 10 per cent of their much-vaunted obsession with ice-honesty and complete control is really true then that's 10 per cent more than on offer most other places.

They got a bad deal here. Apart from having their road crew busted after the gig, the roughnecks here were even more boorish than usual.

The songs are a problem, too. "Switch", "Mirage" and "Suburban Relapse" are pretty good live numbers, but they came over as computerised punk to the people who had no previous experience of the band.

Similarly, "Metal", 'for John Hartfield' (the legendary Anti-Nazi montage propagandist) meant little to the uninitiated: like the others, this song really needs to be *recognised,* which is why (in the provinces, anyway, and before the release of "The Scream") the band seem to distance themselves into an indentity crisis.

"Hong Kong Garden" — received ecstatically — proved the point: much of this audience (if not the bulk) thought of The Banshees as an avant-garde singles band (with a very nice-looking cantatrice). Which is why, after average responses elsewhere, the band played their traditional "Lord's Prayer" finale and declined to encore.

Siouxsie had sensed all along that the circumjacent mood wasn't too cool. Deprived on the night (at Siouxsie's request?) of canned grog, there was nothing for the goons to fling but huge quantities of slanderous abuse and multi-coloured sputum. (Your lensman for the night paid the price for coming between Siouxsie and the line of fire).

She tried hard to get them to "calm down" (and it was no punk put-on) but, as she said, she couldn't "feed" off us such was the aggressive, distastful attitude.

Siouxsie probably thought she's seen the last of this number a long time ago.

The Banshees have played better and they will bring it on home again. It was suggested that they couldn't handle an audience of this size. Or that even Snow Queens can have off-nights. But I'd guess that The Banshees really are trying to rip the perimeters of Radical Art, and that they recognise they're not going to achieve that without intelligent support.

Emma Ruth

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The Clash

Roxy Theatre

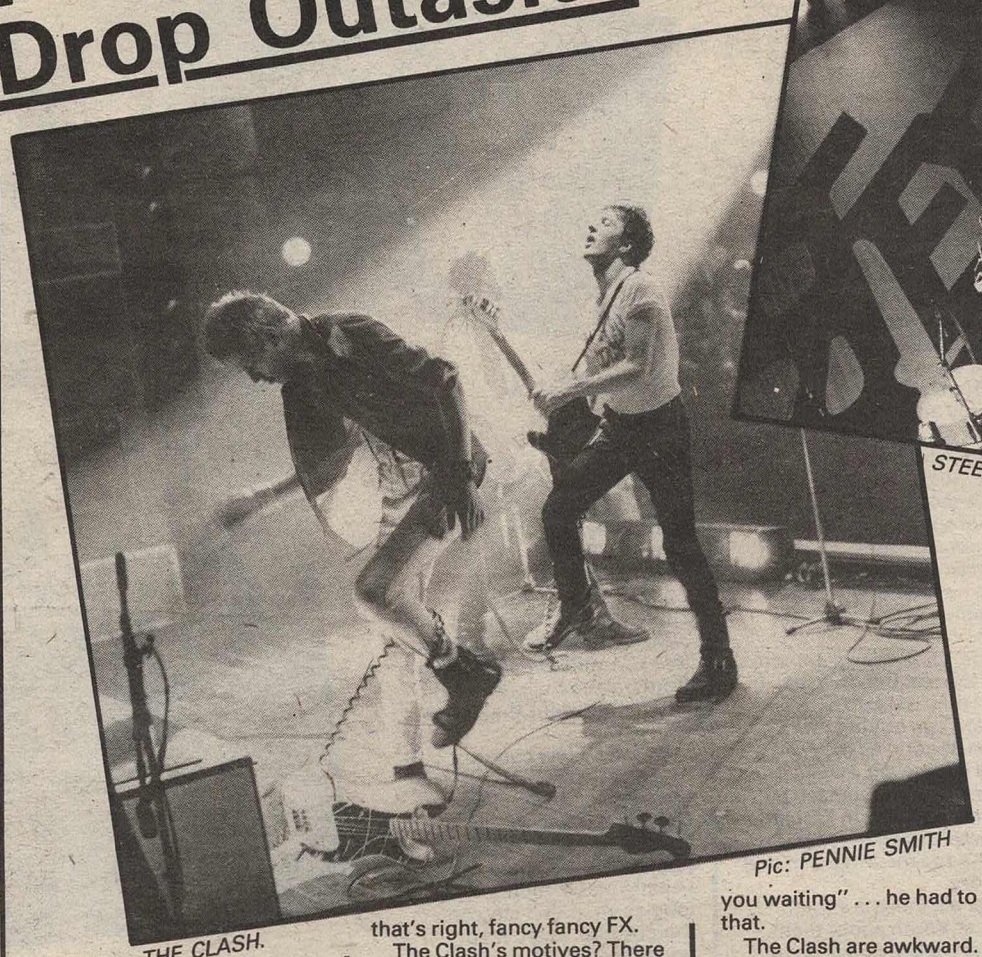
Weapons exist, but some people can't see them for looking.

The Clash take the obvious lines of misrepresentation, superficiality, and hold up the tacky backdrops, the disinfected battleclothes, the turbulent, tubercular grimaces, and most of all the rock instruments as their weapons, not forgetting air rifles — roots rock rebel!

But these plain chaps with art school roots . . . what is it exactly they have rebelled against? Tell me that! On the basis of this performance, one of the two re-scheduled at the Roxy theatre in Harlesden (immigrant population, heavy industry, how convenient) I for one won't fall in with the future they are supposedly leading us into.

A joyless, emotionless, directionless, self-important music, something like a shambolic HM quartet converted to Mao minutes before a show but still retaining the original ego-pushy set, swaggers and all.

Perhaps this heavy manners street band have finally come to realise that the "street" houses expense and excess as well as the romantic oppression visions. What is this myth about the "street"? Remember, the street is the basis not only of free enterprise (market place credibility?) but of capitalist exploitation . . . and I'm sure The Clash have been exploited as much there, naked in the street, as much as — more than — anyone.



THE CLASH. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

Which is probably how they come to be in their present sorry state. There are embarrassing runs across the stage, HM poses, hackneyed guitar solos — no idea of how to mix and assert different positions and degrees of sharp rock sound, unlike, say, Penetration.

Headon's drums are leaden and lumpen — I fail to observe any reggae inflexion either there or with Simonon — a different part of the sound from Strummer's rehearsed spastic twanging and Jones' nowengineered playing — that's right, fancy fancy FX.

The Clash's motives? There don't seem to be any anymore.

The Clash is The Clash is The Clash, no relationships between the individual members of the band, or between the band and the audience.

On stage, there's only the disgusting mock stand - and - deliver confrontations, the choreographed bumping into one another. The only concession to the 'kids' came at the very end of the set when Jones stopped sprinting for a second to garble "Alright? Sorry to keep you waiting" . . . he had to say that.

The Clash are awkward. Unlike their peers — Travolta, Brotherhood Of Man, Dooleys — they have not come to terms with their role of working class entertainers. They aspire; they do not want to be seen to simply perspire.

They have not come to terms with anything beyond The Clash, and now, after all the sycophantic press, after the coke busts, after the second album gap, The Clash don't know what to do with themselves, don't know what to do with rock music, but I and you know what it's doing to them.

STEEL PULSE. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

The Clash is a dying myth.

Ian Penman

Steel Pulse

Rainbow

The Rainbow Theatre seemed a poor venue for Steel Pulse's Big London Gig, but reconsidering during this performance, it was probably second choice only to the Palladium. The covers have dropped; Pulse are simply entertainers. Nothing wrong with that, but remember how Pulse hooked themselves into the big time and it's slightly depressing.

Pulse's appeal may have been their 'idealism', their 'roots' (plus a right time, right place thing, and the influence of the present hip reggae circumstances) but it was a very meaningless, affected bag of tricks, a glossy petulance.

There were never any real risks taken . . . a very bitty sense of style, nothing actually uncomfortable. Their appeal now (and forever more . . .) is their predictability.

The show wasn't such an effort to watch as the likes of 10cc but soon come a time when Pulse will be a vague equivalent to say Fleetwood Mac . . . or The Average White Band.

I like reggae as a combination of sounds, as with Coleman or Company, but Pulse's combination of sounds is as formal and as limited as any traditional six piece rock group.

Despite each individual instrument never coming over any better than adequate, especially the knobbly, erratic bass, the whole unit proved mundanely sophisticated, with only the drums supplying any bite and threatening to push the sound into harder, less precise areas.

'Dub effects' are limited to stop . . . echo . . . start, or simple mixing manoeuvres, while the vocals are non descript and the harmonies thickly smooth. Visually, Pulse have failed to develop any theatre, still relying on mildly symbolic uniforms with a new light show the depth of their innovation. Steel Pulse as entertainers are flat and unimaginative.

And all these references to Jah, the herb, desperation, revolution, rastafaria. What is it all about? Is it a joke? Why am I not laughing? How long before these plain chaps run out of rehearsed moves?

Steel Pulse are yet another bundle of ultimately accessible contradictions. They are a 'good reggae band' like Clash are the 'best rock'n'roll group in the world' or Robinson an 'effective catalyst'.

All these minimally seductive, superficial, 'revolutionists' are essentially naive, musically staid, lyrically obvious, visually twee and one mass compromise. Illusion, delusion, glamorous escapism — 'a damning indictment of the state of the nation.' I've had enough. I can't put up with any more.

Paul Morley

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Third World

Oxford

Let it be said right at the start that Third World are hardly *roots.*

Though keyboardist Michael "Ibo" Cooper and percussionist Irvin "Carrot" Jarret appear onstage as barechested, loose-belted hills rastas, the vis al presences of bassist Richie Daley and lead vocalist and rhythm guitarist Bunny "Rugs" Clarke — neatly cut jackets and berets, for example — suggest sophisticated media-blacks.

Indeed, Third World's appearance reminds one most forcibly that, after Bob Marley, they are the only reggae outfit to have gained any sort of US chart success or following.

It is hardly surprising, then, that during the 16 numbers the six-piece outfit plays it is the word "funk" that comes to mind most often.

Any reggae outfit that is *heavy* or *hard* would certainly be beyond the cultural scope of North America.

Also, and not just on the obvious O'Jays' "Now That We Found Love", it is funk as in Philadelphia Funk. "Dreamland", for example, suggest a perfect understanding of the Philly Sound circa '73.

Such influences are hardly out of keeping, incidentally. The O'Jays, MFSB, Harold Melvin et al were — indeed still are if the fairly colossal success currently being enjoyed by Teddy Pendergrass is anything to go by — commercially highly successful in Jamaica.

There are also times when, probably due to the highly adept percussion of Carrot and the drums of Willie Stewart, one is reminded of Carlos Santana discovering The Grass Roots Of Dub — Rankin' Ibo, incidentally, fulfills the role of Dread At The Controls at his stage centre keyboards from where he frequently — at the end of the beautiful "96 Degrees In The Shade" for example — provides near-dub vocals.

There are also less pleasant times when they suggest, due mainly to Ibo's keyboards, an early period Emerson, Lake and Palmer. But thankfully such rare aberrations in influence are generally rectified — "Third World Man" sounds like an out-take from "Tarkus" until the vocals and then the harmonies settle it down to a rather above average reggae hymn replete with beautiful frills and dynamics from the drums and percussion.

Actually, as the set develops — it has all the highs and lows and apparent refreshment pauses of a white rock set — what becomes most noticeable is the outfit's deliciously adept Blue Mountain stream clean harmonies, to which each member contributes with quite moving dignity.

On "African Woman", off the new LP "Journey To Addis", a guitar-less Rugs may strut about with just a hand-mike doing his slinky Rasta stage-lizard routine; about which, incidentally, Gregory Isaacs could certainly show him a thing or two. But numbers like "Cool Meditation", also off the new album, with its gorgeous mango-sensuous six-part vocals underlaid by some deliciously mellifluous Ibo organ, suggest where Third World's future lies not just in commercial terms but quite possibly artistically, too.

After all, if reggae's going to break through worldwide on any sizable scale it surely stands more chance with harmony acts singing good commercial tunes.

Can Grimsby take toasters? Is this not one of the great existentialist issues of our time?

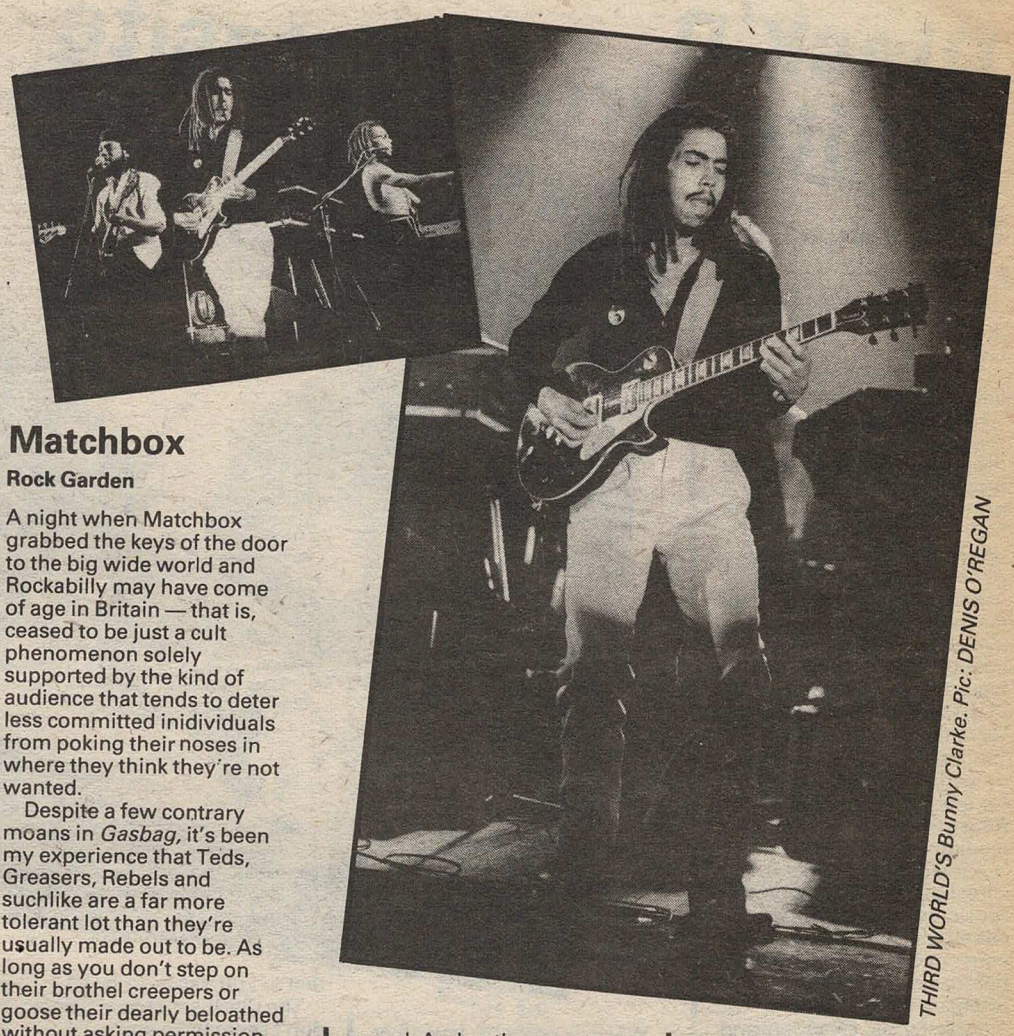
Yes, Third World *are* coffee table reggae. But only just. in fact, if they wise up in time and *don't* go buying laser beams as soon as they can afford it (they are *awfully* keen on theatrics, and, in fact, put on a musical play in Kingston earlier this year) they may well escape the fringes of that category.

After all, there is a great sense of Youth about them. And, as we know, it is up to The Youth to change things for they are strong.

Also, as Lee Perry observed, each man must fulfill his purpose. And if it is the purpose of Third World — and outfits like The Diamonds — to open up people's heads to reggae music by initially presenting them with a slightly bastardised form then this is how it must be.

For the meantime, Third World put on A Good Show and offer A Most Pleasant Evening out.

Chris Salewicz



THIRD WORLD'S Bunny Clarke. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Matchbox

Rock Garden

A night when Matchbox grabbed the keys of the door to the big wide world and Rockabilly may have come of age in Britain — that is, ceased to be just a cult phenomenon solely supported by the kind of audience that tends to deter less committed inidividuals from poking their noses in where they think they're not wanted.

Despite a few contrary moans in *Gasbag,* it's been my experience that Teds, Greasers, Rebels and suchlike are a far more tolerant lot than they're usually made out to be. As long as you don't step on their brothel creepers or goose their dearly beloathed without asking permission, you should be in for a good time at a Rockabilly gig whatever you look like.

Naturally, if you're female, look about 16, have long hair and wear stockings and a suspender belt beneath a flaired skirt, you'll be in for an *exceptionally* good time.

Anyhow, be that as it may, this was not an especially partisan gig for Matchbox; on the contrary, it was deliberately chosen to introduce the band to a broader audience than usual. And as they went down a storm with everyone present it seems like the experiment was well justified.

Punky types pogoed cheek-by-jowl with jiving Rockers, even a few Skins got to grips with the intricacies of the Bopcat Shuffle, and assorted grades of indeterminate punters all joined together to crowd the limited floorspace of this unlikely venue.

By the time "Hold Me, Hug Me, Rock Me" and "Old Black Joe" topped off the hour long set, everyone was on the same wavelength and partying without fear or favour.

Matchbox succeed where others of their ilk fail because they're not simply just a bunch of Rockabilly revivalists.

Course, they don't unexpectedly break into a frantic punk thrash or trip their switches for a sudden burst of heavy metal, but within the general scheme of countryish rock 'n' roll

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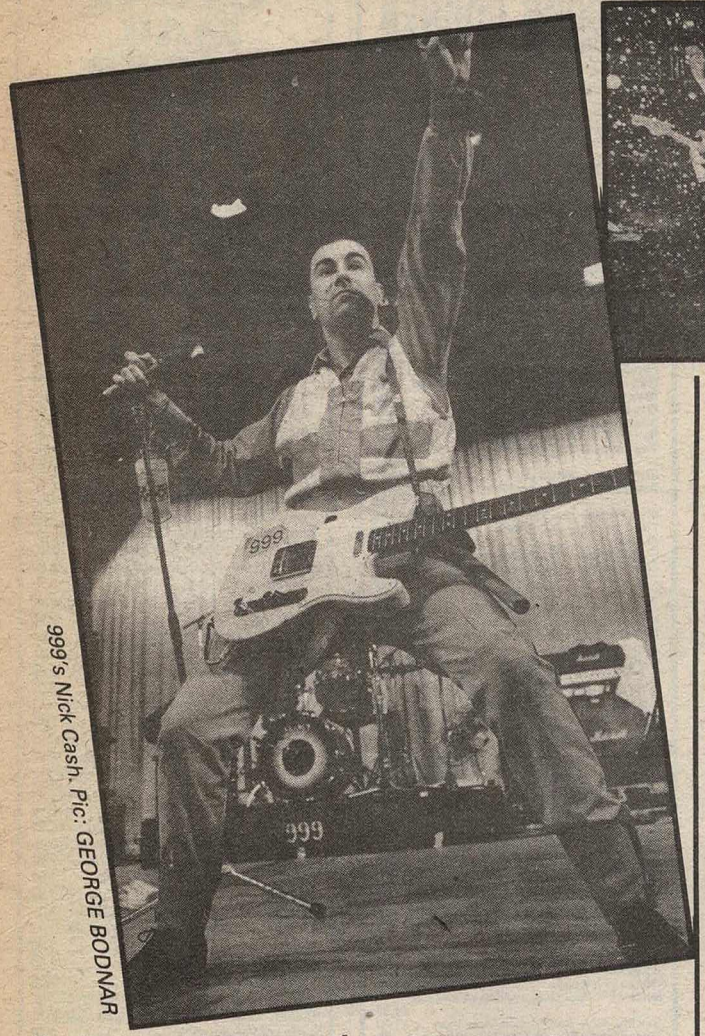
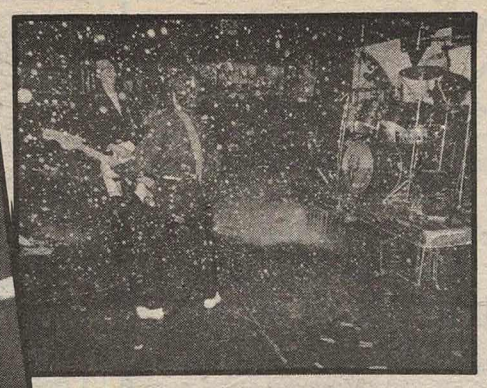

999's Nick Cash. Pic: GEORGE BODNAR


DOCTORS OF MADNESS going out in a blizzard of gob . . . Pic GEORGE BODNAR

999 call for a future?

they're game and able to ring the changes through as diverse a repertoire as possible, including a good percentage of their own songs — most of which are as strong as the carefully selected oldies.

Mandolin, harmonica, steel and acoustic guitars and stand-up acoustic bass are all employed with the same notable musicianship as the familiar three - guitars - and - drums line-up and all of the players are also capable singers, providing varied and colourful support to lead vocalist Graham Fenton.

Although a few of the oldies in their set are deliberately performed as originally recorded (exceptionally well, too), for the most part the character of the band and their individual talents are the main attraction rather than — as in many similar cases — the fact that they're dedicated to playing a special brand of music.

Matchbox aim to keep on stepping out, with upcoming gigs at the Hope And Anchor and The Nashville. Should be fun for all concerned.

Cliff White

Doctors Of Madness

Music Machine

Cabaret Voltaire appeared first. A trio, I caught the final 20 minutes of their performance, and was fairly absorbed.

A member of the trio later informed me that when watching and listening to the group a smile on the face is not amiss.

So remember, when you go to see Cabaret Voltaire . . . SMILE! (You don't like crazy music?)

The Doctors of Madness last ever concert; a private party I wasn't prepared or qualified to drop in on.

So this is how Vanilla Fudge sounded after they lost their toes.

Kid Strange always was over confident about his own ability. At best (with violinist Urban Blitz) the Doctors were wacky, at the worst (tonight) dire.

But of course it really doesn't matter any more:

We say Bye-Bye Doctors of Madness . . . until we meet again.

Of course we will — it's part of the plan.
Which no one really cares about.
The most unfashionable group of all time tamely flickered out to much acclaim. As weird as a whistle.
It was a good time?
The performance had a distrinct aura.
Of a quest for IDENTITY.
T.V. Smith sang three songs with the Doctors of Madness.
I left fearing my life before Dave Vanian swooped on stage.
If he even did . . . and I doubt it as much as I believe it.

The Ultimate Statement, let us not forget was within the Doctors potential this sad night . . . and I thought that was the implication behind the 'last ever performance' hype. That after they'd played, they would kill themselves.

The Ultimate Statement . . . the one sure way they had of getting a good review.

I left early because I knew that they wouldn't kill themselves. So what was the point? Had they run out of ideas, used all their imagination up, have they better things to do, is it a trick?

This piece has no end. I have no end. I wonder why?

Paul Morley

999

Glasgow

Glasgow University is the only one in the world which still retains separate unions for men and women. Every year a vote is taken to dispel such foolish notions, and every year the beer-bar jingoists stop singing rugby songs and drinking yards of ale (chugalug chugalug) long enough to adversely affect the voting.

This isn't the only problem they have. According to Pablo Labritain the non-student public have been allowed into 999's gigs everywhere in the country. In Glasgow not only do you need a student to sign you in at the door, but credentials must be displayed once more before entering the bar.

As for 999, they're the kind of band who inspire cliches such as 'solid', 'workmanlike', 'grass roots following'; a band who work hard for their audience and need a similar response from the opposite direction.

The handul of people who did manage to get in jump up and down and crash into each other and generally have a good time. How can you criticise a band who do that? Here goes.

The endless two-chord stampedes have been dropped. In their place are more standard rock songs, slower and bad for pogoing. . 999 are beginning to learn dynamics, proper composing, chromatic sevenths, harmonic variations and lots of other things of which I know nothing and care less.

Possible projections of the future? They could break up soon due to lack of encouragement. Or, they could continue playing round the univerisites and clubs of Britain learning their trade, enjoyed by a small but dedicated audience, perhaps becoming stars in Switzerland.

Maybe one day they'll get to be like Foghat or the Climax Blues Band: idolised in Middle America; unappreciated in Britain.

Right now they still care about their fans and their music. They have some good rhythmic ideas, helped particularly by Jon Watson's mutant computer discoid bass. I specially liked "Subterfuge" and "Crazy".

They encored with a screaming tirade against beer-throwing poseurs and dedicated the last song to their real fans.

Nick Cash knows who they are.

Simple Minds played support to even less people. I've seen this band several times throughout their career, right since early days as Johnny And The Self-Abusers — remember "Saints & Sinners" on Chiswick? — and on each occasion they had improved dramatically.

Right now they're astonishing.

This was one of their lesser gigs, not really gaining assurance till near the end; and not helped any by speakers full of porridge. The quality of the material shone through, however.

Their demo tape rarely leaves my cassette machine. You should be jealous.

Glenn Gibson

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14th. **Birmingham** – Barbarellas
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16th. **Liverpool** – Eric's
19th. **Nottingham** – Sandpipers
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22nd. **St. Andrews, Scotland** – St. Andrews University
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November.
2nd. **Sheffield** – Limit Club
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JAZZ

■ *From page 41*

a voice and I can use it musically. It helps get black acceptance for the creative music black artists are playing now, because traditionally our music relates very closely to speech. I'm gonna expand upon that to create that bridge."

I launched into my theory that trumpeters were like heavyweight boxers, competitive.

Ted laughed. "The instrument is very demanding and I think you really hafta have some kinda competitive spirit just to keep up playing the horn because it demands a lot physically from you. In my teenage years I was quite an athlete, and I've always been able to relate that type of drive to my music."

Somehow this brought us to the reasons behind Freddie Hubbard's return to the fold. "Well, he has good reason to cross back," said Ted. "Mister Shaw has taken over the jazz slot. I guess he wants his throne back, but Woody's sounding great these days. I feel good about it, man, because the trumpet sound is out there, and I plan to be right out there with the rest of them, dealing. I'm very positive about the future. It's been a hustle but I've been able to make it this far, and I'm gonna push even harder. Once people begin to hear my music, I thing everything will be cool."

SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY: Dewey Redman, "Coincide" (Impulse), "Ear Of The Behearer" (Impulse); 'Archie Shepp, "Things Have Got To Change" (Impulse); Andrew Cyrille, "Celebration" (IPS); "Junction" (IPS); Clifford Thornton, "Gardens Of Harlem" (JCOA); Ted Daniel, "Ted Daniel" (Ujaama), "Tapestry" (Sun Records).

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Chimps Of The Cosmic Cabaret?

Yes

Wembley Arena

"I think we're all a tiny bit cosmic sometimes." Speak for yourself, mate. . .After all Jon Anderson hasn't been stuck in a bumper-to-bumper traffic jam on the North Circular this past half hour.

Still, what else do you expect from a geezer like Anderson, who these days wields more power than ever onstage with the rest of Yes. Without doubt Anderson has no time for being macho.

His onstage persona is closer to, say, Puck in a *Midsummer Night's Dream* or that wimp Ariel in Willy's *The Tempest* — rock's most unlikely frontman.

It will always puzzle me why he's so popular with rank and file youth, the kind of guys to be found knocking back pints of lager in the nation's public bars, bell bottoms and all.

It's not only the toking set that buys tickets for Yes concerts.

Don't believe that claptrap about people liking Yes 'cause they think they're complicated and therefore they like them because it flatters their intelligence.

One of the biggest cheers on Saturday was, predictably, for Steve Howe's time-honoured crowd pleasing stunt, "The Clap". Yet given a guitar with six strings, the right kind of chimpanzee could just about learn to play "The Clap". Complicated it's not.

Yes audiences (and they hardly come any bigger) like the band for their songs and their playing, and the way they always turn in something different presentation-wise. Whether Chris Squire drives a Silver Cloud or a Honda 50 is not taken into consideration.

Unlike more fashionable acts, Yes audiences haven't been *pressured* into liking the band either. Suffice to say, the new wave has had about as much effect on Yes as a single hammer blow would have on Centre Point. But unlike Centre Point, Yes are not a monstrous turkey, even if at times they steer in that direction.

As with the vast majority of their well-oiled peers (the Floyd, Stones, Zeppelin, Jethro Dull and possibly Genesis) there is now an element of cabaret in their set. Their act doesn't walk a tightrope. It's very safe. Tried and tested. Slick. And the sound at Wembley was perfect.

To their credit Yes worked hard to reduce the appalling barn-like dimensions of the Arena to something approaching a modest theatre by situating a circular, *revolving* stage slap in the centre of the auditorium.

But the sight of them rotating around and around like figures on a musical box tended to increase the cabaret quotient.

The centre podium was occupied for most of the time by Anderson — the only time he left it was when Squire or Howe stepped up to play their solo spots; Squire's "The Fish" being one of the highlights.

His devastating bass solo was the first time I haven't been bored during this kind of caper. Jaco Pastorious should learn a thing or two from Squire's economy and sense of melody.

Wakeman's solo spot, particularly his fluid acoustic piano work, was similarly impressive, while Alan White too distinquished himself — often rekindling memories of his great performance on John Lennon's "Instant Kharma".

White relies on controlled force and not sheer bombast; he's not a complicated drummer.

Anderson's over-the-top romanticism, however, all too often puts these musicians in the shade, and I was left itching for Yes to rock and roll.

In keeping with the 10 year anniversary feel of the concerts (since when was rock and roll about anniversaries?) Yes' set was a journey through the past and present, even including the 'hippy' sentiment of "Time And A Word", one of their earliest songs.

But like The Rolling Stones, Zeppelin and Tull, Yes have in recent years always included a considerable proportion of oldies in their set.

Don't be surprised if in 15 years Yes are playing their 25th year anniversary gigs. Only then they'll be at Wembley Stadium and each seat will have its personal video screen. I doubt if Anderson or Squire (the only two original members) will have the bottle to break up the band.

Steve Clarke

Dr Feelgood

Hammersmith Odeon

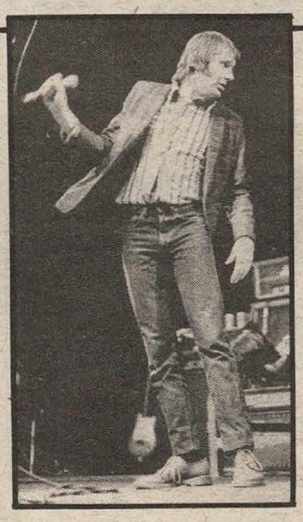
No mistaking it, London's happy to have them back. Winding up their tour with two nights at the Odeon, the Feelgoods respond with everything that's expected of them.

And that means everything: an all-out performance that's epitomised in the title of one of the numbers, "99½ Won't Do". The Doctor shows no signs of mellowing and if there's a term that means the opposite of 'laid back' then that's just what the Feelgoods are.

Their unique tension, controlled frenzy, is personified in Lee Brilleaux himself, fists clenched and teeth gritted as if urging the others on to an ever greater intensity.

The guitar of John Mayo sounds the way Lee Brilleaux looks; sharp, frenetic, straining at the invisible leash that tethers it just the right side of HM overkill.

It's crucial to the group's



LEE BRILLEAUX. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

personality, the way in which this Mayo/Brilleaux partnership — wired-up, short-fused — is counterbalanced by the steadier, solid and sturdy Sparks and Figure Martin, the rhythm-section men who 'anchor' the band in both the visual and musical senses.

They play an even set, no peaks, just consistent and maximum R&B from start to end. Nor is there any useful distinction to be made between the established numbers ("Stupidity", "Back In The Night", "Roxette") and the "Private Practice" innovations like "Sugar Shaker", "Milk And Alcohol", "Take A Tip" and "Night Time."

"Down At The Doctor's", in particular, established its credentials as the very stuff that heads are banged to.

Finally, we're reassured that the riot still goes on in "Cell Block No. 9" and are treated to a song called "Johnny B. Goode" which, I'm told, is actually a cover version. . .

If it all sounds pretty unadventurous to you then I'm not the one to argue — the Feelgoods' story has always been one of excellence maintained rather than one of progression. And while I've seen them play to more ecstatic audiences in the past, and been more excited by them than I was tonight, nobody went home disappointed so far as I could see.

Every ritual of the Rock Concert had, after all, been observed.

Supporting were Squeeze who, it's always stressed, hail from Deptford though I've not yet grasped the significance of this fact. Jolly rock'n'rollers, whose pianist Jools Holland was to re-surface later with Dr Feelgood, they varied from the likeable ("Take Me, I'm Yours") through to the not-at-all-bad ("Get Smart", "Bang Bang") to the downright sniggering awful "Touching Me, Touching You" which is one of their naughty songs.

"What a bunch of auto-eroticists" and "Gerroff, you onanists!" were just some of the cries not to be heard resounding about the auditorium.

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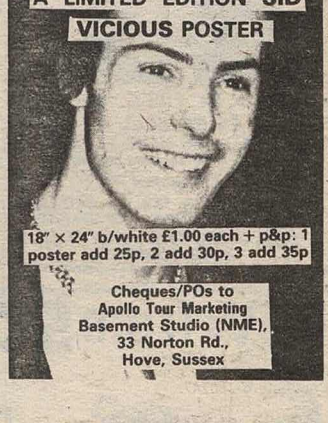

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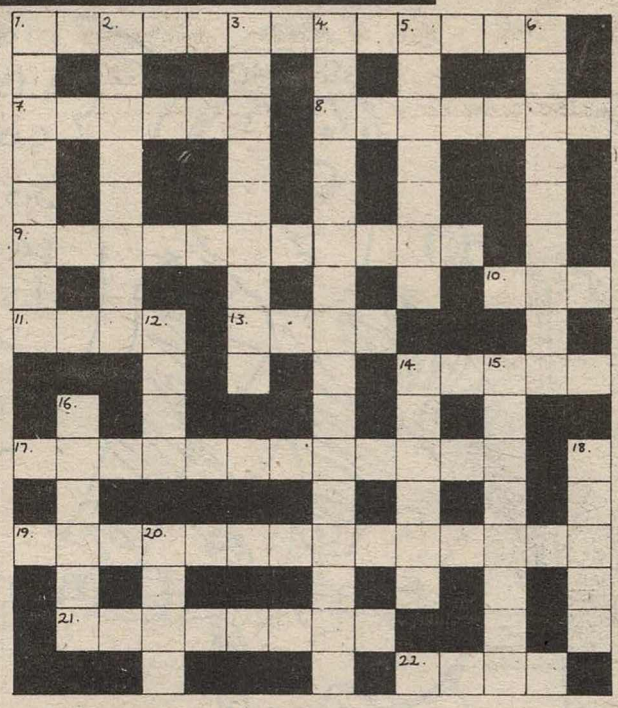


ACROSS

1 By La Belle Summer, originally a hit for Hellraiser Harris (9, 4)
7 Ooh Frankie, you're *so* romantic!
8 Early Santana album, one of their biggest-sellers
9 Exit Reg, anon. (anag. 10, 1)
10 Mister Waybill the Tube
11 Now on his own, one of the original Wailers with Marley and Bunny
13 U.S. heavy metal tarts!
14 Dolenz or Mouse!
17 Come on, come on — the Babychams are on Jimmy! (5, 2, 5)
19 & 22 The world of contemporary music, at the epush of a button — as *Radio Times* might say *(blaaaargh!)* (3, 4, 7, 4)
21 Jokey Liverpudlian combo led by Mike McGear, a.k.a. McCartney
22 See 19

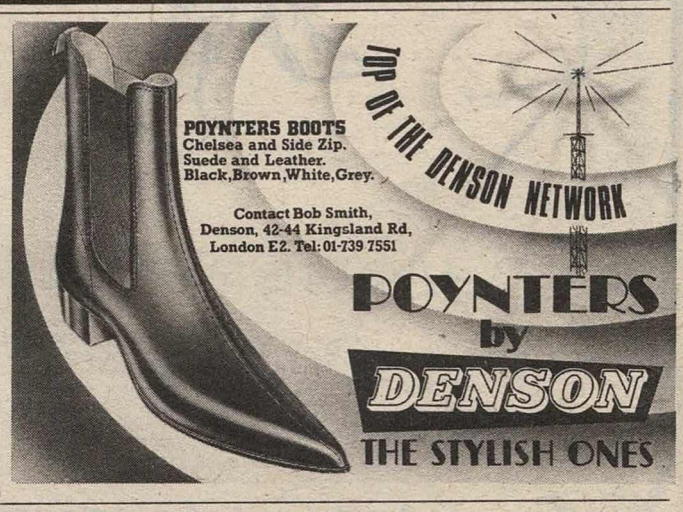
DOWN

1 The witching hour — as in at the oasis, in the underground, or in the Wicked Pickett's R&B oldie!
2 West Country punk combo who might have figured at Motor Show if Fords hadn't gone on strike!
3 Genesis keyboardsman (4, 5)
4 TRB single, from the "Sloganize-alonga-Tom" LP (2, 7, 3, 4)
5 See 20
6 Mechanical Krautrockers
12 Ancient hippie musical which *(gosh)* was one of the first to put *(gulp)* naked bodies on the stage
14 Belmont or Barre
15 Girl group who were Phil Spector's first signing to his own Phill's label
16 Eric Idle's protracted joke on the Fab Four
18 Pedalling Freddie & Co.
20 & 5 Influential ex-Byrd whose death in California desert was surrounded by bizarre circumstances

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK. LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW.

ACROSS: 1 "Road To Ruin"; 8 "Aja"; 9 "Stage"; 10 Emmylou (Harris); 12 Charisma; 13 Randy (Newman); 14 Andrew Gold; 15 (Hall and) Oates; 16 (Billy) Idol; 17 Akron; 19 Nelson; 21 Man; 23 Parliament; 25 "(The Bride Stripped) Bare; 26 Dr Feelgood.

DOWN: 1 "Respectable"; 2 "Again And Again"; 3 "The Bride Stripped (Bare)"; 4 Roger McGuinn; 5 New York Dolls; 6 "L.A. Connection"; 7 Can; 11 Byrds; 18 Jilted (John); 20 (Denny) Laine; 22 Abba; 24 Eno.



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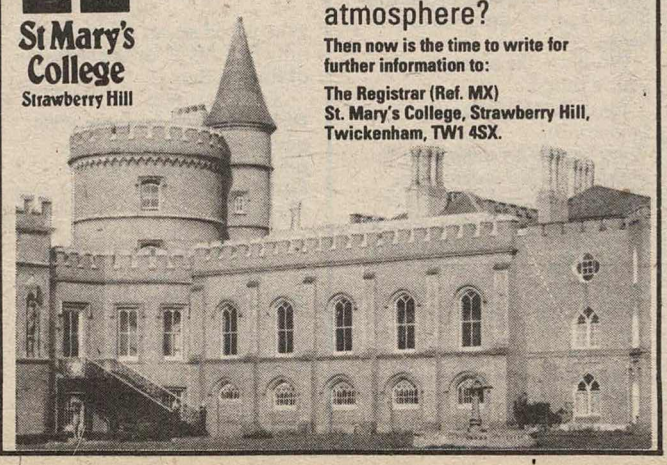

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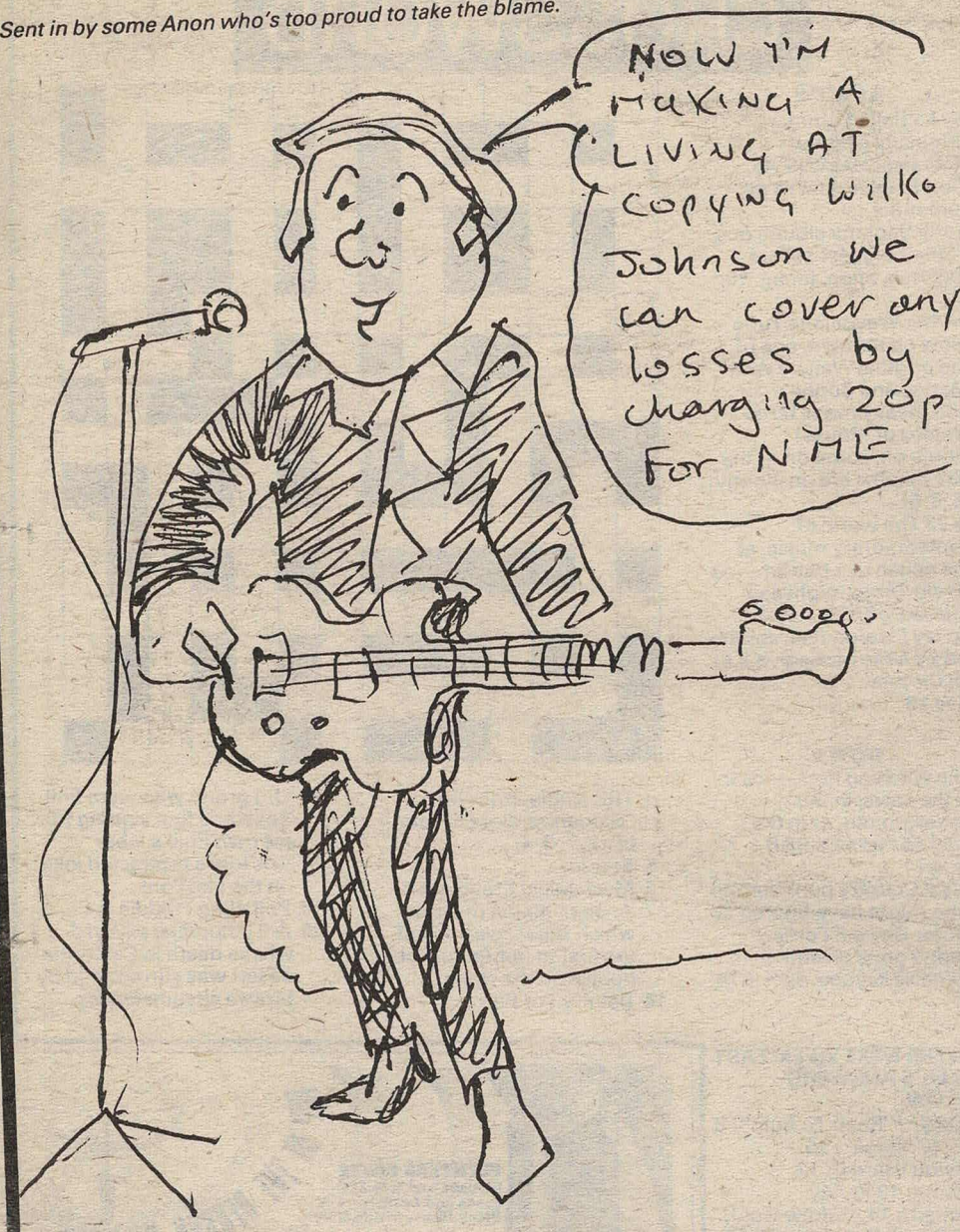
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Perhaps some people feel the music scene is really looking good at the moment. All of these fine new albums by Buzzcocks, Penetration, Siouxsie and the Banshees, The Clash, XTC, Wire.

And what fun all these gimmicks are (luminous vinyl, free 12 inch EP), those wonderful, arty and witty sleeves ("Moving Targets", "Go-2").

Yes, let's all go to our record stores and buy all this wonderful product (all the albums by the bands mentioned will set you back at least £25, possibly more), because Virgin Records are knocking a pound off and the music papers think they're all great.

Well, I for one won't be buying all these new albums because I'm tired of wasting my money on something which lies unused, after about four weeks, amongst all the other pieces of plastic I have bought over the last two years.

I feel very disappointed in all these bands, they have just become another part of the record business. It's the same old thing that's been going on for the last fifteen years or more: one or two albums a year,a few singles, play on *Top of the Pops* and *The Old Grey Whistle Test*, go on tour etc. etc.

All of these bands have taken the easy way out, they all have nice careers ahead of them and the record companies can't wait for the money to come rolling in. Personally I think all these bands play great music. What I object to is the methods they use to bring it to the fan. When Punk first started it was supposed to change all this, but has it?

People now say Punk is dead, now we are back to the same old routine. In a way they are right — the Buzzcocks at Hammersmith Odeon and most of those bands mentioned have deemed it necessary to go on TV and bring the music to the people. Shit! Television has diluted the music and turns these bands into a joke!

Fortunately there are still a few bands around who have refused to compromise, who are at least trying to find a different way: ATV, Pop Group, Mekons, Punishment Of Luxury, Cabaret Voltaire, Throbbing Gristle.

Despite the fact that the music press have been trying to drag them into their scheme of things, they still survive, but for how long?

Unfortunately as John Peel says, many people will regard the likes of Mark Perry and the Mekons as hopeless naifs. That kind of attitude is pathetic. If we all support these bands then I'm almost certain things could change. Mark Perry talks sense, if he can play free gigs, why can't the Buzzcocks etc. If they tried hard enough they could, but then it's so much easier to sign on the dotted line and let the big company do all the work.

Free gigs, bands with their own labels, at least is an alternative.

Of course perhaps most people don't agree, perhaps they are quite happy with the way things are at the moment, perhaps they don't want to change. If this is so, then I can see no reason why Punk should have surfaced in the first place. The only people who stood to gain anything are the record companies — more bands equals more product equals more money!

People should form their own bands and spend their money on music equipment rather than buying records, as the Mekons say. But of course Apathy rules and I can't think of anything more apathetic than sitting down listening to records all day.

Allan Phillips

Didn't take long, did it?

Two and a half years later and what's changed? Hair length, jeans-style, *Jackie* pin-ups, *fuck all!*

Who's to blame! We are! All of us!

The initial spark/flood/wave of new bands, Pistols, Clash, Damned, Slits, Buzzcocks, bloody fantastic! Bloody marvellous! Form your *own* band. Play your *own* music. Record on your *own* label. Yeah, c'mon, let's *do it!*

But the novelty wears off, eh boy! Why form your own band when there's all this fab vinyl in the shops, huh? And all these fab bands playing at the Music Machine/Fan Club/Outlook, huh?

Because, boy, the reason for all this fab vinyl/gigs is that, how you say, "da *biz*" has taken over *again*. You know, CBS, UA, EMI (eee-emm-eeyyye, remember?).

You know, like punks are *in*, boy. Punks are *chartbound product*, boy.

So come on all you fucking electric warriors! Sell your stereo! Buy a *real* music piece! Get some people together and shake the walls in that church/village hall!

Show them we will no be emasculated/assimilated!

Or maybe the plug in the Titanic ain't so tight?

Barry Good, North Yorks.

The absolutely Last Bag . . .

and it's all your fault, sending in such rubbish to NME, 5/7 Carnaby Street, London W1, and expecting to see it in print. 'Til next week. then . . .

Why waste 9p on a stamp, Barry, when you could've put it in your piggy bank towards an amp? And as for you, Allan, when was the last time you were hoisted inside a record shop an forced to shell out for an album? You want marketing with integrity? Or just plain no marketing? Either way, you're as bound to lose as Stockport County. Things aren't quite so bad on board the Moderne Muzak as you'd have us believe — MS.

Dear "Young Bag", I am thirty years young and have just watched *Parkinson* on Saturday night and, Maan, Sammy Davis and Buddy Rich were really good and honest. I am a Stones, Beatles-era freak (if I have to be bagged) but those cats on the tele were what you started out to be when I read your paper when I was twelve.

Punk is *skunk!* But it has a purpose to serve to the mindless ones . . . Yours no longer.

Bob Groves, Brackley, Northants.

See? That's one less rat on the ship already — MS

I think that Danny Baker is really Paul Weller with a wig on judging by all the crap he wrote about "Down In The Tube Station At Midnight". This 'song' isn't an attack on anything except my eardrums. But if by any chance (although I very much doubt it) there is such a 'person' as Danny Baker he must have a very good imagination or a very poor hearing aid.

And as for you Charles Shag Moggy, your real name is Andy Pandy. Come on, admit it. How do I know, you may ask? Well, I have got very good inside information. So if you don't print this letter I will tell Little Ted not to let you play on his tricycle anymore and that will sort you out, won't it? And by the way, don't you dare write any smart-assed comments after this letter or you could lose your job as Britain's premier clown.

Wee Jeannie, Stirlingshire, Scotland.

I have nothing to say to this person — CSM.
Wot he said — DB

That prat Parsons is really pathetic! How many more times are we going to hear that once upon a time he was on a demo in Lewisham? That was 14 months ago. What have you done *this year*, Tone? Apart from posing with the stars and name dropping like the prize ligger you've become?

What's it like to be last year's rebels?

Paul, Ex-NME Reader, Lewisham.

Tony would be delighted to send you a full curriculum vitae on request, but never mind about all that — did you know Nick Kent used to play guitar in an early version of the Pistols? — A Stirrer
Fascinating — A Doctor

I read your page of reviews on Feelgood, Wilko and Potter's Clay. It only convinced me more that Lee Brilleaux should stop flogging his guts out for nothing and join the Solid Senders. When I was a Feelgood fan all they wanted was a keyboards players. Now all Solid Senders want is a vocalist to allow Wilko more freedom. Brilleaux is the best and that harmonica is great too. Sparko's too fat for a rock'n'roller. It's hungry music. Another live album won't stop Feelgoods' downfall!

Bruno, Boreham Wood, Herts.

Burp — Sparko
I'll drink to that, as it happens — Lee Brilleaux

With reference to Andy Gill's lucid critiques of the recent Buzzcocks and Feelgoods gigs in Sheffield, we would just like to say: Bollocks! Was he really at those gigs, or did he send his grannie?

Heads-down No-nonsense Dave and Dave, Endcliffe, Sheffield

I'm fed up with being called in to speak on behalf of little Andy. I was saying to that nice Mr Brilleaux just the other day, Lee I said (cont. page 94) — Grannie Gill

Sid my obnoxious hero! I don't think that you didn't kill Nancy, I *know* you didn't kill Nancy. I know you would never kill the only woman you ever loved. Show them Yankee gits just what your made of! Prove your innocence.

I love yer, Sid and I know as well as you do more than enough people believe in you! Just try and live through all this pomp!

A Schoolgirl who cares!

Is it too late to say that Sid Vicious is the Altamont of Punk?

Ralf Winsome, Oxford

Too early, mate. He's still the Dorothy Squires of the Roxy generation — MS

I hate Sid Vicious 'cos he's ugly. I also think he's guilty. Just 'cos he's a punk doesn't mean I have to support him.

One of the 15 punks on The Lurkers LP

Bastard! Bastard! — The other 14 punks on The Lurkers LP

I wasn't at the match and didn't see the incident, so I think that I'm in the best position to comment.

A person who wishes he lived in Woodford Green but who lives in Ayr at least 300 miles away — God, it's sickening

Right. Fine. Back to you Jim — Tony Bugga

Who cares about the music? I only buy *NME* for the pictures of Rachel Sweet.

Jim, Dumfries

Dirty Scottish-looking sexist paedophile bastard! — A punk who wasn't on The Lurkers LP and never got over the fact

Can I be the first to say I don't like the new print?

Erich von Swine, Duke of Serutan

I don't believe this Swine — An Optician

I thought last week's Bag was badly presented and uninviting, so I've wrote you this to brighten the page up.

Jonty Thompson, Stanley

I get a reasonable salary for being an arsehole, Jonty. What's your excuse? — CSM (for it is he, and he was in charge of the Bag last week)

I love the *NME*. I read it on the bus every Thursday morning and slyly glance around at people to see if they're watching me, impressed. I don't understand a word of it, but they don't know that, do they?

Steve Cum, Cornwall

You know, it took me nearly four and a half hours to read every bastard word of *NME* (including the ads) last week, without stopping. Easy? You try it then.

A. Knacker-eyed, Salford, Lancs

Whilst tackling your crossword for week ending October 21 I noticed that 'last week's answers' were in fact this week's answers. Next edition why don't you print next week's answers and let people try and work out the frame?

Russ Cottee, Crossword Compiler Against Racism, Southend

Thank God for that! At last, a crossword even I could do. I still had a bit of trouble with the numbers though, so perhaps this week could you just fill it straight in.

A Black Sabbath Fan, Aberdeen

We put our heads together and still couldn't do the crossword last week.

D.B.S.I.W. Society (even you don't know who we are)

So what?

Dildo Bugger, Manchester

I totally agree with the letter above.

A very silly person, Shrewsbury

I hate all these letters finishing with 'Does this make me a...?' Does this make me a hypocrite?

A. Knob, City Poly

I've just bought an unlimited edition seven inch single in black vinyl, which came in a white paper sleeve. Is this some sort of record?

Herman the Rubber Vulture, Manchester.

Doubt it. It must be some kind of new fangled promotional device — MS

Print this. Somebody will think it's funny

N.B.

About as funny as Leonardo's cartoon mush — MS

M***** M**** is still only 15p

Captain F Ballcock, Cockermouth, Cumbria

So's the Sunday Telegraph, isn't it? Can't you see what's afoot? — MS

Letters edited by MONTY SMITH

T-ZERS

LIGHTS THE BLUE PAPER AND RETIRES

DOWN IN THE *T-Zerz* bag at midnight, something stirred. It was a bunch of scandalous, exciting, mercilessly accurate, slashing, evil and above all hilarious items about the private lives, personal habits, secret vices, underhand dealings and actionable slanders of famous pop stars who appear frequently on television, and all these items were kicking each other in the niagaras and chucking bits of sharpened metal in each others' faces in order to earn the prized honour of becoming the lead *T-Zer*.

Unfortunately, all these scandalous exciting etceteras managed to get completely slaughtered in the resulting melee, so this is all we're left with . . .

First off, we've got a bunch of disasters and catastrophes, like poor ol' **Neil Young's** house burning down in an L.A. blaze that wiped out the homes of several movie stars. We'd've thought that Nellie could've saved his domicile by parachuting **Graham Nash** (the world's wettest human) on to the conflagration, but he didn't think of it in time. Too laid back for show business, these people . . .

Meanwhile, back at **Sid Vicious,** the last we heard was that Sid's methodone cure is going quite nicely, with his current dosage tapered off from 90 milligrams a day to 40. He's under observation in a bed in the corridor of the 5th floor of New York's Bellevue Psychiatric Hospital, where the commotion interrupts his sleep and the food is "not terribly appetising." Sid told the ever-present **Joe Stevens**, "I spend all my time thinking about **Nancy**. She was the most important person in my life, and I miss her so much." More news as it happens when it happens . . .

Other legal entaglements going on at the moment include **Elvis Costello's** divorce proceedings (we haven't the faintest idea who started it or why, but we shudder to think what the King's fourth album will be about). Stardom takes its toll even on the sacred institution of holy matrimony, we muse . . .

Still in the divorce courts, **Bianca Jagger's** representatives called at **Mick's** hotel to serve some papers on ol' Rubber Nips *(wait a minute. I thought Bianca was ol' Rubber Nips? — Ed.)* only to find that Mick had left for Jamaica (where else?). The proverbial spokesperson announced to a breathlessly waiting world, "I think Mick had left as soon as he heard they were after him. He has a feeling about this sort of thing." We bet he has (found **Jerry's** ring yet? Haw haw). Incidentally, the same syndrome hit Roistering **Rod Stewart** (ex-**Faces, Jeff Beck Group, Bebe Buell,** etc) when **Britt Ekland** called at his mansion to pick up the last of her belongings. The 33-year-old superbore hid in the bushes until Blushing Britt had splitt . . .

After the Canuck courts instructed **Keef** to play a charity gig, the whacky Rolling Stone celebrated by taking it all Very Seriously and getting the hell out of Toronto (baybee) to start rehearsals immediately. By the next day, he'd made it as far as New York City where he powerpopped up jamming with **Dave Edmunds' Rockpile** at the Bottom Line . . .

Bah gum, it has been a busy week in the court. As the **Heatwave** vs **Blast Furnace And The You-Know-Whats struggle** dragged on into its 94th week proceedings were enlivened by some of the plaintiffs' watchdogs spotting a few Blast posters which had been vandalised by passers-by who'd removed the sticker which covered up the contentious portion of the name. The Blast team were had up on charges of contempt of court. Tough ol' world, innit?...

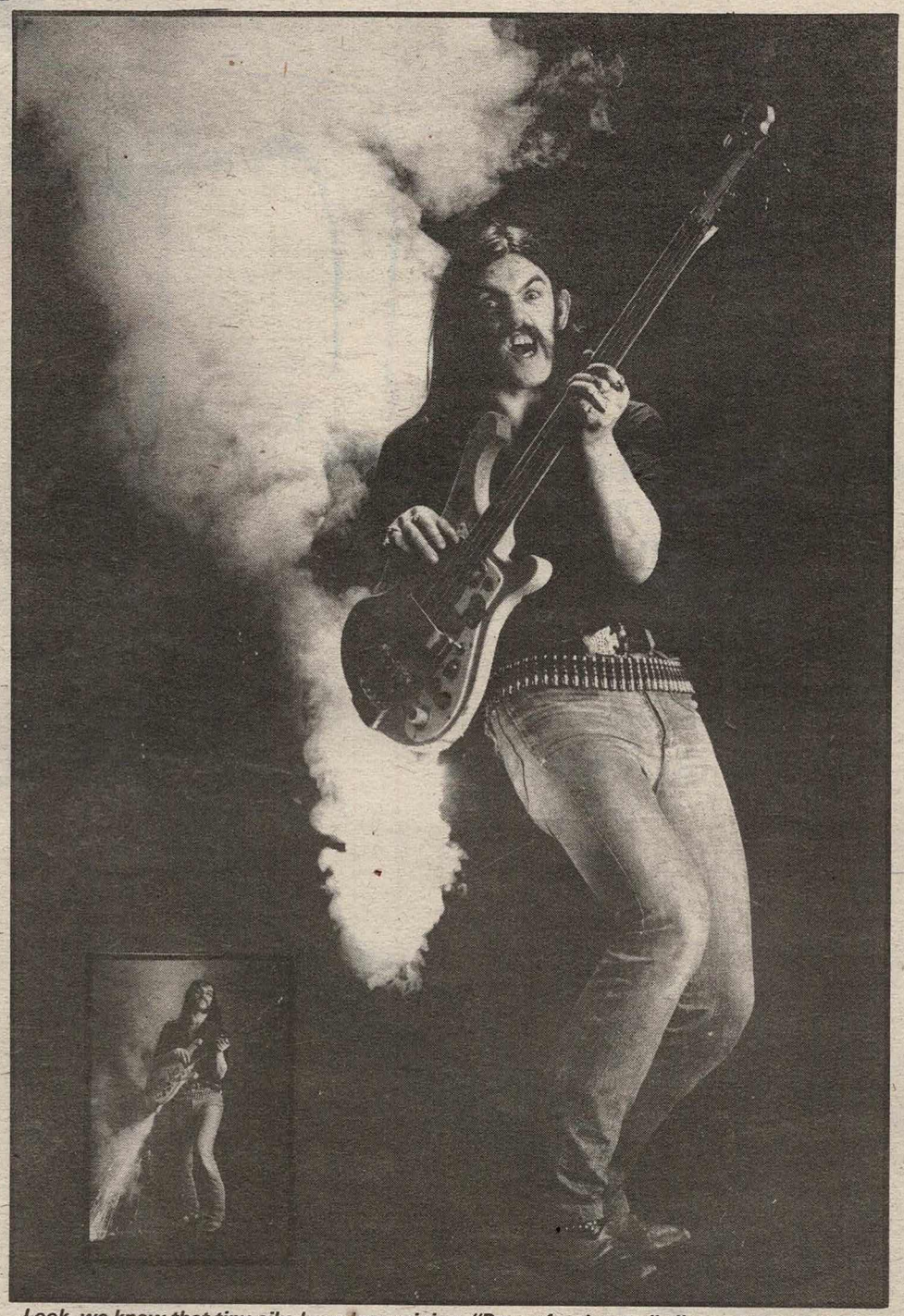
The most pressing problem facing theologists today is: do the **Grateful Dead** really exist? Are they some sort of mass phantasm which, vampire-like, cannot even be photographed? 'Twould appear so, since their film was cancelled for the third time last week when — once again — the American destributors failed to deliver the print on time. **Harvey Goldsmith's** office claim that the print was unsuitable for showing at The Rainbow (site of the concelled concerts, ho ho) for technical reasons. The film still isn't even in the country. Refunds are available from The Rainbow, but what of the wasted money incurred in travelling around to score tickets for non-happening gigs, movie showings and so forth? Large amounts of people are now heartily sick of The Dead, The Rainbow and Harvey Goldsmith. What a long strange boring futile trip it's been . . .

Creativity runs rife: "Remote Control", the new single by **Phil Manzanera's 801,** written by ***NME's*** ex-very own **Ian MacDonald** . . .

Tee hee: according to **Charlie Gillett,** *Monotony Maker's* neo-editor **Richard** (improvise your very own mantra) **Williams** instructed his rag's man-on-the-Stiff-train (epicene, giggling **Allan Jones**) to deliver a putdown of the event and was most displeased when Jones actually enjoyed himself. Isn't life unpredictable ...

Stars come out to play: **Dr Feelgood's** Hammersmith Odeon gig on Sunday graced by **Jools Holland** from **Squeeze** (who were supporting) and **Dave Higgs** of the **Hot Rods,** who jammed on the encore while wearing a pair of sensible jeans. On the other side of the monitors was **Modest Bob Geldof,** enjoying the show in the company of **Paula Yates** (he left his saxophone at home, though) . . .

Kah-ree-ah op-or-CHEW-nit-eeez-ah —say it aloud and it'll make sense): former **Darts** pianist **Hammy Howell** having v. nice time working on his English and Music A-levels down Twickenham way . . .



Look, we know that tiny oiks have been piping, "Penny for the guy" all over the country for the last six weeks, but we might have coughed up if we'd known that this — the new Paines' Lemmymatic — was what was going to end up on the bonfire come November 5th.

Former **Banshee Pete Fenton** (now with **Heroes)** is somewhat miffed: it appears that "Carcass" and "Love In A Void" on the band's album are credited to the current line-up, while Fenton claims to have had a hand in writing both during his tenure with **Siouxsie.** Can this be trioux?

. . .

Sound the klaxons: **XTC's** November 12 gig at London's Roundhouse has been magically transformed into a 2-show night at the Electric Ballroom (same tube stop, so not to worry) because of Straight Music's inability to cope with unexpected GIC hassles . . .

We here at *T-Zerz* would like to get serious here just for a moment (muffled sniggers) in order to offer our sincere congratulations (ill-restrained splutters of mirth) to a really great guy (hankies stuffed into mouths, nails digging into palms): Virgin records press officer (unashamed chortles) **Al Clark** now assumes the office (lusty guffaws) of Virgin's Director Of Publicity (three hernias in the back row, St John Ambulance men summoned, etc), which means that all branches of the media will now have the opportunity to enjoy the conversation of this fascinating man (building collapses as earthquake sunders entire nation) to the same extent as we journalists (planet explodes) already do. Congrats, Al (complete silence) . . .

Oy oy (and other quaint catchphrases also available on sputum-coloured vinyl in a pic sleeve): the new **Ian Dury** single "Hit Me With Your Rhythm Stick" will be ready for your inspection in around three weeks' time, even thought the new album will be delayed until next year . . .

Hey hey (and other catchphrases delivered on 12-inch to the sound of a lonesome harmonica and three large boilers signing in harmony) **Dylan's** live-in-Japan-'78 album now officially imminent . . .

Let my mansion be my weapon and my statement: **Strangler Dave Greenfield** (keyboards, 'tache, royalty cheques) splashed out £50,000 on a dwelling-place in the Milton Keynes area. Street credibility? Only the children of the wealthy can afford to . . .? Don't mansion it (do **Huge Cornball** and **Jack-Off Barnowl** know about this?) . . .

about shrimpy stunted weedy dwarfoid rock musicians whose egos force them to overcompensate for their ludicrous stature or lack of same. Apart from Kevin Allen (who isn't famous enough to be abused in this week's small space), the first stunto who we're going to expose is Martin Belmont. The only way this tiny weed can carry off the illusion that he is in fact six foot five is by perpetrating the fiendish trick of standing next to Graham Parker, which is really cheating on a grand scale. Parker himself is only nine inches tall, and the reason that his tours lose money is that he and his group have to stand in front of a giant magnifying lens at all their gigs

BETTER BADGES

This Last week

1 (2) Love
2 (1) Bites
3 (3) Clash Police
4 (4) Buzzcocks
5 (—) Penetration
6 (5) The Slits
7 (—) My Way
8 (9) Alternative Ulster
9 (10) Rezillos
10 (6) Smirks against Travolta

New Releases

20p Meke Army, Smirks Against Travolta, So Alone, The Edge Pil, Zig Zag Blondie, Lemmy, Animal Lib No. 2
25p New Siouxsie, Undertones, The Dogs (France), Pretty Vacant
X-Series 20p, Patti, Shelly, Culture, Poly

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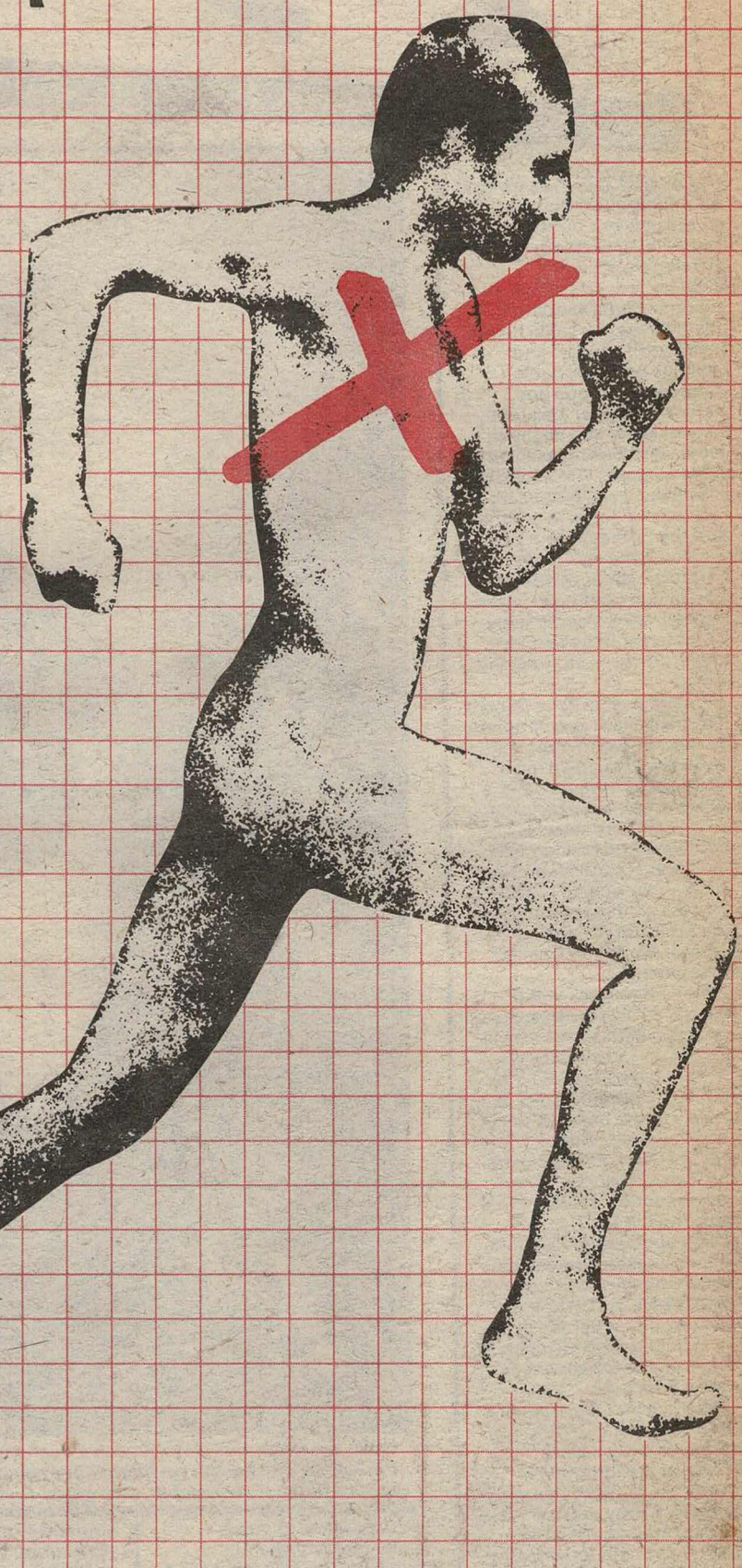
PENETRATION ON TOUR

NOVEMBER		
1	NEWPORT	Stowaway
2	BRISTOL	Polytechnic
3	MANCHESTER	Factory
7	NUNEATON	77 Club
8	READING	Bones
9	PLYMOUTH	Metro
10	UXBRIDGE	Brunel
11	NORTHAMPTON	Cricket Club
12	CHELMSFORD	Chancellor Hall
15	YORK	Pop Club
16	LEEDS	Fan Club
17	SCARBOROUGH	Penthouse
18	DUDLEY	JBs
24	RETFORD	Porterhouse
25	LONDON	Thames Polytechnic



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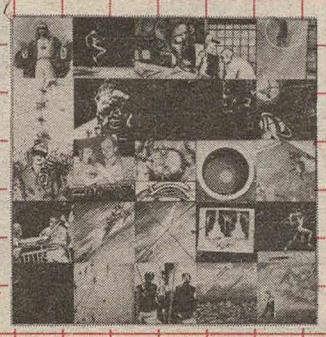

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